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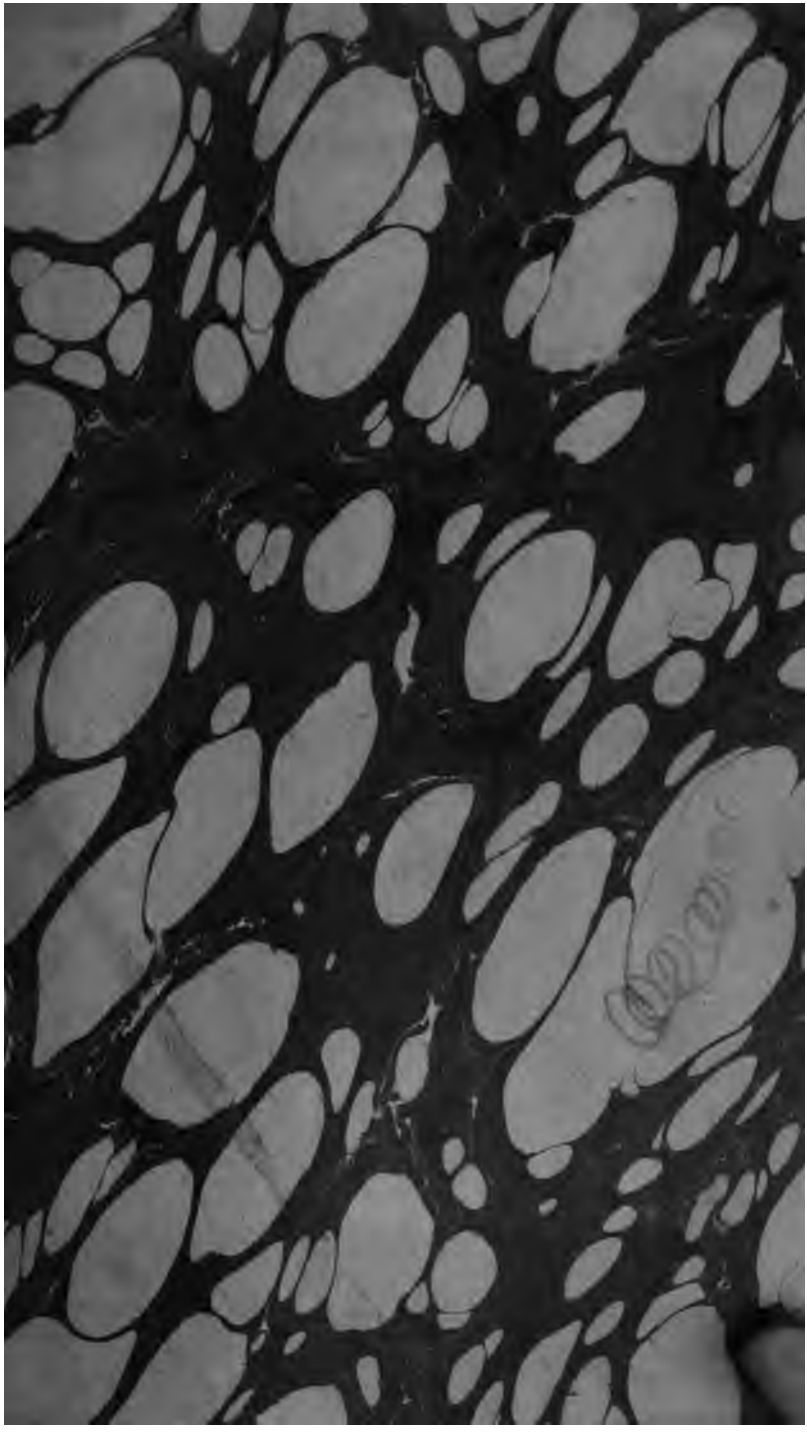

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MEMOIRS

OF

CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

BY

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE,
AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF THE GIRONDISTS," ETC., ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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MEMOIRS

OF

CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

SOCRATES.

B.C. 470.

ALL the world recognizes the name of Socrates as synonymous with wisdom; few are acquainted with his doctrines, and nothing is known of his life beyond his conversations and the manner of his death. He was neither a prophet nor a revealer, nor the founder of a religion or sect; he speaks not to men in the name of the Supreme Deity, he imposes on them no particular faith, he envelops himself in no mysteries, he pronounces no oracles, he performs no miracles; he is a man, and partakes of humanity even in its weaknesses and doubts. But he lived well, he spoke well, and he died well; that is to say, he performed the part in all its humility, and all its greatness, which Providence imposes on every mortal, of thinking justly, leading an honest life, and dying with hope. Such was Socrates, the purest incarnation of good sense and practical philosophy which Greece, the land of his birth, has exhibited to antiquity.

We shall say but little of his life, for life with him was reflection. We shall principally confine ourselves to an account of his most illustrious act—his death. Socrates was a native of Athens, the political, civilized, literary, artistic capital of that Greece which was then in itself the metropolis of human intelligence. He was the son of a

poor sculptor and a midwife. We may believe that these two avocations, which supported his parents, gave him, with the first impressions of infancy, the original bent of his genius. From his father he learned to adore the beautiful, to seek and find it in the mind as the artist reflected it in the marble; from his mother, to assist man in the birth of light, and enable him to bring forth truth. The young Socrates had more trouble and greater merit than most men in refining and chiseling out in himself the model of intellectual excellence which constituted the study and passion of his existence. Nature, in forming him, had denied the physical graces usually bestowed upon those favorites of Providence who exhibit in their features the external signs of that beauty and virtue which shine forth from the soul through the mantle of the senses. He was low and clumsy in figure; his shoulders high and broad, like those of a workman employed in carrying heavy blocks of marble; his neck thick and short; his head round and flat; his mouth partially unclosed with an habitual smile; his lips coarse and sensual; his nose misshapen, and turned up like that of Silenus; his eyes sarcastic; his forehead rough, projecting, and badly delineated. The entire aspect, although supremely intelligent in general expression, announced the carnal instincts and gross appetites of a laboring man rather than the divine aspirations of a thinking philosopher. From this ungainly, graceless form was to be extracted, by strokes of the chisel, the purest moral beauty, the most immaterial image of virtue which had ever charmed the sight of ancient Greece. The accomplishment of this work occupied the life of Socrates. He said continually, when looking on the shapeless masses of stone, rough-hewn by the hand of his father, "Since beauty springs from thence, I will make it emanate from myself;" and as he heard his mother relate the sufferings of the females she had assisted in the pangs of childbirth, "As the physical man," thought he, "springs into existence through effort and suffering, neither will I spare both

to produce the intellectual and moral being for the glory of truth and virtue."

Socrates adopted the business of his father, and earned his livelihood in the work-shop. But while the sire remained a simple artisan, the son became rapidly an artist. The exquisite and ideal type of perfection which he carried in his mind soon embodied itself under his hand, in contours, attitudes, and features more delicately moulded than the rough chiselings of his father. "There was exhibited," says Xenophon, his pupil and historian, "a group of the three Graces veiled, so happily executed by the younger Socrates that it stood without injurious comparison close to the most divine statues of Phidias." The Athenians placed this group in the portico of the Pantheon, in itself a master-piece of architecture, which contained nothing but master-pieces.

But Socrates aspired inwardly to sculpture souls and not stones. He gave to his profession only the time which was absolutely necessary for the support of his family; he occupied every superfluous hour in reflection, in reading, in study, in frequenting the schools of philosophy and eloquence, which an incalculable cloud of rhetoricians and sages, some wise, but others visionary, erected at that time in every quarter of Athens. With an eminently acute and critical discernment, Socrates at once detected the truth and falsehood of these doctrines. He adopted the good while he ridiculed the evil. He became the terror and scourge of the sophists, those mountebanks of wisdom; he received no assertion without proof; he demanded a reason for every thing, and by a process of minute interrogation, drove them into contradictory answers, exposed them to the derision of their hearers, and retired victorious from the contest, happy in having fortified the minds of their disciples against their dreams and subtilties. On the other hand, full of deference for true knowledge, he seated himself as a child among the followers of Anaxagoras. He listened with rapturous conviction when they spoke of the

divine essence, of justice, of laws, and of immortality, that firm assurance of hope. Socrates left their lessons impressed with contempt for things transitory, which are only the road to things eternal. He looked upon himself as a traveler who halts in the public inn of the earth, but who appropriates no article of furniture in the house to himself, well knowing that none of them belong to him, and that he can not carry them away with him on the morrow. He merely reposed and purified himself there from material corruptions, that he might be ready to appear, when summoned, with suitable reverence before the gods.

But, not content with improving himself, Socrates was inspired with the more disinterested and divine passion of improving others. He employed every moment he could abstract from his domestic avocations in the instruction and correction of his fellow-citizens of every class. Often, indeed (and his wife justly complained of this), he forgot the necessities of his household, and would sit for whole days in dreamy abstraction, his head buried in his hands, or holding philosophical converse with the first stranger who demanded from him lessons in wisdom. By degrees, the profound truth of his remarks, the novelty of his ideas, the penetrating, unexpected simplicity of his arguments, the familiarity of the images and parables which he borrowed from the commonest employments of life, to elevate the minds of those with whom he was conversing to the most sublime conceptions of genius, as the jeweler uses the vilest dust to polish the diamond—these combined attractions drew round Socrates an extensive circle of disciples. Athens was a free republic, rich, idle, and luxurious; given to doctrines, controversies, sects, truths, sophistries, and even falsehood; the government, which was carried on in public, was little more than a perpetual conversation between the citizens on politics, laws, religion, nature, and the Deities. In that lovely climate, where men passed their lives in the sun—the porticoes of the

temples, the studios of the artists, the open shops of the tradespeople, the streets, the squares, the market-places, were so many academies or schools, where all discoursed together, and the most eloquent, the most seductive, or the most able carried away the greatest number of auditors from his rivals. Perpetual converse was, in fact, the leading institution of Athens. It supplied the place of what the periodical press has become with us since the discovery of printing, with this distinction, that the press speaks separately to single readers, and allows neither dialogue nor reply; while the public conversations of Athens became to many animated discussions, and gathered together the idlers and the followers of the most popular speaker in a sect or college. Thus it was that Socrates, though always speaking, and on every subject, wrote nothing; his lessons were all dialogues with his listeners, and after his death, Plato and Xenophon, his disciples, transcribed from memory, and under this constrained form, the doctrines which they had heard and noted during the life of their master.

At the same time, Socrates, who was above all things a man of duty and practical sense, neglected none of the functions of life, whether as a soldier, a citizen, a magistrate, or a statesman, under the pretext of despising temporal affairs, and of being occupied exclusively in more exalted contemplation. He understood, and demonstrated by his example, that to serve men was the true mode of serving the gods, and that the defense and government of his country are binding obligations on every member of a free republic. His conscience, his principal sense, because it was the sense of duty, was so just, powerful, and infallible, that it appeared to him a physical voice speaking within his bosom, and which he in honest belief designated his oracle and genius. This voice of conscience commanded him to become a hero during the wars in which his country was engaged, and accordingly he became one.

At the siege of Potidæa, the young Alcibiades having been made prisoner by the enemy, Socrates, with a handful of Athenians, threw himself into the thickest of the fight, dispersed the conquerors who were carrying away their captive, and rescued his friend at the price of his own blood. On his return, the prize of valor having been decreed to him, he declared Alcibiades more brave than himself, inasmuch as he was younger and handsomer, and by risking his life had exposed himself to greater loss. At the battle of Delium, in Bœotia, the Athenians, being worsted, were on the brink of perishing through the incapacity or cowardice of their general, chosen capriciously by the demagogues; when Socrates, rushing to the rear-guard, and gathering round him the veteran soldiers, drove back the assailants, brought off another of his pupils, Xenophon, from the field, and carried him on his shoulders to the camp. Peace restored him to his studies and his disciples. The heroism he had shown in arms, the utter indifference to ambition and glory which he demonstrated by resuming his profession, recommended him to the votes of the public assembly for the high magisterial offices appointed by the citizens. He there exhibited the virtue of the politician, more rare and difficult than that of the warrior—clearness of perception, impartiality, moderation, and inflexible resistance to the propensities, passions, and blind fury of the people. The Athenian admirals, after a naval defeat, not having been able to inter their dead, were condemned to an unjust punishment; their life or death depended on the vote of Socrates, who that day presided in the senate. His colleagues, intimidated by the cries and arms of the multitude, yielded up the unfortunate commanders to insure their own safety. Socrates offered his life to preserve the innocent. He triumphed over the collected anger of Athens, which dared not violate in his person the living law. But thenceforward the people ceased to love him, and the demagogues of the city never forgave him for having disappointed them of a

crime. From the moment of this denial, his death was registered in the hearts of his enemies.

Calumny now began to make free with his name, and the poet Aristophanes, the Beaumarchais of Athens, amused the people at his expense in a personal comedy called "The Clouds." Socrates, in this drama, is exposed to the eyes of the public as a dreamer awakened, suspended between heaven and earth, and demanding oracular responses from the Clouds, floating and intangible divinities who answer him from the midst of fogs. This was the vengeance of commonplace habit against thought—of prejudice opposed to wisdom. Aristophanes, a vile adulator of the follies and superstitions cherished by vulgar ignorance, excited at the same time the derision and anger of the people against the wisest of the Athenians. Derision, by representing Socrates as seeking to elevate himself above the heads of the crowd; anger, by charging him with endeavoring to discover in the heavens a divine essence more immaterial than the physical deities which their abject credulity had invented. Aristophanes became thus the first murderer of Socrates. This Camille Desmoulins of Athens, by holding the sage up to ridicule, delivered him beforehand to the executioner. When you wish to immolate a victim, you commence by stripping him of respect. Popular phrensy invariably originates from the scornful mockery of the demagogues.

The real crime of Socrates was not philosophy, but politics. He was accused of impiety against the established gods of the country merely to mask under a religious pretext the hatred which sprang exclusively from another cause. The republic of Athens was constantly divided into two factions. The friends of rational liberty, having for limit and guarantee just laws, and for magistrates the most enlightened and most virtuous citizens of the state, constituted the first of these parties. The anarchists, the radicals, the demagogues, the flatterers of the people, composed the second. This last section kept Athens in per-

petual confusion. Socrates held them in abhorrence. He neither disguised his contempt for an ignorant and turbulent democracy, nor his indignation against the corruptors of the government. He proclaimed loudly that the head should rule the members of the state as of the human body; that education, moral propriety, and virtue were indispensable conditions for the admission of citizens into the public assembly and important offices; that to elect magistrates by lot was to govern the republic by chance; that they should be chosen with discernment, and after having given proofs of their probity and capacity. In a word, he advocated a graduated scale of suffrage in the nomination of candidates for public functions. He wished to establish, not the blind and often unjust aristocracy of rank or riches, but the inspired and more exclusive supremacy of intelligence and integrity.

These opinions, although probably sound and wise, were at that moment doubly suspicious at Athens, as the Republic had with difficulty shaken off the yoke of the Thirty Tyrants; and to require the acknowledgment of superiority and order from a people drunk with recovered liberty, was almost, in the eyes of the democratic orators, to mourn over the exiled despotism. Socrates had boldly defied it when erect, but now, when overthrown, he became as much detested by the agitators as he had been formidable to the autocrats. He experienced the lot of all just men in every age, who are proscribed by the two extremes, because conscience equally prevents them from participating in the intolerance of either. Means were sought anxiously to destroy this man, whose moderation eclipsed to-day the influence of the demagogues, as a few days before he had offended the omnipotence of the tyrants.

A certain Anytus, a rich citizen of Athens, who had contributed to the abolition of the tyranny, and thus had won the favor of the people, endeavored basely to preserve his position by the most abject deference to the caprices

and prejudices of the multitude. The multitude loved superstition, the slavery of mind, and the religion of ignorance. Anytus and his friends resolved to accuse Socrates of blasphemy against the popular idols, the divinities of the crowd. An infamous poet, named Melitus, once his pupil, but now his enemy, excited by the low envy which can not pardon the reputation it is unable to rival, took on himself the charge of accusing his former master of atheism. Melitus was one of those men who sanctify personal hatred to the public eye by affecting an overwhelming zeal in the service of the gods. They thus skillfully impress the divine character of their cause on their unholy passions, and elevate personal vindictiveness as the result of a sacred impulse. They calumniate, they insult, they denounce, they strike their enemies, always in the name of heaven. The sincerely superstitious admire their zeal, and give them credit for persecution as for the fulfillment of a religious duty. Such was Melitus at Athens. He had written evil books, but had constituted himself the vindicator of the ancient worship. He had clients in Olympus. The people dared no longer despise him, lest in him they should contemn their gods.

This young man accused Socrates before the tribunals of introducing new points of faith, divinities, and doctrines to the consideration of his disciples. Philosophy was suspected by the people, as it shed light upon mystery, and light itself was an attack upon ignorance. Socrates declined all defense, doubtless because he was unwilling to stoop to falsehood. He had been guilty of no impiety beyond reflection, and although his thoughts ascended far above the miserable symbols at that time acknowledged in Greece, he had never outraged the established worship of his fellow-citizens, well knowing that the adoration of a Supreme Being was a matter so holy in itself, that it should not be disturbed even though the object might be mistaken. He carried his respect for established forms of religion to too great an extent for a philosopher, by

observing (according to Xenophon) all the external ordinances, and by offering sacrifices to the deities of Olympus in his own house and in the public temples. His inward conscience appeared more complete and incorruptible in presence of his judges. "If you acquit me," said he, in addressing them, "on condition that I shall give up my philosophy, I answer without hesitation, Athenians, I honor and love you, but I shall obey God rather than you."

The judges, amounting in number to five hundred and fifty-six, were almost equally divided in opinion. Socrates was only condemned by an overplus of three voices, obtained through the union of the demagogues with the fanatics. The law of Athens, in similar cases, allowed the sentenced criminal to redeem his life by banishment, or by a fine pronounced by himself when acknowledging his guilt. Socrates jested to the last between life and death. "Athenians," said he, with that light but bitter irony which constituted at the same time the strength and vice of his style (for sarcasm stings while it convinces), "for having dedicated my whole existence to the service and moral improvement of my country, I condemn myself to be supported for the remainder of my days in the Prytaneum, at the expense of the Republic." The judges, thus provoked, pronounced sentence of death by an overwhelming majority. "It is no evil," said Socrates, on hearing the decree; "nothing can harm a pious man either in life or after death. God never abandons him. It is willed that he should be cut off. I have no resentment either against the people or the judges. They live and I die. The Supreme Intelligence alone can tell which has the happiest lot."

The sentence declared that he should drink hemlock, a poisoned beverage which produced death under the form of sleep. The law forbade the execution of any condemned person until the return of a galley which the Athenians dispatched every year to the isle of Delos, to carry votive offerings to the temple of the Delian Apollo. Socrates

passed the interval in conversation with his friends. His last day and his final colloquy are accurately preserved by Plato in the dialogue which we formerly transcribed and embodied in a poem. "All those," says Xenophon, his pupil and historian, "who were acquainted with Socrates, regret him still, as they found him stored with the most ample resources in the search after virtue. I knew him intimately. I have described him exactly as I saw him —so truly pious, that he undertook nothing without first seeking in his conscience, which he called his tutelary genius, the counsel of Heaven—so just, that he wronged no one, and did good to all who approached him—so well regulated, that he invariably preferred what was right to what was agreeable—so infallible in prudent discernment, that he never wavered or erred between the good and evil side: such, in reality, Socrates appeared to me; the best, and, at the same time, the happiest of mortals."

For ourselves, while with Xenophon we admire the wisdom of the Grecian philosopher, we do not hesitate to prefer, by a thousand degrees, the more divine inspirations of India, of China, and, above all, of the Christian revelation. The wisdom of Socrates was intelligence only, not sufficiently imbued with love. It reflects justly, but fails in self-devotion. Personal sacrifice, the highest consummation of virtue and prize of truth, can scarcely be awarded to him, despite his punishment, which was entirely political and not religious. He is a sage, but not a martyr. He accommodates himself to the manners, the faith, and even the failings of his age and country. He delivers animated and able lectures on virtue to those who require them, but he also discourses on vice with youths and courtesans. He believes in one only God, the Creator and Regulator of the universe, but publicly worships the multiplied and carnal divinities, formed after the conceptions of man. He dies heroically, but he dies for himself as much as for truth. His very death is a fortunate incident in his destiny, which he turns to advantage with consum-

mate intelligence. "I am old," says he to Xenophon, "and nothing remains for me but to decay in faculties and genius. This is the proper moment to die." Socrates exhibits little sympathy with human nature; he has no strong tenderness even for his wife and children; he is always a man of genius rather than a being devoted to his fellow-creatures. His conversations, although occasionally sublime, attest this want of heavenly love in his nature and his wisdom. He banters sometimes, he ridicules often, he laughs always. Irony, which renders truth itself offensive, is the inseparable feature of his dialogues. He argues by teasing interrogatories, as if to force his antagonist to contradict himself; he draws him on from point to point, hiding with dexterity the end to which he proposes to lead him. Finally, he confounds him in his own admissions, as if truth itself might be entangled in a snare. He is always critical, scarcely ever imaginative. Plato, his divine disciple, has given him wings, without which he would often creep.

From this summary, we conclude that Socrates was neither wiser, more virtuous, nor more religious than all the other philosophers of antiquity, but that he was the most witty and the most amiable of Athenian citizens; that he knew how to think well, to speak well, to die well; but that he also knew how to live well, and, according to our ideas, had too much prudence in his wisdom, and too much cleverness in his virtue. Charity (in its Christian sense) had not yet appeared in the world.

JACQUARD,

THE SILK-WEAVER OF LYONS.

A.D. 1752.

THE first object of history is truth; the second, that it should accord the due meed of praise or glory to its heroes.

We wish not to exalt into a poem or a romance an humble life passed before the loom, in the use of joiners' tools, employed for sixty years in bringing to perfection the instruments of his trade, and in watching the play of certain pulleys between four pillars. We shall not apply the title of a great man to a poor silk-weaver, a good, useful, and simple member of society, whose mind was bounded by the horizon of his profession, and received no rays of light except those borrowed from his lamp. But he was thoughtful, ingenious, persevering in discovery, absorbed by invention, and gifted with such an exclusively mechanical genius, that men of superior intellect, hearing him speak on subjects unconnected with his trade, said, "He is not a man, but a mere machine that has invented another."

This is also our own opinion. We do not compare him to Triptolemus, the inventor of the plow, the foster-mother of mankind; nor to Plato, the originator of a new system of philosophy; nor to Homer, who created imaginary worlds, poems, sentiments, and images which cause tears of pity to mingle with the noblest passions of the human heart; nor to Archimedes, who discovered the power of the lever, by which mountains might be moved by the strength of an insect; nor to Phidias, who created the beautiful in the forms of the temples, which contained the gods, the most sublime creations of the imagination; nor

to Christopher Columbus, who discovered the New World; nor even to Montgolfier, the inventor of aërial navigation, of which our children's children will unfold the wings, and reap the benefits of new civilizations. No; it would profane the glory and gratitude of mankind to apply the same name to inventions so opposite. The great man deserves immortality; all that is due, and all that is paid to him who is useful only to his fellow-laborers, is the esteem of his class, of his fellow-townsmen, of his generation, and a line in the history of arts.

In this list we inscribe the name of Jacquard, the silk-weaver of Lyons, to set him before operative mechanics in manual trades, now so interesting and numerous, as at the same time the warning and example upon which their class should mould themselves.

We must first state what strikes us as singularly peculiar in the life of this man. The excess of fatigue, misery, moral and physical deprivations endured by industrious workmen, induced Jacquard to seek how to ameliorate the condition of his brethren, and to devote sixty years to the working out of his invention. This is the first lesson inculcated in the life we are about to write. It ought to make agricultural laborers, living by the cultivation of the soil, the natural, universal, and ever-enduring occupation of man, reflect long and soundly before they quit this first of all employments, which peoples the earth, while it creates and affords unlimited nourishment to its children. They would do well to pause before they go into the hearts of cities to engage in the precarious, fleeting, and uncertain trades which one caprice nourishes and another destroys. The invention of a peg or the displacing of a bobbin may ruin the weaver's labor, and yet millions of the population are destroyed, body and soul, by the inducement of better remuneration. Let us compare the tiller of the soil with the workman of the garret, and the comparison will produce astonishment, even if it fails to excite pity.

I reside in the country, close to this huge modern work-

shop, this Sidon of France, this Damascus of the West, called Lyons. I am well acquainted with the manners and condition of the *tribe of European pariahs* called "*Canuts*," from I know not what degrading assimilation to the "*canette*," an implement of their trade, or from some unintelligible cynism in language—a trivial name, intended to denote infirmity of race or hereditary misfortune.

On the other hand, I was born and have lived for the greater part of my life among peasants, in a poor but mountainous district, where the soil is thin, hard, rocky, and ungrateful, producing nothing but what is absolutely wrested from it. Let me ask the reader to follow me for a moment, in thought, into the industrial work-shop of Lyons, or the more extensive work-shop of nature, the fields. Each time that I have, in imagination, made this comparison, I could not help repeating this line of the English poet:

"God made the country, and man made the town."

Let us enter this suburb of Lyons. The roofs, blackened by the smoke of the machinery, and by the vapor from the coppers in which they dye the silk and wool, are hardly visible above the fog of the streets; a tangible, black, and enduring miasma rests perpetually on the tops of these houses. The fresh breeze which follows the current of the two rivers vainly tries to carry away with it toward the hills some particles of this perpetual mist. The winds from the Rhone and the Saône can only extract from the sun some watery rays, which appear unwilling to come in contact with the impure breath of this noisy and smoky city.

To the right and left of this suburb (unwholesome artery of a diseased body) rise winding, narrow, and tortuous streets, intersected with stone steps, bounded on each side by houses from four to six stories high, which obstruct light and air, and, not having ground-room enough, ascend one above the other, to gain from heaven that space which is denied them below. Their blackened and green-stain-

ed walls are pierced by millions of windows without sills or balconies. Not even a pot of flowers is to be seen, that consoling miniature of the vegetable world, which recalls some agreeable remembrance, or affords a pleasant perfume to the young girl; not even the cage of the bird, whose chirp delights the infant. The greater number of these windows are destitute of glass, the only avenue through which light is conveyed. The broken panes are replaced by sheets of oiled paper, turned yellow by the rain, and which are pasted in the frames, that the strong glare of day may not fade the colors of the stuffs. Many of these sheets of paper, torn by the hail or wind, hang fluttering in pieces, and sound to the ears of passers-by like the mournful rustling of dried leaves, the only murmur of the perishing shadows which revive no more. They give to the houses a vault-like, indigent, and ruinous appearance, which saddens the heart of the casual passenger, while it induces him to quicken his step, that he may leave those regions of gloom, and return to light and life. No sounds issue from these abodes save the monotonous cadence of the shuttle, and the noise of wheels and pulleys, grinding and whistling in every story without an interval of repose or silence. It seems as if the dull, perpetual working of the wooden muscles and sinews of avarice and industry were moved by invisible springs in the automaton or skeleton of a dead city.

If you venture into one of these habitations or human ant-hills, you will see in the first place a narrow, low, and dark archway, called an alley, on either side of which are foul, offensive gutters, communicating with the common street sewer. You slide along in the mire incessantly fermented by the muddy feet of the inhabitants or visitors, the drippings of umbrellas, and the filth accumulated through this tributary drain, which forms a channel to the main *Cloaca*. This alley conducts to the common staircase used by the 200 inmates of this abode. The steps, worn by the constant friction of iron-heeled shoes, exude

a fetid dampness like the pavement of the alley. At each landing-place the half-open doors emit exhalations from other subterranean shores. At the side and within the circling odor of this filth, eight or ten other doors, hermetically closed, allow no sound to issue except the cries of infants and the impatience of mothers, interrupted in their work to fulfill the duties of the nurse. These noises are mingled with the dull sound of the pedals of the loom, which never repose under the foot of daughter, father, or brother.

Ascend, descend, follow the landings and corridors of this labyrinth without a guide, every where you will see the same scene and hear the same melancholy murmur. The whole constitues a vast prison of labor, in which the jailers are invisible.

Look through one of the doors, half opened by the manufacturer who has come to inspect the stuff, to bring a new pattern, or to distribute the weekly wages; you will see bare rooms, of which nearly the whole extent is filled with that family pillory—the loom.

Skeins of silk hang on the walls; wooden pillars, ropes, pulleys, threads, bobbins, shuttles, cylinders, pasteboard pierced with holes, counter-weights and levers, play with incessant noise under the hands of the artisan, who is crouching before his web, while his sons assist him at another loom, which the daughters cause to rise and fall by turns, with a fixed mechanical movement, the silk being stretched upon the frame.

The entire family carry in their attitudes and faces the impress of the sedentary, confined, immovable, and torturing avocation, which imprisons them in these cells of labor: stunted growth, bandy legs, swollen knees, long feet, high shoulders, sunken chests, slender arms, thin fingers, attenuated cheeks, pallid complexions, and hollow eyes. Their expression is mild, but without vigor in the man or attraction in the woman. It seems as if they had contracted from seclusion a sort of mechanical stupor, which has

indelibly engraved itself upon their countenances. Their thick lips are parted by a joyless and unmeaning giggle; their large round eyes, widely opened, appear struck with perpetual astonishment. Their voices are broken, and even the language of this race, separated from the rest of the population by exclusive intercourse among themselves, resembles no longer that spoken in the streets. It possesses ideas, words, cant phrases, and proverbs, which render it a dead or unknown tongue to the rest of mankind. They speak in a whining drawl, they sing like captives, their complaints are as tedious as the unvarying monotony of their lives. They look upon themselves as a more suffering community than any other upon earth—a tribe who labor in the shade like the weaver in his cellar, and whose occupation, always the same, excites neither the mind nor heart, and reduces human existence to a single movement, everlastingly repeated from the cradle to the grave.

The miserable "canut" can hardly leave his loom to take refreshment; he consumes his bread and lettuce while seated on his bench, and during the entire week never quits the frame but at the scanty interval of sleep. The source of his maintenance is ever before his eyes; it is the last object he beholds at night, the first that greets him in the morning. His wife and children have no other horizon. Hardly has light penetrated into the garret window through the mists of early dawn, when all resume their places round the frame, and the thread which they left the night before; then the groaning of wheels and pulleys announces to the street that a new day of toil has commenced for the same ill-fated community. Sunday alone, with a repose as regular as their task, breaks the weary regularity of this existence. The workman changes his linen and places himself at his window, that he may chat with his brother laborers in the other stories or in the opposite house. Their conversation may be overheard by strangers without being understood. The wives, daugh-

ters, sons, and apprentices go out into the streets in their Sunday dresses, but mingle little with the rest of the inhabitants. They may be seen leaving the churches and walking with slow steps, each family by itself, like strangers in a new land, looking around with astonishment at the light and bustle of the city. In the evening they wander about the unfrequented roads and waste grounds in the outskirts of Lyons. They seat themselves upon the dusty grass, in the trenches, or by the road-side, and look mournfully at the setting sun behind the green hills of the Saône. Sometimes the young men and girls dance, and leisure affords their parents the opportunity of visiting the tea-gardens, exclusively frequented by their own class. They then return with still slower steps to the dark street and the high room, and recommence the following day the same alternations between labor and repose.

Some, by length of years and great economy exercised in their daily food, contrive to scrape together sufficient money to buy one or more looms. Around these frames they parsimoniously extract as much work as they can from their apprentices, as the manufacturers did from them in their youth. They become manufacturers in their turn, assume a position in the town, and exchange the brown vest of the "canut" for the long-skirted coat of the merchant. They accumulate saving upon saving; they become amalgamated in a few years with the honest and industrious citizens of Lyons, but they still bear a distinctive mark of their origin in the severe economy which is at once the virtue and vice of those who enrich themselves by labor. They do not appreciate a man for his own sake, but for what he possesses. They have a single and cabalistical sign by which they found their opinion of all here below—this symbol is fortune. Nothing retains any value in their eyes except what weighs in the hand and rings upon the counter. They idolize money, and they have experienced such difficulty in acquiring gold, that they look upon spending it as a crime.

But this class is not numerous; the greater number consume in the maintenance of their families the produce of their fortunate days, and then, when work ceases and wages are stopped, the father and sons tighten their belts round their bodies to lessen the pangs of hunger.

They wander in indigent groups of women and children in the streets of their native city, or in the distant fields of Forez or Bresse, singing mournful complaints of their misery under the windows of the rich. They live without a murmur on the bread of charity, until occupation again recalls them to their looms. Others, stricken with premature old age (a common calamity of their class), leave off work, and, giving themselves up to intemperance, die in the hospitals. They are buried in the common cemetery of the suburbs, and there is one mouth less in the family. The next day the loom is again in motion; and this is a race of men, for such was the life of the workman of Lyons scarcely fifty years ago.

The life of the poorest laborer in the fields is enviable when compared with the mechanical drudgery of the weaver of silk and cotton, the inhabitant of a city. The former is never forced to leave his native soil, his native sky, or the little cottage in which he was born, to immure himself within four walls. The vitality of the tree is in its roots; man's vitality is in his heart. Happy is he whose sap is not dried up in the vigor of his youth. The laborer increases in strength and size in the scenes where he was born. The customs and feelings of his relations, his family, his neighborhood and country, constitute for him an atmosphere of natural affections which it would be cruel to destroy and difficult to renew. He is not forced to shut himself out from all physical nature, the natural element of man which renders him strong and vigorous. He has the sky above his head, the grass under his feet, the sun before his eyes, and fresh air within his organs of respiration. The vast and free horizon bounds his view; the uncertain but always new wonders of the

firmament, the earth, day, night, and the different seasons, are all mute occupiers of the senses, heart, and mind of the inhabitant of the country. His labors are rude but varied, admitting of a thousand different applications of the mind, a thousand changing attitudes of the body, and a thousand various employments of their strength and time. Digging, plowing, sowing, weeding, mowing, planting hedges, building walls, feeding, bringing up, taking care of and milking domestic animals, reaping, threshing, winnowing, pruning vines, gathering and squeezing grapes, collecting chestnuts and walnuts, drying and preserving them for the winter, watering the fields, cleaning the mill and sluices, dragging the ponds, yoking and unyoking oxen, shearing sheep, milking goats, cutting brooms or fagots for the hearth, mending the thatches of the roofs, plaiting rushes, combing hemp, feeding silk-worms, and in snowy weather, spinning wool: such are the numerous occupations which diversify the life of the agriculturist. Variety gives him an interest which prevents the sensation of fatigue, and causes him to like, and, indeed, often to feel a passionate attachment for labor. Nearly all these works, performed in open air and light, make a man healthy and cheerful, for he is not a mere machine, he is a rational human being. They excite his emulation, pride, address, strength, punctuality, and dexterity. He is active and assiduous, but not a slave. He is free to direct his steps wherever he pleases in this vast rural work-shop. He becomes robust, and continues healthy; incessantly wrestling with the forces of nature, he increases his own. He has the courage and spirit of freedom, and is equal to any thing. When he has thus multiplied his strength in the hard discipline of field-labor, the musket or sabre will appear light in his hands compared to the pickaxe or plow. He is ready to defend the country he has cultivated. An impress of health, vigor, freshness, liberty, and modest pride, give a manly expression to his features. He looks you boldly in the face, walks upright, speaks aloud, draws

a full breath, and neither fears nor envies any one. Place side by side the weaver of Lyons and the peasant of Auvergne or the Alps of the same age, and compare them together. You will feel proud of the one, but the other will make you sad when you reflect that you too belong to the human race, which produces at the same time such weakness and such majestic strength.

Misery itself in the country is not like the misery of manufacturing towns. They may there suffer privations, but seldom destitution and hunger. If the son of the cultivator of the soil does not possess a little inheritance of his own to cultivate, he can easily procure a place as servant or day-laborer with the small farmer or landed proprietor. As a servant he can save nearly all his wages; as a day-laborer he may lay by some of his earnings.

Food and clothing are to be had for so little, that the leading necessaries of life are almost gratuities to the sober peasant. In a few years he is enabled to buy a small field, in which he builds, almost without assistance, his house and stable. Such is the condition of nearly all the families of the cultivators of the soil in mountainous districts. A revenue of two or three thousand francs from these waste lands procures shelter and nourishment for father, mother, and children, until the latter are old enough to enter into the service of the neighboring farmers, to earn and save in their turn.

Men sometimes die of starvation in great cities; this is a legitimate reproach to civilization. They never die from such a cause in the peasant's cottage. So little ground is required to produce bread enough for a winter, maize, potatoes, chestnuts, buckwheat for the fowls, clover for the cows, leaves for the goats, thorns or dead wood for the fire, straw and stubble, that the real sufferings of hunger are almost unknown. When the cry of rural poverty arises, every door opens, and a piece of bread is seen in every hand; for though the peasant is saving, his heart is open to assist the distress which presents itself before his eyes.

But these extreme cases, which require alms, never include the active, healthy laborer and his family. They only occur in those cottages where there are no able-bodied inhabitants, or to some decrepit or infirm old man, some widow or orphans who are left alone in the deserted home made solitary by the death of fathers, husbands, sons, or near relations. This incidental indigence is seldom felt by more than one or two in every hundred of the population, and, consequently, the assistance that the landed proprietor can afford is amply sufficient.

As for the difference between the moral and physical happiness of the field laborer, and that of the artisan of the work-shop, it may be told in a word. It is that the one lives and dies in communication with God and nature, the other lives and dies in a cell. The occupation of one brings him in contact with the earth, plants, living animals, trees, water, and sun; the other is engrossed by four pieces of wood and an interminable woof, between the walls of a prison which endures for life. One may be compared to the poor worm which spins its silken web and dies; the other to a being incorporated by thought and feeling with the entire creation, and which lacks nothing of the endurance, activity, intelligence, feelings, sentiments, and happiness that God has bestowed upon mankind. How then there can be found generation after generation who every day rush into these work-shops of the city to increase the tribe of silk-weavers, and die at their looms, is beyond our comprehension to divine. It is the mystery of gold which we can not fathom. There are invisible currents in cities as in the sea, which imperceptibly draw the inhabitants of the fields toward these fatal rocks and quicksands.

The father of Jacquard was one of these country proprietors, in easy circumstances, in a village situated within the township of Lyons, called Couzon, where the excavations of a mountain on the banks of the Saône furnish the large blocks of solid stone, red as Egyptian granite, of

which the public buildings in Lyons are constructed. He left his small paternal domain to enter into the business of a silk-weaver. He failed to improve his fortune, and died young, as laborers in his profession usually die, and left to his only son a couple of looms for his inheritance. This son was Jacquard, destined to immortalize his name in his native city.

Jacquard, whose intelligence rose beyond the manual labor in which he had been brought up, dreamed when very young of two things of which all men dream when in the morning of life — love and fame. He loved the daughter of a gunsmith of Lyons, his father's friend. The gunsmith gave him his daughter's hand, and Jacquard was happy. Claudine Boichon (such was his wife's name) compensated by her grace, tenderness, and docility for the somewhat chimerical fancies of her husband, and the want of a marriage portion which her father had promised to bestow upon his daughter, and of which promise his failing fortune had prevented the fulfillment. This was of little importance to Jacquard, who sought only happiness in marriage, and that peace and quiet necessary for the carrying out of those mechanical inventions which formed the innate vocation of his mind. He went to sleep at night and woke in the morning with some new plan in his head for simplifying or bringing to perfection the tools used in his own and all other trades. Instead of sentimental imagery, the reality of his poetry was filled with levers, pulleys, springs, cylinders, and wheels, which he placed in motion in the revolutions of his thought, and caused them to accomplish all works hitherto performed by the hands of man. Poetry in artisans almost invariably takes mechanical forms. Mechanicians are the poets of matter; instead of verses and dramas, they regulate the evolutions of weights, counter-weights, and wheels; and as the poet influences the actions of the soul, the mechanician regulates that of the body. Archimedes and Vaucanson are the Homer and Virgil of this poetry. Jacquard,

in an inferior degree, belonged also to the same inventive family.

Ordinarily the mechanician can do nothing without geometry and mathematics; these sciences are the figures by which he calculates, and the terms by which he expresses his thoughts. But sciences, which are the necessary tools of vulgar minds, are the servants of genius. When genius finds them not ready at hand, it passes them over, or invents others for its own use. A vigorous and patient imagination, the gift of nature, which the learned by profession affect to despise, is the only source of all the great inventions which have exercised such material influence over the entire world. The most valuable machines have been invented in their full perfection by the laboring artisan, the shepherd, the dreaming monk, the potter, the wool-carder, the sailor, the weaver, or the ignorant blacksmith, and not by the learned philosophers. The work-shop has given birth to more master-pieces in practical art than the academy. The movement of worlds themselves, the science of astronomy, has been developed, overturned, and reconstructed, bit by bit, star by star, by the Chaldean shepherds. Chance and imagination are the parents of invention; science is only its nurse.

Jacquard knew nothing and invented every thing. Talking one day to a cutler with whom he was intimate, he remarked that the blade of a knife had to pass through the hands of three or four workmen before it was fitted to the handle. He stood lost in thought for an instant before the bench of the artisan. "What are you dreaming of?" demanded the cutler. "You shall see to-morrow," was the reply; and the next day Jacquard brought to his friend's shop the complete plan of a machine which would accomplish by itself, in five minutes, that which it took four men an entire day to execute. The cutler, too poor to get this machine of Jacquard's made, contented himself with admiring and preserving it in his garret as a wonderful specimen of ingenuity. Unknown to him, his apprentices some

days after broke it, fearing that the invention of machinery, by simplifying labor, might deprive millions of working cutlers of salary and subsistence.

A short time later, having learned that the maritime towns of France and England had offered a prize to the inventor of the most economical machine for making fishing-nets, Jacquard thought over it for a whole day, on a Sunday, while he was walking alone in the fields. In the evening he returned with the plan arranged in his head, and that night constructed a model of the machine. The next morning he presented it to his employer. This enlightened merchant, M. Pernon, dissuaded him from his unproductive invention, and directed his thoughts to the improvement of silk-looms, an object which, if accomplished, promised to the inventor unlimited fame and fortune.

Jacquard pondered long upon the suggestion. He was encouraged in the exercise of his imagination by a more noble motive than the hope of mere personal advantage —brotherly compassion for the misery and sufferings of his fellow-men, women, and children, who dislocated their limbs and shortened their lives in following this laborious handicraft. From this time he devoted his whole mind to the machinery of the silk-loom; as it stood, a complicated torture to the numerous class of operatives of both sexes who were condemned to labor at it. Success would not only promote industry, but would benefit human nature.

The weaving of silk, reaching from the extremity of India to the centre of France, supplies several hundred millions with the means of subsistence. A small insect, by spinning its own tomb, has changed, nourished, paid, peopled, and civilized one third of the inhabitants of the earth. Never has political economy exhibited to the admiration of mankind a greater phenomenon of industry under a more insignificant form. Let us bestow a few minutes on the examination of this wonderful insect, that we may better appreciate the full bearing of an invention, the use of which is continually increasing.

The silk-worm changes its form four times during a short life of a few weeks' duration. The egg is hatched in eight days by the rays of the sun, from which, without doubt, it borrows its colors. It then becomes a caterpillar, assumes and casts three or four coats of different shades in less than a month, as if to adorn itself in the same silky and brilliant tissues which it is about to weave for us. After that, it becomes a workman, and spins its own shroud, in which it wraps itself and remains concealed from every eye for twenty days, during which period is completed a mysterious change into another form; on the twentieth day, it silently tears this winding sheet or cocoon; a head appears, the wings follow, a butterfly soars into the air, and seeks a female companion, that they may perpetuate the species. The female deposits her eggs, which resemble the seed of an air plant; then male and female die at the same moment, to revive again together in their progeny. Man comes forward, takes possession of the empty tomb, surrounded by its white or yellow shroud, moistens it to produce decomposition, unravels the substance, and discovers silk.

At first, man contented himself with collecting this cocoon at the foot of the plant upon which the insect had spun it; but soon industry, in order to multiply the valuable produce, took possession of the animal itself, studied its wants, its habits, its food, and the process of its labors, that by this intimate companionship the skeins of golden thread might be infinitely multiplied. To the more delicate fingers of women was committed the charge of handling, without destroying, these almost imperceptible artisans of their attire. They collected the eggs; and to communicate an equal temperature, covered them up in their own bosoms, so that they were thus hatched by natural heat. Others sheltered and warmed them under their pillows, and gathered green and tender leaves suited to their minute organs of mastication. After a few weeks they beheld, with delight, exude from the mouths of these

worms (as from the bee) by two orifices, a liquid and golden saliva, which afterward, at the will of the insect, united and became a solid thread; then, when exposed to the air, assumed the form of a cobweb, winding like an oval vault around the caterpillar, serving him for nest, clothing, veil, shade, cover, or tomb.

Having admired this nest, the women weigh it, as the lightness attests the fine tissue of the web. They then unravel it to ascertain the solidity. They measure it, and the length astonishes them by its tenuity. The silken thread extends, without breaking, to the length of one thousand feet. This is the work of a spinner scarcely larger than a flesh-worm.

These women, by watchful care and multiplied attention, overcome the difficulties which diseases, seasons, and climates unfavorable to their development oppose to the hatching, rearing, and nourishment of these invaluable workmen of nature. They themselves spin this novel fleece, and thus silk replaces, in the use and admiration of men, all those coarser stuffs which hemp, flax, cotton, the down of plants and the fur of animals, had hitherto furnished as their clothing, or for articles of luxury. The invention of woven—colored and brocaded—silks has formed an epoch in the existence of mankind.

Europe, as usual, was the last portion of the globe to profit by this discovery. The East, that cradle and birthplace of all that is original in the ideal, in philosophy, in religion, and in the fine arts, understood the use of silk long before it had reached the knowledge of our own immediate ancestors. Seventeen hundred years before Christ, the Chinese had discovered the silk-worm, planted the mulberry, and manufactured the most wonderful, as well as the most ordinary tissues, from the animal thread of this minute insect. The Persians and Indians received by the caravans from China these marvelous brocades; but the materials of which they were composed were unknown to them; and the walls of the Babylonian palaces

of Chosroës were hung with 30,000 of these rich tapestries. The Chinese—a persevering and enduring nation, who were acquainted with the most refined political economy before Europe had a glimmering of the effect that the smallest industry might produce upon the destiny of her people—comprehended perfectly the exclusive command which the possession of this insect would give them in the commerce of the Eastern world. They concealed it as a great mystery, as they did later with regard to tea; and forbade every body, upon pain of death, to disclose its nature, its mode of propagation and labor, or to export the eggs to other countries.

India and Persia were the only nations that endeavored to naturalize the silk-worm. Rome, and that little space encircling the Mediterranean, which the vanity of antiquity has designated the Roman world, was scarcely acquainted with the name of China, and had only seen some small shreds of silk brought by the Persians or Parthians as far as Tyre.

The Tyrian women, who extracted a purple color from the veins of another insect or shell-fish, with which they dyed their wool, beheld in stupefied astonishment these novel specimens. They felt a presentiment that they would supersede their purple, and that the new insect would triumph over the old one. Notwithstanding this, urged by the curiosity natural to women, with regard to all that can adorn their beauty, vanity prevailed with them over interest. The fair weavers of the Tyrian and Sidonian purple unraveled the pieces of silk stuff that the merchants of the Persian Gulf had brought from China. They dyed and wove them anew, and invented a material composed of silk and wool, with open stitches light as air, transparent as the waters of their sea, and fit for the apparel of queens. They called this stuff "*air tissue*."

The Chinese had preserved their secret and monopoly for 1200 years. It was not until 600 years after the birth of our Savior, and in the decline of Rome under the Em-

peror Justinian, who governed at Constantinople, that this monarch succeeded in wresting from China her peculiar treasure of industry and civilization. The Chinese were at that time indulgent in matters of religion. They permitted the introduction of new ideas and new gods into their empire with as much philosophical tolerance as they exercised the most active watchfulness in interdicting the exportation of the elements and produce of Eastern manufactures. The God of the Christians was preached throughout China. Justinian dispatched two monks there, professing Christianity, under the pretext of spreading the new faith. But their real mission had for its object the discovery of the secret and material of silk, that they might introduce it into Europe. Commerce had begun to carry all the European and Asiatic gold to China, Persia, and the Indies. Justinian became alarmed at this impoverishment of the empire, which was threatened with ruin by the popularity of a simple tissue.

The two monks arrived at Pekin, and remained there two years, trying to discover the nature of the insect and the manufacture of its produce. They procured some of the eggs, and inclosed them in two hollow canes sufficiently large to contain them. In this manner, disguising their theft from the Chinese, they returned to Constantinople, and breaking their sticks in the presence of Justinian, deposited the eggs on the lap of the most beautiful and artful of women, the Empress Theodora, the Cleopatra of the Grecian empire—a worthy cradle for an insect which was sent to weave for woman and divinity the ornaments of beauty and the decorations of the temples. We shall not follow this art beyond its infancy. Every body knows with what rapidity it expanded throughout the world, and what master-pieces of tissues, brocades, richness, taste, design, color, and relief emanated from Persia, Syria, Italy, and Lyons. The weavers of silk became lapidaries; their works produced as great a price as precious stones.

Afterward this manufacture attained its apogee, low prices; and the use of silk descended from empresses and queens to men and women of the humblest classes. At the present time, it furnishes the clothing and food of almost innumerable populations. The mulberry is cultivated for the nourishment of these insects over one third of the globe.

Four hundred millions of men in China, five hundred millions in Thibet, Tartary, and India, forty millions in Africa, thirty in Asia Minor, twenty round the Black Sea and in the Turkish Empire; other millions in the islands of the Archipelago, in Greece, in the Caucasus, on the shores of the Adriatic; twenty-six millions in Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, and Savoy; eight millions in France, Toulon, and Lyons, are occupied in planting the mulberry, in rearing the silk-worm, in procuring, manufacturing, completing, and disposing of the silk. It is by billions that we must compute the different workmen engaged in this agricultural or industrial pursuit. Corn itself covers less space upon the earth than that which is shadowed by the mulberry-tree.

Lyons is the capital of the silk-worm in France, and we may even say in Europe. The people, plodding, sedentary, and laborious, as the insect whose work it completes, send forth in tissue that which the silk-worm spins in cocoons. The one scarcely provides sufficient labor for the other. Within the memory of man, Lyons has had no rival in Europe in the beauty of its manufactures. Its weavers, patient and economical, have gained, and maintain by the superiority of their workmanship and low prices, the best market in the world. Labor was not slow in calling mechanical genius to its aid. Nature formed this genius to its wish in Vaucanson, born at Grenoble at the commencement of the eighteenth century. Vaucanson was the Archimedes of France. He would have equaled the artificer of Sicily if the invention of gunpowder in China had not substituted a chemical for the mechanical

force hitherto used in war, and which has given to man the illimitable power of the volcano. Even the first childish sports of Vaucanson were extraordinary · his imagination disdained to imitate aught but his Creator. His automaton duck, which swam, walked, paddled, flew, ate, and digested; his mechanical wrestler, his flute-player, and, above all, his chess-player, were organized with all the muscles and movements of nature: they only wanted souls to become animated beings. Europe was astounded at the miracle, and remains so still, even after the lapse of more than a century.

The government sent Vaucanson to Lyons, to exert his incomparable talent in the improvement of the loom. He was appointed inspector of the silk manufactories. In reality, his genius was above his task. Having heard the resident manufacturers complaining of the difficulty of finding workmen who could at once weave and shade the stuffs, he smiled, and invented a machine, set in motion by an ass, which wove, brocaded, and colored at the same time as perfectly as the most intelligent workman. He provided the silk-looms with every movement and action of the human hand. All that the manufacturer at that time demanded, he bestowed without limit. He died, leaving behind him as a legacy to this industrious class the looms which bear his name, and which hands less gifted than his had only to keep in repair, to supply them with the improvements which an increasing demand required. Glory is the only heritage of true genius such as that of Vaucanson. We must not, by plagiary, deprive him of it.

The art of silk weaving had arrived at this point when the young Jacquard conceived the idea of bringing it to perfection, and, above all, of economizing, by sparing many of the hands which prepare the silk, and in adding several ingenious wheels, which dispensed with the labor of children at the looms of Vaucanson. The enthusiasm of his imagination, his experiments, dreams, and perpetual ten-

sion of mind, in order to simplify the machinery; the rash undertakings which made him abandon labor of body for exhaustion of the mind, ruined in a short time his small fortune. His rivals laughed at him, his friends blamed him, his wife alone understood and consoled him. They had a son, for whom she prophesied the fortune and fame of his father. She thought that the sacrifice of her whole life to assist the studies of her husband would sooner or later be repaid with certain and immeasurable interest.

Without a murmur, she sold their two looms, her trinkets, and even her bed, to defray the expense of the experiments, and pay the debts of the poor artisan. At length, when the household were without bread, Jacquard was compelled with tears to quit his young wife and infant in the cradle, and engage himself as a laborer to a lime-burner of Bugey. His wife worked in a manufactory of straw bonnets, and the same fingers that had been engaged in weaving gold and silk into flowers at the looms of her husband, which were sold by auction, were now occupied in plaiting stalks of rice or straw, while at the same time she had to nurse her child.

We lose sight of them for a long time in this abyss of misery. We again find them seventeen years later, when Lyons was besieged by the army of the Convention.

Lyons, like all commercial towns, is one in which Republican opinions prevail. The fluctuations of fortune, subversive of the aristocracy, the feeling of equality which admits of no superiority but that of labor and success, the hatred of luxury although they live by it; austerity of life maintained for the sake of economy as much as virtue, the esteem in which personal exertion, that glory and pride of the citizens, is held; the distance from courts, the rivalry with Paris, all these causes conduce to render Lyons revolutionary and democratic. But revolutions are sacrifices which the present makes to the future, and compel those who cause them to the immediate exercise of great disinterestedness. The poor and lonely are alone

capable of those utter changes in institutions and ideas which courageously overturn the old order of things, that new principles may rise from their ashes. The rich and exalted soon tire of this game, which, when not terrible, is always ruinous. They start up for a moment at the cry of reform, which awakes them; they make a few efforts, and return quickly to their slumber in the bed of the past, recoiling in terror before the important consequences of their own work.

This usual effect of revolutions upon selfish and worn-out communities is still more prompt when these are furious, sanguinary, and disorganized, requiring at the sword's point soldiers from the people, plunder from the rich, and victims from every opposing party.

Such was the National Convention. Lyons, more anxious for the preservation of property than life, rose not against the Republic, but against plunderers and executioners. The Republican army had sworn to destroy this hot-bed of egotism, moderation, and, not long after, of Royalism. Loyalty, as it refused to submit to the tyranny of the "public safety"—gentlemen, priests, manufacturers, workmen—all took up arms and fought heroically, some for their possessions, some for their local professions, and all for their country. The struggle was sublime, but short; Lyons was forced to submit to France. The vengeance, informations, and political murders of the military and civil proconsuls of the Convention inundated the devoted city with blood.

Jacquard, who had returned to Lyons to defend his invaded hearth, and had fought on the side of the citizens, concealed himself after the capitulation in the straw workshop of his wife. His son, then sixteen years old, enlisted in one of the Republican regiments recruiting in the conquered town, in order to march against the foreign enemy on the frontiers. The young man demanded two enlistments of volunteers in place of one, and gave the second to his father. Father and son, having changed their

cause, left the city together, and marched toward the Rhine in company with the Republicans against whom they had fought upon the Rhône. In one of the first combats on the banks of the river, a cannon-ball struck the son by the father's side. Jacquard, covered with the blood of his only child, buried him in the field of battle, languished for some time between grief and exhaustion in the hospitals, obtained his discharge, and finally returned to his native place, which had been decimated by the conquerors.

He was ignorant in what asylum his wife had taken refuge; he at last discovered her in a hay-loft in the suburbs, where to gain a miserable livelihood she spread out the linen of the laundresses to dry. She divided this hard-earned bread with her husband. They wept together over the loss of their child, their youth, their fortune, and their hopes. The poor woman died of grief, still with her last breath encouraging her husband to trust to Providence and his genius.

Jacquard, plunged in grief and solitude, applied himself once more to his inventions. He worked by day as a task-laborer with a master manufacturer: at night he carved with his knife the bobbins and pulleys of his machine. Aided by M. Pernon, his patron, he finished it at last in 1800, and the model was placed in the Industrial Exhibition. The jury accorded him the bronze medal, "for a machine," said they, "which abolished one workman in the number employed in the manufacture of brocaded silks."

Jacquard, happy at being distinguished by this medal, which would procure him fame and fortune, hastened to take out a patent of invention—the right of title which should assure to him the exclusive advantage of his own discovery. This machine, although not yet generally adopted by the manufacturers, gave him a degree of attention and importance in the city. Carnot, minister of the Interior, to occupy the leisure of the deputies from Mi-

lan, who were waiting the arrival of the First Consul at Lyons, conducted them to the work-shop of the silk-weaver, the inventor of the new loom. Jacquard, although he had soon become familiarized to his fame, was elated at this visit of the representatives of two nations to the work-shop of the poor silk-weaver. He remembered the king picking up the painter's brush; he enlarged his plan, then only roughly sketched, in proportion as the public attention was directed toward it. He had done away with one workman at the loom; he now proposed to supply the place of many. The ambition of genius is insatiable, like every other ambition; and when it has surpassed all other rivals, seeks a competitor in itself.

Jacquard, in his elation, did not perhaps sufficiently reflect that he was working against the interest of his fellow-laborers; that in supplying the place of so many men he deprived them of their subsistence, and that the lives of millions would be the price of his invention. On the contrary, he thought that he should be a benefactor to the innumerable hosts of men, women, and children, chained to the old looms, forced to bend in constrained positions, which induced physical deformities; and that by taking away the shuttle, he should remove their instrument of torture. Thus genius is ever prone to imagine that it is prompted by motives of humanity. To consecrate his discovery, he performed a religious ceremony which lasted nine days; a votive prayer to the image of the Holy Virgin, which stood on a hill of Lyons, called Notre Dame de Fourvières. Nine times he ascended the steps of this sacred eminence; and upon his return, he again shut himself up before a model of Vaucanson's machine, which contained the germ developed in his own. He then made an important alteration, by means of which the silk thread took its own place in the tissue without the aid of the weaver, and he thus discarded a whole category of workmen who were called *silk drawers*. He also invented a method by which the weaver would be aware himself of

the color of the shuttle he was about to throw, and so did away with another class of female operatives named the *pattern readers*.

Three workmen and two workwomen less at every frame, in a town which then contained 20,000, and now numbers no less than 60,000 weavers in silk, was a diminution of labor calculated to deprive millions of his class of bread and life.

Jacquard succeeded. He presented his model to the authorities, who forwarded it to Paris, that the Emperor might examine it, and reward in this man the promoter of the national manufacture, who, by lowering the price of handicraft in France, would lessen foreign competition and increase the general demand. The Emperor, who was far-sighted—beholding collectively and perspectively the results of this invention, without considering the present deprivations that it would cause—in talking with the inventor, discovered a hidden genius under his apparent rusticity, and installed Jacquard in the conservatory of arts and trades, that he might there at leisure construct his machine. When finished, Jacquard, with his own hands and by himself, wove a magnificent brocaded silk dress, which he presented to the Empress Josephine. The government granted him a pension of a thousand crowns, upon condition that he should reserve the benefit of his looms exclusively for his own country.

Jacquard returned to Lyons to give publicity to his invention, reserving to himself the privileges belonging to the discoverer. He proposed to the manufacturers an easy method of enriching themselves by adopting a loom which could be worked by fewer hands, and would materially diminish their weekly pay-list. In a short time the instinct of gain triumphed over old habits, those hereditary enemies to all new inventions. The looms to which Jacquard gave his name were soon adopted throughout the city, and each new one that appeared turned men, women, children, and whole families, without bread, into the streets. They

began to see that this machine, though incalculably advantageous for the master manufacturer, was death to the operative artisan. The name of Jacquard, at first lauded to the skies, was now associated with the murmurs and maledictions of the people. They formed themselves into groups, that they might break the machines and sacrifice to their resentment the unwelcome innovator whose genius had caused their ruin.

"Behold the traitor!" cried bands of unemployed men, women, and children, attenuated by misery, who were collected in the streets; "the traitor who mingled with us that he might learn the secret of our trade, and so deprive us of our bread. He sells the poor to the rich; they reward him for what brings death to us; they pay him the price of our blood! What does he wish us to do? we who, from our cradles, have been taught no other trade than that which he now destroys before our eyes. Let him provide for our wives and children, now driven as mendiçants from door to door, or let him, the destroyer of the people's labor, share in the death which he has prepared for us."

These murmurs, this mob, these imprecations, unjust with regard to the future, but just when uttered by those who were dying of hunger, caused the luckless mechanician to tremble and conceal himself. Recognized one day, and surrounded upon the quay of the Rhône by a crowd of starving workmen, he was hooted at, knocked down, and dragged in the mud to the banks of the river, where they were about to throw him in, when the police rescued him, torn and bleeding, from the hands of these infatuated people. He left the city in consternation, and took refuge in the country until the storm should have blown over, and labor, which, after such an outburst, is always suspended, had been resumed. The rapidly increasing number of the looms soon gave occupation to those workmen who had been discharged at first as superfluous: in the mean time, some died, others emigrated,

and their successors profited by the change — the usual effect of a revolution in ideas as in trade.

Jacquard retired from the world where he had involuntarily caused such a void and created such a stir; grew old in repose, silence, and reputation, and perhaps also in grief, at the first results of his ingenious discovery.

He had purchased a small house and garden in the village of Oullins, near Lyons, on the banks of the Rhône and facing the Alps. He could distinctly hear, when the wind blew from the north, the sound of the innumerable silk-looms to which he had given form, motion, and life. They were to him like children, and he delighted in this dull sound from a city which owed to him her pre-eminence over all the other manufacturing towns of Europe. A faithful and disinterested servant, that blessing of the old, watched over him. She was a former friend of his wife's, named Toinette. Madame Jacquard, on her death-bed, had confided her husband to this servant as an infant who required leading-strings until the hour of his own decease, as he always looked beyond his steps, and injured himself against every obstacle. Toinette smoothed his path, and relieved him from all domestic cares. Jacquard had nothing to occupy him but his own thoughts, old like himself, and ever the same. He was continually devising improvements in his machinery. He knew not that Tasso, in trying to remodel his master-piece, had disfigured it, and that when the fruit, more or less perfect, has fallen from the tree, the tree which bore can no longer supply it with sap.

His recreation consisted in cultivating his garden. The house which he inhabited at Oullins was that in which the poet Thomas, the friend of Ducis, had lived for several months before his death, when he came to seek upon this hill near the Rhône, facing the rising sun, a milder air and a more serene sky than he could find in Paris. Thomas had composed his last verses in the same alleys where Jacquard pondered over his last mechanical inven-

tions. They were types of two different centuries, although they lived within a few years of each other. One sought new ideas, the other new inventions in industry. One dreamed of glory, the other of gold. Fame and fortune deceived them both, but both had in common a more exalted feeling than the love of lucre or renown—that of religion, which sanctified their lives and sweetened their deaths. Their devotion differed only like their natures. In the poet and philosopher Thomas, it was the worship of Plato; universal love, listening to the language of the spheres, and reading the infinite and omnipotent Name inscribed on every wheel formed by the great contriver of the celestial machine. The religion of Jacquard was that of the Christian, repeating with simple faith the creed taught him by his mother, and recognizing a divine Providence in the formation of those fingers which enabled the poor workman to weave the thread of an insect, and thus obtain his daily bread.

He might be seen every morning attending early mass in the small church of his village. On leaving it, he distributed pieces of copper money, his small superfluity, among the poorer children. The villagers and promenaders from Lyons on Sundays looked on and pointed out this old man as he sat behind his garden wall. They respected him as a great genius superior to themselves, who had received from heaven one of those mighty inspirations which change the face of the earth — inspirations which consecrate the organ through which God manifests himself to mortals by a discovery or an idea.

The travelers, manufacturers, and learned men, who visited the city from time to time, knocked at the door of the celebrated inventor, that they might converse with him. They departed astonished at the extreme simplicity and confined intellect of this strange individual, who in eighty years had only possessed a single notion. Those who saw his machinery saw Jacquard. He was incorporated with it; his conversation with his visitors always

turned upon the same subject; he was a sort of superior automaton, endowed with only one action of the mind, which he exercised incessantly whenever the spring was touched.

Jacquard lived thus until his eighty-second year, and died in the consciousness of his acquired fame. As soon as he expired, the gratitude of the commerce he had enriched raised a statue to his memory in a public place in his native city. It is better to serve a trade than a nation, and individual interest in preference to an abstract idea, if you desire to enjoy a speedy immortality. How many philosophers still want the statue of the artisan!

The sculptor has faithfully represented Jacquard. We saw him ourselves in his old age, and can therefore compare the marble with the man.

He was tall, but bowed in form, from long manual labor and fatigue of mind. He had abandoned the workman's dress, and wore a long cloth tunic, which hung in folds on his person, and the lengthened skirt, descending to his heels, appeared to show, by the prodigality of material, the easy circumstances of the retired workman. His head inclined toward one shoulder, and was usually depressed in walking, but he raised his eyes with a secret modest satisfaction to those who saluted him in passing. His forehead was wide, his eyes large, his mouth thick and declining at the corners, his cheeks hollow, and his complexion sallow, like that of the workman who lives always in the shade. A sad and thoughtful languor was the prevailing expression of his countenance, whether it proceeded from the struggles of his mind, the ineffaceable impress of the first misfortunes of his life, or the wounded self-pride of the inventor who triumphed late, and when his glory was confounded with his tomb. Nevertheless, a visible consciousness of his own merit shone through this melancholy and sombre cast of countenance. He delighted in being noticed, and was flattered by the homage and caresses of the rich manufacturers who had been his

masters, and whose superior he had now become. He looked upon his certificates as patents of nobility. His bronze medal accorded by the Exhibition, his patents of invention, his correspondence with the ministers, were always kept before him; and he gloried in wearing over his coat the large red ribbon and cross of unusual dimensions which distinguished him from the crowd. The distinctive pride of the old man was thus displayed in wearing this insignia, which recalled the services he had rendered to himself and others—a little vanity founded upon fame, but natural in one of obscure station, who finds himself suddenly an object of general notice, and becomes dazzled by his own celebrity. But innate rectitude, Christian humility, and grief tempered the pride of Jacquard, and his self-satisfaction neither offended nor injured any one. Because he was so often told that he was a great man, he believed it; but he was simply a great mechanic. He complained sometimes of ingratitude. His machine appeared to him to be a monument of fame; it was only a service done to his country, a service recompensed by an easy competence, honor, respect, repose, and a statue in perspective. Such were the rewards of a reputation that Jacquard had carried off from Vaucanson, and which will remain attached to his name until another shall have invented a more perfect and economical process, which will in turn supersede his and assume its place. Thus the world progresses. "*Sibi lampada tradunt*," according to the old Roman poet Lucretius.*

This service, although actually real and valuable, was bitterly condemned by those masses of work-people from whom, without their own consent, it had wrested their daily bread. The invention of machines is a momentous question. The inventor who will become a future bene-

* While writing these lines, we read in the Italian journals that a Milanese, named Bonelli, has just constructed a machine, worked by electricity, which weaves the silk itself, and entirely supersedes the invention of Jacquard.

factor is a present enemy. Undoubtedly he who enriches the human race with new power, a new idea, or a new machine, doubles the influence of the arts, of industry, and trade, multiplies labor, produces consumption, wealth, and population, and deserves well at the hands of his fellow-creatures. Inventors are the revealers of matter: they deserve, and often receive, homage almost amounting to worship.

But the instant they send forth their new discovery into the world, they deprive, without wishing it, the human hands of work who were employed in vast numbers in making that which they now cause inanimate wheels to perform. What can become of these hands? They wither over the implements of their trade, henceforth useless, and abolished forever. He who invented the first machine for spinning wool or cotton caused more deaths than an epidemic. The distaff afforded subsistence for more than half the human race; the women spun in the fields from their cradles to their graves. Their moderate but continuous earnings clothed, nourished, and consoled, above all others, the aged mothers of families. The mechanist has reduced them to the condition of burdens on their poor relations, while he has saddened and shortened their lives. Their sedentary occupation and supererogatory bread are at an end, and they have nothing left but to die. It may be said, new modes of gaining a livelihood will open to them; but, in the mean time, existing generations suffer, groan, and perish, while execrating the baneful genius of invention. Has not the divine human machine a right to be protected, and also the privilege of complaint, when injured to destruction?

The inventors of industrial machinery, like the discoverers of religious, moral, or political truth, are the great revolutionists of matter. All reforms overturn received opinions or interests, and destroy violently something that *has* been, to replace it with something that *is* to be. The future only progresses by trampling under foot the past.

Thus reformers of every class, although benefactors to succeeding ages, are cursed by contemporaneous generations. Sad and fatal condition of poor humanity—stupid if it does not advance, and cruel if it does! It appears as if God had only left a choice between the two calamities of this deplorable dilemma—either to rest forever stationary, and allow existing evils to remain, or to endure perpetual revolutions that good may ensue!

We are mistaken. The force of public reason and the power of the great modern states have placed in the hands of the people and the governments a means of reconciling, without injury to any, the interests of all who benefit by moral and industrial progress, as well as the worldly advantage of those who are displaced by a new idea or a recent invention. This process consists in the gradual and equitable management of changes and transitions; in the influence used over the people to convince them that these mutations are in the cause of truth or for the public good; in circumspection in its progress, and in a national indemnity, which defrays all the expenses of the overthrown system and remunerates personal loss. Thus, when truth and justice have declared that "the French law abolishes slavery, and man shall no longer look upon any of God's creatures as belonging to himself," we have valued at the utmost the marketable price of our 300,000 slaves in the colonies, and have said to the colonial proprietors, "Take your money, and surrender up our brethren."

JOAN OF ARC.

PATRIOTISM is to nations what the love of life is to individuals, for a country is the life of a nation. The love of country has produced in all times and in all ages wonderful inspirations, wonderful acts of devotion and heroism. And how should it be otherwise? Actions are proportioned to the impulses which produce them. The love of a citizen for his country is the result of the personal as well as the disinterested passions with which God has imbued the human heart; self-love, and the defense of that inviolable right, which every man born into this world possesses, of occupying his place beneath the sun; affection for his family, which is only a diminished image of the country, brought home to the heart of its sons; love of father, mother, ancestry, indeed, of all those to whom we owe our birth, language, education, or the material and spiritual inheritance prepared for those who come to take their place among us or after us; or love of the wives whose weakness our strength should protect—love of our children, in whom we live again by the perpetuation of our lineage, and to whom it is our duty to leave, even at the sacrifice of our lives, the name, the soil, the independence, and the honor of our nation, which constitute the dignity of our race—the love of property, the preserving instinct of our species, which annexes to each man a portion of that earth of which he was formed—love for the sky, the air, the mountains, the scenes, the climate, whether mild or severe, under which we were born, and which have become by habit a portion of ourselves, a delightful necessity to our souls, our eyes, and our feelings—love for the manners, the language, the laws, the government in which we have grown up from the cradle, and which we

solicited her hand from her parents. She persevered in remaining single and free, possibly through some obscure presentiment which warned her that she would one day have to give birth, not to a family, but a kingdom. One of the suitors, more violent, had the boldness to claim her love as of right, swearing before a court of justice that she was betrothed to him. The poor girl, abashed but indignant, appeared before the judges at Toul, and contradicted by oath this calumny of passion. The judges saw through the plot, and sent her home free.

While her beauty thus charmed the eye, the composure of her face, the thoughtfulness of her features, the solitude and silence of her life, astonished her father, her mother, and her brothers. She possessed only the grace and attractions of her sex—she had none of its weakness. Her face exhibited neither her feelings nor the emotions of her heart. Its expression, concentrated in her eyes, seemed rather that of meditation than of feeling, yet she was compassionate and tender; but her pity and tenderness extended to something greater and more distant than her immediate horizon. She prayed unceasingly, spoke little, and avoided the company of her equals in age. She generally retired alone, and plied her needle in a secluded nook, under a hedge behind the house, from which she could only see the blue sky, the tower of the church, and the distant crest of the mountains. She seemed to hear voices within her which the noise of the world would have stilled.

She was scarcely eight years of age when these signs of inspiration began to appear in her. In this she resembled the Sybils of old, marked from their infancy with the fatal seal of sadness, beauty, and solitude, among the daughters of men—instruments of inspiration reserved for oracles, and to whom every other employment of mind was prohibited. She loved every thing that suffered, particularly animals—those intelligent beings gifted with love for us, but deprived of words to convey their feelings.

men, and often raise her above it—pity and enthusiasm. Through pity she sacrifices herself—enthusiasm ennobles her. Self-sacrifice and enthusiasm! what else is there in heroism? Women have more heart and imagination than men. Enthusiasm arises from the imagination—self-sacrifice springs from the heart. They are therefore by nature more heroic than heroes. And when this heroism becomes supernatural, it is from woman that the wonder must be expected. Men would stop at valor.

All nations have in their annals some of those miracles of patriotism in which a woman is the instrument in the hand of God. When every thing is desperate in the cause of a people, we need not yet despair, if the spirit of resistance still subsists in the heart of a woman, whether she be a Judith, a Clelia, or a Joan of Arc—a Cava in Spain, a Victoria Colonna in Italy—in our days a Charlotte Corday. God forbid that I should compare with each other those whom I have named. Judith and Charlotte Corday sacrificed themselves, but they sacrificed themselves even unto crime. Their inspiration was heroic, but it made a wrong choice of weapons—it took the knife of the assassin in place of the sword of the hero. Their devotion became celebrated; but it bore a stain, and was therefore justly blamed. Joan of Arc wielded only the sword of her country, and in her time, accordingly, she was regarded not only as inspired with patriotism, but as the prophetess of God.

These inspirations, which popular credulity converts into miracles, are they indeed supernatural? Are they really divine calls summoning young girls from out of the crowd by name, to give them the mission of saving their country? Or are they simply natural phenomena, the voices of internal whisperings—the concentrated recoil and reaction of a whole nation condensing its sufferings into the heart of one, compressing its universal wail into the shriek of a woman, and thus marvelously accomplishing by a single hand the salvation of all?

The serious historian never even raises this question and these doubts. If he reproves the scoff—that sin against admiration with which a great man has profaned his genius while endeavoring to profane this unfortunate martyr to her country—he does not introduce into history the puerilities of a popular legend. The miracle of the heroism is greater than that of the fable. The historian does not discuss, he merely relates it. Criticism falls before the pure sincerity of a child. Enthusiasm is a holy fire: its flame can not be analyzed, for it dazzles while it burns.

Such is the spirit in which we shall relate this history —a history more resembling a tale from the Bible than an episode of the modern world.

It was in the year 1429, and France was crumbling to pieces before it had become coherent. This great monarchy, then little else than a confused federation of independent vassals, frequently bidding defiance to the crown, had fallen into anarchy and ruin. With the loss of its unity, it would soon have lost its independence. Providence had afflicted it with two scourges—a wicked queen and an insane king—an interregnum and a regency. An interregnum in a monarchy is a disappearance of authority—a regency is a government of weakness. Either of these conditions would of itself suffice to ruin a kingdom. Any government is preferable to a government without a head, and which ambitious factions are fighting or intriguing to lead.

Charles the Sixth was the nominal king. Seized with madness from the fright he received on risking his life at a party of pleasure, in which he and his boon companions had covered themselves with tow and rosin to imitate beasts, and in which he had seen four of his courtiers burned to death, he lived in a state of idiocy, with fits of furious insanity alternating with intervals of depression, in which he became completely childish. He had married Isabel of Bavaria. The young queen, endowed by na-

ture with the beauty of a Poppæa or a Theodora, courtesans raised to royalty by vice, shared also their frivolity, perverseness, and ambition.

This young princess was hardly seated on the throne before she perceived in her husband the childishness which was soon to pass into lunacy. The corrupt manners of the time and of the court threw her into a whirl of the most unlicensed pleasure; and she gave way to a culpable, though politically prudent attachment for the young Duke of Orleans, brother of the king. This prince, better qualified by his courage for the throne, and by his manners for winning the heart of a woman, than his brother, had shared her attachment both from inclination and from ambition. A nocturnal debauch after a masquerade gave them the criminal opportunity. From that fatal hour the Duke of Orleans and the queen, united by affection, by crime, and by interest, governed the nation. The great vassals, the uncles of the king, and the dukes of Burgundy, Anjou, and Brittany, jealous of the authority which deprived them of the management of the kingdom, had drawn over to their side the king's son, who was still a child. In those ferocious times, in which the murders remind one of ancient Rome, and the conspiracies of modern Italy, all intrigues ended in assassination. The Duke of Orleans, called out one night under some false pretense, was dragged from his horse as he was leaving the queen's palace, and received thirteen stabs from a party of twenty unknown men, who left his bloody corpse in the street at the door of his mansion. Public report accused the Duke of Burgundy of committing the crime, the young dauphin of acquiescing in it, and his partisans of being accomplices. The queen, who lost at once her lover and her principal support, swore to wash away her tears with the blood of the murderer. She leagued with the Constable D'Armagnac, father-in-law of the murdered duke, against the Duke of Burgundy. The Armagnacs, a bloodthirsty family, by turns proscribed and murdered, and by turns suffered from

proscription and assassination. Serving, and at the same time managing, the queen, their instrument and their victim, they took alarm at the increasing power of a new favorite, the young Boisbourdon. They murdered him at the feet of the queen, that they might reign alone in her name.

In despair at his death, rendered furious by her crimes, and feeling the humiliation attending her subjection, Isabel sacrificed her resentment for the past to her present hatred. She conspired with the Duke of Burgundy to bring about the overthrow and death of the Armagnacs, and sold him at the same time their blood and her affection, in return for the revenge she expected him to accomplish. In pursuance of this intrigue, he returned to Paris, murdered the Armagnacs, satisfied and controlled the queen, assumed the guardianship of the king, and carried on the war in the provinces against the remnant of the opposite faction, which was joined by the English. The French, thus split into parties, were routed at the battle of Agincourt, which gave up the country to the King of England, over the bodies of the French nobility. Seven princes of the blood royal were buried on the field of battle. The eldest son of the king died of grief; his brother from poison administered by the enemies of the Burgundians. The third son, now dauphin, afterward Charles the Seventh, was brought up amid this alternate luxury and proscription, which reminds us of Rome by its bloodiness, and of Gaul by its frivolity. He tried to govern by means of the Armagnacs. He pretended to be tired of war and anxious for peace. He with difficulty persuaded the Duke of Burgundy to grant him an interview, preceded by a general reconciliation of the princes and the factions, on the bridge of Montereau. The duke, always pursued by the shade of his victim, the Duke of Orleans, hesitated, dreading deceit in his triumph. He was, however, over-persuaded; and, on entering the place of conference, was at once struck down by the axe of Tanneguy du Châtel. A cry

of horror rose throughout France, and especially from Paris, which had been sold to the Burgundians. The dauphin was accused of the crime, but wrongfully; for it was the Armagnacs alone who had done it, to prevent the reconciliation of the two princes. Isabel, who accused her son, was rescued by the Burgundians from the captivity in which the Armagnacs kept her at Tours. The Burgundians and the queen joined the English, who were already masters of half the kingdom. She returned with them to Paris, over the bodies of 2000 Parisians slain in revenge for Montereau. She gave her daughter to Henry the Fifth of England. The Parisians, blinded by the popularity of the new Duke of Burgundy, proclaimed, at his instigation, the King of England regent during the life of Charles the Sixth, and King of France after the madman's death.

The dauphin, proscribed by his uncles and his mother, wandered from province to province, declared guilty of a crime of which he was innocent. The King of England came to take possession of the Regency in Paris. France, divided—two kings, two regencies, two armies, two governments, two nations, two nobilities, two systems of justice—met face to face: father, son, mother, uncles, nephews, citizens, and strangers, fought for the right, the soil, the throne, the cities, the spoil, and the blood of the nation. The King of England died at Vincennes, and was shortly followed by Charles the Sixth, father of the twelve children of Isabel, leaving the kingdom to the stranger and to ruin. The Duke of Bedford insolently took possession of the Regency in the name of England, pursued the handful of nobles who wished to remain French with the dauphin, defeated them at the battle of Verneuil, and exiled the queen, who had become a burden to the government after having been an instrument of usurpation. He then concentrated the armies of England, France, and Burgundy round Orleans, which was defended by some thousands of the partisans of the dauphin, and which comprised almost all that remained of the kingdom of France.

The land was every where ravaged by the passing and repassing of these bands—sometimes friends, sometimes enemies—driving each other on, wave after wave, like the billows of the Atlantic; ravaging crops, burning towns, dispersing, robbing, and ill-treating the population. In this disorganization of the country, the young dauphin, sometimes awakened by the complaints of his people, at others absorbed in the pleasures natural to his age, was making love to Agnes Sorel in the castle of Loches. This mistress of a young king without a kingdom blushed both for herself and for him at happiness without glory. Having introduced, one night, a diviner into the castle to consult fortune in the presence of the dauphin about her destiny—the diviner, in order to flatter her love or her ambition, foretold that she would one day be the bride of the greatest of the kings of the earth. "If that be the case," said she, rising and addressing the dauphin, "I must leave this place, and go at once and marry the King of England, for, with the indolence that retains you here, I see you will not long remain King of France." The dauphin wept with shame, overcame his sloth, and took the field. He is perhaps the only prince whose duty has been advised, and whose valor has been awakened, by love. The king seeking in vain his subjects among his people; the people vainly seeking their king in the monarchy; the Frenchman fruitlessly looking for his country in France — such was the state of the nation when Providence showed it a savior in a child.

There was then at Domrémy, a village in Upper Lorraine, on the frontier of Champagne, on the wooded slopes of the Vosges, not far from the little town of Vaucouleurs, a family named D'Arc. The father of the family was a common laborer, but a laborer who tilled his own patrimony, and whose dwelling, owned and built by his progenitors, would afterward be the property of his sons. Judging from the manners and domestic habits of the family, there would appear to have been in that peasant's

dwelling the leisure and piety which easy circumstances afford, and that nobleness of mind and brow which is found more among those who cultivate their own inheritance than in those who work in the factory of a stranger; because the possession of a plot of ground, be it ever so small, preserves an independent spirit in the breast of the peasant, by making him feel that he relies on God and himself for his bread. The father was called Jacques d'Arc, the mother Isabelle *Romée*, a name given in that part of the country to pilgrims who had been to Rome to visit the sacred tombs of the martyrs.

They had three children: two sons, one called James after his father, the other Peter d'Arc, and an only daughter, born some time after her brothers, and bearing the name of Joan, although her godmother had also christened her Sybilla.

A plowshare, the laborer's emblem, was roughly carved on the stone lintel over the cottage door.

In that part of the country, the laboring horses were as fit for chargers as for the plow. The mother remained at home to take care of the house. She was rich enough to attend solely to the domestic work, without wielding the sickle or binding the sheaf herself. She brought up her daughter in a similar state of ease to that which she personally enjoyed. Although Joan, in her early childhood, played and strolled at the edge of the woods with the little girls of the village, her mother never set her to watch the sheep. She could not read and write, and was unable to teach her daughter what she did not herself know; but she taught her the good and pious love which a mother of a family hands down for the remembrance of her child. She taught her to sew with that perfection which has been the characteristic of women from the most ancient times. Joan had become so skillful in the sedentary labors of the needle, that no Norman matron, as she herself stated, could have taught her any thing new in the peculiar work in which Rouen then excelled.

She also spun wool and flax by her mother's side. From her alone she received the rudiments of religion. "No girl of her age and condition," said one of her companions, examined as to how her childhood was passed, "was more fondly treated in her parents' house. How often I visited at her father's! Joan was a mild and innocent girl. She loved to go to church and on holy pilgrimages. She attended to her household duties like other girls. She went frequently to confession. She blushed with an honorable modesty when laughed at for her piety, and for being too fond of praying in the churches. She was charitable and liberal to the poor. She nursed the sick children in the neighboring cottages." A poor laborer of the district told her judges that he remembered her having thus nursed him when he was a child.

"With a pleasing countenance, she grew up active and strong-limbed. Living in a time when women never moved but on horseback, she used to go with her brothers to take her father's poultry to the meadow of the Château des Isles, where they shut them up for fear of the soldiery. It was probably this that accustomed her to war-horses, which no man ever managed with a bolder hand than hers. She also relates that she sometimes went with the village girls to the edge of the woods which adjoined the fields, beneath a great oak which the countrymen called the Fairy Tree, and that under this oak there was a fountain whose water was reported to cure fevers and diseases; she had drawn water from it, as the others did, for this purpose; the sick, after their cure, were accustomed to sit and enjoy themselves under its shade; the Mayflowers grew round the spring, and in autumn she and her companions gathered them to make garlands for the statue of our Lady of Domrémy. Her godmother's daughter used to tell her that the fairies and 'good people' occasionally appeared there, and that she herself had seen them. As for Joan, she had never seen them. But it is true that they used to suspend wreaths of flowers to the lower

branches of the tree; she had done as the others did, her companions sometimes taking away the flowers when they went away, sometimes leaving them upon the tree; but from the moment she had become inspired to deliver France, she scarcely ever went to disport herself thus beneath the Fairy Oak; she might have danced there, and especially sung with the other children while herself a child, but she did not think she had danced there once since. There was also, opposite her father's door, another wood near the house, but there were no apparitions there. At the time her mission was revealed to her, her father had said, reproachfully, that the report was current that she had received her inspiration from beneath the Fairy Tree. She answered him that this was not the case; that a prophet of the country had indeed said that from the Oak Forest a wonder-working girl should come, but that she had not believed even that."

These reminiscences of her childhood often pleased her in her prison; they comforted her as the freshness of the morning, and she thus unwittingly left a record of those obscure years of her life, into which the eye loves to penetrate, that it may discover from what an obscure source her glory rose, and what happiness she exchanged for martyrdom.

One of those popular prophets, who spread in all directions dark sayings of the future, in the certainty that they will be taken up by the credulity natural to an age of ignorance, the enchanter Merlin, had written that the calamities of the kingdom should arise from a vicious woman, and that deliverance would come at the hands of a young and chaste girl. This rumor stirred the imagination of the people in the provinces, and might well excite in the mind of every maiden the involuntary hope of realizing the prophecy herself.

The pensive and retiring beauty of Joan, while it attracted the attention of men, repelled familiarity. Several, nevertheless, pleased with her grace and modesty,

solicited her hand from her parents. She persevered in remaining single and free, possibly through some obscure presentiment which warned her that she would one day have to give birth, not to a family, but a kingdom. One of the suitors, more violent, had the boldness to claim her love as of right, swearing before a court of justice that she was betrothed to him. The poor girl, abashed but indignant, appeared before the judges at Toul, and contradicted by oath this calumny of passion. The judges saw through the plot, and sent her home free.

While her beauty thus charmed the eye, the composure of her face, the thoughtfulness of her features, the solitude and silence of her life, astonished her father, her mother, and her brothers. She possessed only the grace and attractions of her sex—she had none of its weakness. Her face exhibited neither her feelings nor the emotions of her heart. Its expression, concentrated in her eyes, seemed rather that of meditation than of feeling, yet she was compassionate and tender; but her pity and tenderness extended to something greater and more distant than her immediate horizon. She prayed unceasingly, spoke little, and avoided the company of her equals in age. She generally retired alone, and plied her needle in a secluded nook, under a hedge behind the house, from which she could only see the blue sky, the tower of the church, and the distant crest of the mountains. She seemed to hear voices within her which the noise of the world would have stilled.

She was scarcely eight years of age when these signs of inspiration began to appear in her. In this she resembled the Sybils of old, marked from their infancy with the fatal seal of sadness, beauty, and solitude, among the daughters of men—instruments of inspiration reserved for oracles, and to whom every other employment of mind was prohibited. She loved every thing that suffered, particularly animals—those intelligent beings gifted with love for us, but deprived of words to convey their feelings.

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But her pity was most strongly excited for the kingdom of France and for the young dauphin—motherless, without a country, and without a throne. The tales she daily heard from monks, soldiers, pilgrims, and beggars, the cottage newsmen of the time, filled her heart with compassion for the young prince. His image was associated in her mind with the calamities of her fatherland. It was in him that she saw it perish, it was through him that she prayed to God for its deliverance. Her spirit was ceaselessly occupied with this anxiety and sadness. Is it matter of wonder that such concentration of thought in a poor, simple, and untutored girl, should at length have effected a real change of feeling in her, and that she should have heard sounding in her ears the voices from within that were always speaking to her soul? The mind and the feelings are so closely connected in our being, that as on the one hand the feelings may deceive or trouble the mind by their excitement or disorder, so, on the other hand, the mind easily disturbs and deceives the senses. These visions and wondrous voices, illusions though they be, are no falsehoods to those who experience and relate them. Sincere objects of wonder, they are phenomena, though not prodigies. It is difficult for man, and more so for woman, if passionately absorbed by an idea or a doubt, when they inwardly question or listen to themselves, to distinguish between their own voice and that of heaven, and to say to themselves, "This is mine: that is of God."

In this state man yields his judgment to his own oracle; he takes his inspiration for the voice of God. The wisest of mortals, as well as the weakest of women, have so deceived themselves. History is full of such marvels. The Egeria of Numa, the familiar genius of Socrates, were simply inspirations of their souls, taken for divinities. How should the poor peasant of a fairy-haunted village, trained to these popular superstitions by her mother and her companions, doubt what Socrates and Plato did not refuse to believe? Her candor was the snare of her belief; her inspiration shared the wildness of her age, her sex, her time, and her credulity. She believed in the voices, the visions, and the prodigies; but the inspiration itself was the true cause for wonder, and her triumphant patriotism attested, in her at least, the divine origin of the feeling, and the truthfulness of the heart.

She heard these voices long without mentioning them even to her mother. A dizziness in her eyes announced their coming, with a burst of pleasing light which she supposed to descend from heaven. The voices sometimes whispered to her wisdom, piety, and virtue; sometimes they recounted to her the woes of France, and the groans of its afflicted people. Once, at midday, when she was alone in the garden, under the shade of the church wall, she distinctly heard a deep voice calling her by name, and saying, "Arise, Joan! go and help the dauphin, and give him back his kingdom of France."

The vision was so heavenly, the voice so distinct, and the order so imperative, that she fell on her knees and excused herself, saying, "How should I do this, seeing that I am but a poor girl, who can neither back a horse, nor lead the men-at-arms?"

The voice was not content with these excuses: "Go," it said to Joan, "and find the Lord of Baudricourt, captain for the king, at Vaucouleurs. He will guide you to the dauphin. Fear nothing: St. Catharine and St. Margaret will help you."

This first vision, which made her tremble and weep with anguish, but which she kept as a secret between herself and the angels, was succeeded by others. She saw St. Michael armed with his lance, surrounded with rays, the conqueror of demons, such as he is painted on the altar-piece of his chapel. The archangel described the ruin and slavery of the monarchy, and commanded her to take compassion on her country St. Margaret and St. Catharine, holy and popular saints in those districts, appeared to her in the clouds, according to promise. They spoke to her with the voices of women, calmed and softened by eternal bliss. They had crowns on their heads: angels as bright as gods escorted them. It was the beautiful vision of paradise that burst upon her view. Her soul, in these divine interviews, forgot the severe nature of her mission, and indulged in this delightful contemplation. When these voices were silent, the figures retired, and the sky closed, Joan of Arc was alone and weeping: "Oh! that those angels had taken me with them!" But such was not the object of her terrible mission. It was only upon the flames which rose from the pile of her martyrdom that she could reach the haven of her hopes.

These angelic conversations and calls, these hesitations and delays, lasted several years. She at length confessed them to her mother. Her father and brothers were informed of them, and the report got abroad in the country —a subject of wonder for the simple, of doubt for the wise, of satire for the evil-disposed, and of conversation for all.

At the same time, the same idea and the same visions were occupying, in different parts of the country, other maidens and other women. When the people no longer expect relief from man, they turn to miracles. Wonders and revelations became contagious. A woman of Berry, named Catharine, saw fair ladies in robes of gold, who commanded her "to go through the towns, asking for subsidies and men-at-arms for the dauphin. She required to be accompanied by esquires and heralds, to proclaim every

where orders to bring her buried treasures, which she would well know how to discover." Thus, when the air is infected, every body breathes the contagion. Pity for France, loyalty to the dauphin, hatred of the Burgundians, horror of a foreign yoke, roused the spirit of the women. All heard the cry from earth; some heard the voices from on high. Moreover, the poets, the romancers, and the strolling story-tellers of the Middle Ages had accustomed the imagination to the assumption of warlike duties by women, as we read in Tasso and in Ariosto. They followed their lovers to the Crusades, served them as pages or esquires, girded on their armor, led their coursers, and shed their blood for their God, their country, or their love. This disguise of a woman under a cuirass gave even to civil wars the chivalrous character, the touching adventures, and the wonderful romance which was dreamed of by children, and which would therefore be frequently imitated. Exceptional beings are always found who realize any thing that exists in the imagination of all. The idea of a maiden leading armies into the field, crowning her young king, and delivering her country, sprang both from the Bible and the legendary tale. It was the poetry of the village fireside that Joan of Arc made the religion of the country.

Her father, an aged and austere man, heard with regret these rumors of visions and wonders under his peasant roof. He did not think his family worthy of these dangerous favors from Heaven, or of these visits of angels and saints which made the neighbors talk. All dealings with spirits he suspected, the more so as it was a time when popular superstition attributed so much to evil influences, and when the exorcist and the executioner punished with fire all traffic with the invisible world. He attributed his daughter's melancholy and her mental illusions to disordered health. He wished to see her married, that the love of a husband and children might satisfy her heart, and that the occupations of the mother might dispel these

imaginations of the child. He sometimes carried his incredulity even to harshness, and told his daughter that, "if he heard that she gave credit to her pretended conversations with the spirits that tempted her, or meddled with the soldiers, he would rather have her drowned by her brothers, or would even destroy her with his own hands."

The displeasure of her mother, and even the threats of her father, stopped neither the visions nor the voices. Obedient in all other respects, Joan wished to obey even in this; but the inspiration was stronger than her will. Heaven must be obeyed before man, and the prodigy was to her more imperative than the call of natural duty. It was with sorrow that she disobeyed, and she prayed to God to spare her these efforts, which were breaking her heart. She hoped at some future period to obtain the leave and forgiveness of her parents, as in fact she did when her glory had justified her disobedience in their eyes. Inspiration is like genius—it is never crowned until it has been opposed.

But Joan had beside her a relation either more simple, more kind or naturally more enthusiastic than her father, in whom the poor girl found belief, or at least sympathy. This was her uncle, whose protrait and whose name should have been preserved by history as the first believer in the mission of his niece, and the first from whom her genius derived assistance. These secondary fathers in families are often more tender and more full of paternal affection than the natural sires; and they are the more indulgent to the children of the house, because they are the less suspicious of their fondness, and their love is a matter of choice rather than of duty. Such appears to have been Joan's uncle, the father of her choice, her consoler, her confidant, and subsequently the mediator between his niece and Heaven.

To withdraw Joan from the persecution and reproaches of her father and of her brothers, her uncle took her home with him for some time under the pretense of nursing his

bedridden wife. Joan made use of this short absence from her parents' care to obey the ruling desire of her heart. She begged her uncle to go to Vaucouleurs, a garrison town near Domrémy, and to apply for the aid of the Lord of Baudricourt, who commanded in the place, that she might accomplish her mission.

The uncle, induced by his niece, and additionally persuaded by his wife, yielded easily to their wishes. He went to Vaucouleurs, and gave the Lord of Baudricourt the message with which he had been so kindly charged. The warrior listened to the peasant with good-humored contempt. There seemed no other course, in fact, than to smile at the madness of a peasant girl of seventeen offering to accomplish for the dauphin and for the kingdom what thousands of knights, warriors, and politicians could not effect by dint of skill and arms. "The best thing you can do," said Baudricourt, as he dismissed the messenger of miracles, "is to send back your niece to her father with her ears well boxed."

The uncle returned, no doubt convinced by Baudricourt's incredulity, and determined to remove forever this illusion from the minds of the women. But Joan had such command over him, and the strength of her conviction made her so eloquent, that she soon restored the shaken belief of her uncle, and even persuaded him to take her himself to Vaucouleurs, without the knowledge of her parents. She well knew that it was a decisive step, and that, once out of the village, she should never return to it. She confided the secret of her departure to a girl whom she tenderly loved, named Mangète, with whom she prayed, commending her to the care of God. She concealed her project from one to whom she was still more attached, named Haumette; "fearing," as she afterward said, "lest she should be unable to overcome the pain of leaving her if she bade her adieu, she cried a great deal by herself, but at last overcame her tears."

Clad in a red cloth gown, the usual dress of the peas-

ant girls of the district, Joan set off on foot with her uncle. Having reached Vaucouleurs, she was hospitably received by a charcoal-dealer's wife, a cousin of her mother's. Baudricourt, overcome by the importunity of the uncle and the obstinacy of the niece, consented to receive her, not through credulity, but because he was tired of refusing. He was struck with the beauty of the peasant girl, whom Daulon, her knight, describes about that period in these terms: "She was young, handsome, and of a good figure; her movements had a womanly grace and modesty."

Baudricourt having questioned her, Joan told him with a tone of modest firmness, which appeared to derive its authority, not from herself, but from the inspiration she had received from on high, "I come to you in the name of the Lord my God, in order that you may tell the dauphin to maintain his present position, and not to give battle to the enemy now, because God will assist him about mid-Lent. The kingdom," she added, "does not belong to him, but to God. Nevertheless, God destines the kingdom to him: in spite of his enemies, he shall be king, and I myself shall guide him to his coronation at Rheims."

Baudricourt dismissed her to gain time for reflection, fearing, no doubt, either to despise or believe too much, at a period when public opinion might have blamed him as strongly for incredulity as for belief. He prudently consulted the clergy, the proper judges of supernatural events. He consulted the priest of Vaucouleurs: they went in form to visit the peasant girl at the house of her cousin, the charcoal-dealer's wife. The priest, wishing to be prepared for any thing, had put on his sacerdotal garments, as an armor against the tempting spirit. He exorcised Joan, in case she should be possessed by a demon, and commanded her to retire if she was in league with Satan. But the spirits which possessed her were only her piety and her genius. She bore the trial without giving scandal either to the priest or the warrior: they returned undecided, though greatly edified.

The report of this visit of the governor and the priest to the charcoal-dealer's house astonished and excited the little town. People of every rank, and especially women, went there. Joan's mission became a matter of belief to some, of remark to all. The rumor had become too general for Baudricourt to hush it up any longer. He was already accused of indifference or indolence. "Was it not betraying France and the dauphin to neglect such succor from Heaven?" A gentleman of the neighborhood, having come to visit Joan as the others did, remarked to her, as if blaming Baudricourt, "Well, my dear, I suppose the king must be driven out, and we must become English."

Joan added her complaints to those of the gentleman and of the populace, but she seemed to lament less for herself than for France; and strengthening herself with the promise she had heard from on high, "Nevertheless," said she, "I must be taken to the dauphin before mid-Lent, even if I wear my legs down to my knees to get to him; for nobody in the world, neither kings, nor dukes, nor princesses of Scotland, can recover the kingdom of France, and he has no aid except myself; although I should prefer," she sadly observed, "to be spinning by my mother's side! for I know that fighting is not my work; but I must go and do what is commanded me, for my Lord wills it so."

They asked her, "And who is your Lord?" She answered, "God!"

Two knights who chanced to be present, one young, the other old, were much moved. They pledged their words, with their hands in hers, that, by the help of God, they would enable her to speak to the king.

During this delay, which seemed necessary, even out of respect for the dauphin, Baudricourt conducted Joan to the Duke of Lorraine, from whom he held Vaucouleurs, in order to discharge himself of his responsibility, and to receive his orders.

The duke saw Joan, and questioned her respecting a

disease with which he happened then to be afflicted. She only spoke to him about healing his mind by a reconciliation with the duchess, from whom he was separated. Baudricourt then took Joan back to Vaucouleurs.

While she was traveling, and staying with the Duke of Lorraine, the dauphin himself had received intimation by letter of the extraordinary events at Domrémy. Some are of opinion that Baudricourt had preferred to have instructions from the dauphin, and his mother-in-law, Queen Yolande of Anjou, and that the dauphin, Queen Yolande, and the Duke of Lorraine arranged with Baudricourt to take advantage for their party of this appearance of a young, beautiful, and pious girl, worthy to obtain the divine protection for the people, to raise the enthusiasm of the army, and to effect deliverance for the kingdom. There is nothing improbable in this opinion, and the policy of such a belief does not disprove its sincerity, in an age when courts and camps shared in all that was believed by the people. The preparations for Joan's journey and for her reception at court, and the respect paid to her upon her arrival by the dauphin and Queen Yolande, sufficiently prove that the wonder was expected, and that there was a desire to heighten its effect.

The townspeople of Vaucouleurs bought her a horse of the value of sixteen francs, and a military dress, as well to protect her person as to denote her warlike mission. Baudricourt gave her a sword. The report of her departure for the army having spread to Domrémy, her father, mother, and brothers came to persuade her to return. She cried with them; but tears melted her heart without altering her resolution.

Accompanied by the two knights and some mounted servants, she started for Chinon, where the dauphin resided. Her escort took her rapidly through the provinces held by the English and Burgundians, for fear their charge should be lost. Undecided at first as to what they should think of the girl—sometimes they revered her as a saint,

and at others kept from her as a sorceress. Some even secretly deliberated about getting rid of her on the road, by throwing her into a mountain torrent, and attributing her disappearance to her being taken off by a demon. Often, when near carrying their plot into execution, they were held back as if by a divine hand. Her youth and beauty, innocence, and holy candor, no doubt constituted the supernatural charm which softened their hearts and disarmed their hands. Incredulous at starting, they arrived convinced.

The court was then at the castle of Chinon, near Tours. The Prophetess of Vaucouleurs was expected there with various feelings. The counselors of highest reputation for wisdom dissuaded the dauphin from receiving and listening to a child, who, if she were not an instrument of the Prince of Darkness, was at least the preacher of her own delusions. Others, more credulous or more frivolous, pressed the dauphin at any rate to consult this oracle. Queen Yolande and the ladies of the court were proud that their deliverance was to arise from a woman. Easy of belief, with a tendency to deceive themselves as well as others, they felt that all human means of recovering the king's cause were exhausted, and that something supernatural, either true or supposed, could alone restore enthusiasm or hope to the soldiers and the people. "It was perhaps God who brought the relief." Policy or credulity, any thing was good for a defeated and desperate cause.

The dauphin, wavering, with the natural uncertainty of youth, between love and glory, and between grave counsel and female influence, was in one of those critical periods of moral weakness in which a man is inclined to believe every thing, because there is nothing more to expect.

Such were the circumstances under which Joan arrived at Chinon. She was quartered in the neighborhood, at the castle of the Lord de Gaucourt. Visited by the nobles and ladies of the king's suite, her simplicity disappointed some and pleased others. The knights on the king's side at

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mother blush, and have torn the crown from his brows. The conduct of Isabel of Bavaria rendered it doubtful whether he was the son of Charles the Sixth. Joan's inspired reply, although not heard by the company, spread joy and security across the dauphin's face. Often, and even recently, he had shut himself up in his oratory, and prayed to God with tears, that, if indeed he were the legitimate heir of the kingdom, Providence might graciously give him some confirmation of it, and defend his inheritance, or at least save his life, and procure him shelter among the Spaniards or the Scots, his only friends. "I tell you from God," said Joan, in a louder voice, "that you are really the son of the king, and heir of France."

This conversation with the king, the favor of the princesses, the pressing request of the messengers from the army at Orléans—popular rumor, always more ready to believe what is miraculous than what is possible—the adventure of an unbelieving man-at-arms, who, having insulted Joan upon a bridge, was shortly afterward drowned in the Loire—and, lastly, the policy which either simulated or augmented a belief favorable to its designs—every thing contributed to invest the young stranger with a halo of respect and hope which made the slightest doubt appear an impiety.

The Bastard of Orléans, the famous Dunois, was continually sending messages to her to come to Orléans to renew the courage of his soldiery. The Duke of Alençon, a chivalrous and courteous prince, came to see the prodigy, and embraced the cause of the prophetess with the fervor and enthusiasm of youth. The courtiers thronged around her at the castle of Coudray. Some gave her war-horses, others taught her how to keep her saddle, to manage her charger, and to break a lance; all were delighted with the boldness, grace, and dexterity she showed in warlike exercises, as if the soul of a hero had by mistake animated the body of a maid of seventeen, endowing her with the love of arms, and with intrepidity in battle.

The dauphin still hesitated to give way to the maiden's inspiration, being restrained by his chancellor, who feared the ridicule of the English in case France were to confide her sword to a hand that had only wielded the distaff. The chancellor also dreaded the clergy, who might have attributed the inspiration to witchcraft, and have disapproved a belief which they had not authorized. The king wisely thought it best to send Joan in the first place to Poitiers, to have her examined by the University and the Parliament. These two oracles of the time, driven out of Paris, were then sitting in that province.

"I see clearly," said Joan, "that I shall be severely tried at Poitiers, where they are taking me; but God will assist me, so I shall go there with confidence."

Questioned kindly, but scrupulously, by the doctors, she astonished them all by her self-reliance, as much as by her patience and gentleness. One of them said, "But, if God be resolved to save France, He will have no need of men-at-arms." "Ah!" she answered, "the men-at-arms will fight, and God will give them the victory."

Another told her, "If you give no other proof of the truth of your words, the king will intrust to you no soldiers to lead into danger." "By my God," said Joan, "it was not to Poitiers that I was sent to exhibit signs; but take me to Orléans, with as few men as you like, and I will give you some. The sign that I have to show is to raise the siege of Orléans."

When the doctors cited texts and books which forbade hasty belief in such revelations, "That is true," she said; "but there are more things written in the book of God than in the pages of men."

At length, the bishops declared that nothing was impossible before God, and that the Bible was full of mysteries and examples which might authorize an humble woman to fight in man's apparel for the deliverance of her country. Queen Yolande of Sicily, the dauphin's mother-in-law, and the most respected ladies of the court,

attested the purity and chastity of the prophetess. There was no longer any hesitation to trust her with the army, which, under the command of D'Alençon, her most zealous believer, was marching to the relief of Orléans.

Some light armor was forged for her, the whiteness of which denoted the purity of the heroine. She claimed a long rusty sword, marked with five crosses, which she said was buried in a chapel of a church near Chinon, and which was accordingly found there. She also received a white standard covered with fleurs-de-lis, the heraldic bearing of France. She then started on her journey, followed by an old and valiant knight, her protector Daulon, by two young children, her pages, by two heralds, a chaplain, a number of servants, and a crowd of people who blessed beforehand the miracle and deliverance she was expected to effect.

She was received triumphantly at Blois by the chiefs of the army, who had collected to see her and to receive her divine inspirations—the Maréchal de Boussac, Dunois, Lahire, Saintrailles, all warned by the chancellor to respect, in this girl, the mission of God and the will of the king. But the enthusiastic fanaticism of the people for the warrior maid of Domrémy produced more effect on the army than even the orders of the dauphin. Serving God as much as the crown, Joan began by reforming the disorderly habits and misconduct of the camp. Cards, dice, and all the implements of witchcraft and gambling, both in tent and city, were burned. Popular preachers followed her steps, and declaimed in praise of women and of war. One of them raised such excitement, and stirred the people so much more as a tribune than as a priest, that the Pope had him seized by the Inquisition, and burned as a disseminator of heresy.

Another, the friar Richard, a monk of the Franciscan order, drew such multitudes after him, that thousands of men and children would sleep on the bare ground around his pulpit the night before he was to preach. The breath

of the spirit blew like a tempest on the souls of men. Religion, patriotism, and war agitated the crowds. Joan humbly followed the preachers on foot, in the town of Blois; but her very humility marked her out for the homage of the multitude. The Franciscan took jealous umbrage at her, while he pretended to share the fanaticism of the army. Every thing was already prepared for miracles, both in the course of events and in the minds of men—even envy, and the torture after the triumph.

The army, purified by the reformation and discipline which Joan introduced, was recruited by numerous companies of men-at-arms, hastening from all the provinces on hearing the wonderful reports. The standard of the maiden of Domrémy was indeed the Oriflamme of France.

The chiefs, hastening to profit by this enthusiasm, set their troops in motion. Joan, whom they consulted, desired them, without considering the number or disposition of the English army, to march straight on Orléans by the shortest road, that of the Beauce. The generals pretended to agree with her, but they deceived her for the safety of the army, and took her across the Loire, in order that the river might protect their advance through the woods and marshes of the Sologne. Joan's chaplain marched at the head of the army, bearing her banner and chanting hymns. The march resembled a procession in which the priest leads the soldiery.

Joan arrived before Orléans on the third day. Seeing the river between herself and the army, she was angry at having been deceived by the generals, and wished them to attack at once the English lines, which were between the troops and the town. They succeeded in calming her impatience.

Dunois, who was commander-in-chief both of the relieving force and of the garrison of Orléans, jumped into a light boat when he saw the maid from the top of the ramparts. When he landed at her horse's feet, "Are you," said she, "the Bastard of Orléans?" "I am," replied Du-

nois, "and am very glad you are come." She answered with the voice of gentle reproof, "Then it was you who recommended the army to take the road of the Sologne away from the enemy?" "It was the advice of the wisest and oldest captains," said Dunois. "The counsel of God, my Lord," said Joan, "is better than yours. You thought to deceive me, but you have deceived yourself. Fear nothing; God makes my road, and it is for this that I was born. I bring you the best help that ever knight or city received—the assistance of Heaven."

At this moment the wind, which was driving the waves of the Loire against the course of the current, and prevented the boats laden with arms and provisions from landing at the port of Orléans, suddenly changed, as if by a miracle, and the town was provisioned in spite of the English.

The next day, having dismissed the king's army, which was only to escort the convoy as far as the gates, and had to return to defend the low country, Joan entered Orléans at the head of 200 lances, followed by Dunois and the brave Lahire. Mounted on a white jennet, raising her standard in her right hand, and clad in her light armor sparkling with a chastened light, she appeared to the townspeople and the soldiers to be the angel both of peace and war. Priests and people, women and children, threw themselves at her horse's feet, to try to touch even her spurs, thinking a divine emanation radiated from this messenger of God. She bade them lead her to the Cathedral, where a *Te Deum* was sung as a thanksgiving for the relief of the town. But the succor which most comforted the people was the supernatural aid which they seemed to see and to possess in the person of the prophetess.

Joan was led from the Cathedral to the house of the woman of best reputation in the town, in order that her honor might be protected from scandal, and that her good fame might remain unblemished amid the license of the camp. A feast had been prepared for her; but she only

accepted a little bread and wine out of humility, and in remembrance of her father's frugal board.

She thence dictated a letter to the English, the terms of which she had considered during her journey. This letter resembled, in its style and manner, the summons which a Homeric hero might give to another before fighting, from the walls or on the battle-field. "King of England," she said, "and you, Duke of Bedford, calling yourself Regent of France; and you, William, earl of Suffolk; you, John Talbot, and you, Thomas Scales, styling yourself the lieutenant of the Duke of Bedford, obey the King of heaven, and give up the keys of the kingdom to the maiden sent by God! And you, archers and men-at-arms, who are before Orléans, go back in the name of God to your country! King of England, if you do not do this, I command the battle; and, wherever I reach you, this will I compel you to do. And know for certain that the King of heaven will send more strength to me than you can lead in your attacks." She then invited them to peace, and promised them safety and a good reception if they would come to treat with her at Orléans.

Laughter, ridicule, and sneering jibes were the only answer this letter produced from the besiegers. They called her a jade and a cow-keeper. They dishonorably kept her herald a prisoner. She sent Talbot a second message, offering to meet him in single combat under the ramparts of the town. "If I am conquered," she said to Talbot, "you may burn me at the stake; if I am victorious, you will raise the siege." Talbot only answered by a disdainful silence. He would have thought himself dishonored by accepting the challenge of a girl.

When summoned to be present at the council of war, out of respect to the wishes of the king and the superstition of the people, Joan showed the same eagerness to fight, and the same reliance on the divine aid she brought with her. Dunois pretended to give way to her in every thing, even contrary to his own opinion, knowing that by

this yielding he satisfied the people, and roused the enthusiasm of the soldiery. The Bastard—a skillful leader as well as a brave soldier—if he only half credited the revelations, believed entirely in the enthusiasm which they created. The grace and fervor of Joan interested him strongly. He agreed remarkably well with her, assisting her with his advice at the council-board, and sharing her heroism in the field of battle.

The Knight of Gamaches, an old soldier, seeing the indulgence with which Dunois and Lahire regarded the maiden's rashness, was indignant from the first that they preferred the revelations of a peasant girl to the advice of an experienced captain like himself. "Since the opinion," said he, "of a base-born adventurer is listened to in preference to the judgment of a knight like myself, I shall make no further opposition. My sword shall speak for me at a proper time and place, and I may perhaps lose my life; but my own honor, as well as obedience to my king, forbid me to sanction such absurdities. I strike my banner, and am now only a simple squire. I would rather serve under a nobleman than under a girl who was previously—I do not well know what." Then, folding his banner, he gave it to Dunois.

Joan breathed nothing but war, and every delay in the deliverance of the country by arms seemed to her to be doubting the divine promise, and a sin against faith. She rode off the next day to accompany a detachment which was going to Blois for re-enforcements; and on her return, leaped her horse on to the rampart of one of the fortifications which the English had thrown up round the town, and, raising her voice to make them hear her, summoned them to evacuate their lines.

Two English knights, Granville and Gladesdale—celebrated for their valor, and for the harm they had done to the besieged—answered by insult and scorn, recommending her to mind her distaff and her flocks. "You lie!" said Joan; "you shall soon leave this place; many of your

men will be killed, but you yourselves will not see it!" thus foretelling their defeat and death.

The second re-enforcement, brought from Blois by Dunois himself, got into the town without having been attacked.

Dunois came to thank Joan for the good advice which she had given him, and announced the speedy arrival of the English army which was coming up to complete the blockade. "Bastard, Bastard," said Joan, "I command you to let me know as soon as this army appears in the field; for if it shows itself without my giving it battle, I will have you beheaded," she added, jestingly. Dunois promised to give her the information.

A few days afterward, while she was lying on her bed at midday to rest from the fatigue she had undergone in restoring order, piety, and good manners among the soldiers, a supernatural anxiety prevented her sleeping. Suddenly, sitting up in bed, she called her equerry, the old knight Daulon. "Arm me!" she said; "my heart tells me to go and fight with the English, but it does not say whether it is against their forts or their army."

While the knights were buckling on her armor, a great noise arose in the street. The people thought the French were being slaughtered at the gates. "My God!" said Joan, "the blood of Frenchmen is streaming on the ground! Why was I not sooner awakened? My arms! my arms! My horse! my horse!" and without waiting for Daulon, who was still without his own armor, she rushed, half accoutred, out of the house.

Her little page was playing like a child on the threshold. "You false page!" said she, "not to come and tell me that French blood was running! Quick! my horse!"

She sprung on her charger, and going to a high window, from which her standard was handed to her, she went off at full gallop, following the noise, to the gate of the town. On her way she met one of her men, who was being brought back, wounded and bleeding, from the wall. "Alas!" said

she, "I never saw a Frenchman's blood without my hair standing on end."

It was the bastion of Saint Loup that the French knights had endeavored to surprise, and which Talbot had just relieved, driving the French before him to the ramparts of Orléans. Joan dashed out of the gates, rallied the fugitives, drove back Talbot, attacked the fort, slaughtered the English, took the garrison prisoners, and, passing at once from anger to pity, wept over the dead, and gave quarter to the conquered. Both prophetess and champion of her cause, the miracle of her wakefulness, of her intelligence, her strength and her mercy, raised her name far above all doubts in the French camp, and made her appearance the terror of the English.

She wished to spare the blood even of her enemies. Having resolved upon a decisive attack on their fortifications, she went to the top of a tower, and fastening to an arrow a letter in which she summoned them to surrender, and promised them mercy, she drew her bow, and shot the arrow into their camp. They remained deaf to this second summons, and sent back insulting replies by other arrows.

She blushed on hearing them read, and could not even restrain her tears before her followers; but she quickly comforted herself with the thought that God did her more justice than men. "Bah!" she said, drying her tears; "the Lord knows that they are only lies."

By the advice of Dunois, she ordered a sortie, and a general assault on the four English forts on the left bank of the Loire. The attack was repulsed, and the French routed. Joan was looking on at the fight from an islet in the middle of the river, and, seeing the defeat, she sprang into a light boat, and, towing her horse, landed in the midst of the confusion. Her presence, her voice, her standard—the divinity which the soldiers thought they saw shining on her fine face—rallied, turned, and induced them to follow her to the palisades; she took the forts, and set fire to them with her own hand. The ashes of the English ramparts,

stained with the blood of their defenders, were the trophy of this victory. Joan returned triumphant, though wounded in the foot by an arrow. She was losing blood, without taking either food or drink, because she had sworn to fast on that day for the sake of the people.

Dunois and his lieutenants thought they had done enough in clearing one bank of the river. "No, no," said Joan; "you have been to your council, and I have been to mine; believe me, the advice of my King and Lord will prevail over yours. Be ready to-morrow with the army: I shall then have more work before me than I have done to-day. I shall lose blood—I shall be wounded."

In vain the captains closed the gates next day to restrain her ardor. The people and the soldiers, mad with enthusiasm and faith in Joan, mutinied against them, and threatened the generals. The gates were forced by the multitude, which poured like a torrent after the prophetess. The chiefs were obliged to follow the soldiers. Dunois, Gaucourt, Granville, Gouthant, De Raiz, Lahire, Saintrailles, rushed forward to the attack of the principal fort occupied by the English. The English army, surrounded by ramparts and ditches, mowed down these masses with its artillery. The ladders, felled by axes, were thrown back upon the assailants. The foot of the wall was heaped with the dead. The multitude became discouraged. Joan only persisted in her faith. She seized a ladder, and placing it against the wall of the bastion, climbed it the foremost, sword in hand. An arrow pierced her neck near the shoulder, and she rolled senseless into the ditch. The English, to whom taking Joan would have been worth a victory, came out of the intrenchments to seize her. Gamaches strode across the maid, and defended her with his axe. The French rallied at his shouts, and saved her. On coming to her senses, she saw Gamaches wounded, and a conqueror for her sake. "Ah," said she, repenting that she had once offended him; "take my horse, and without purchase. I was wrong to think ill of you, for never saw I a

more generous cavalier." Joan was taken to a place of safety, to disarm her and look to her wound. The arrow stuck out two handbreadths behind her shoulder, and she was covered with blood. She was compelled, like Clorinda, to submit the chaste beauty of her person to the eyes and hands of men. But the purity of her mind, and the sacredness of the blood spilled for her country, made her appear so holy, that no one, in beholding her, says Daulon, could conceive an idea of profanation. More like an angel than a woman in the eyes of the soldiery and of the people, her divine mission was a sufficient protection.

Yet she was a woman, and a weak one, for she cried at seeing her blood flow. Then she comforted herself, praying to her heavenly patronesses. She afterward drew out the arrow with her own hand, and told the armed men, who recommended the superstitious remedies of enchantment and of witchcraft then used in the camp, "I would rather die than thus offend against the will of God." Her wound was dressed with oil, and she again mounted her horse to follow the crestfallen army and people in their retreat.

She went into a barn to pray. Her heart told her that she must still fight; but she dared not tempt God, and resist the advice of the captains.

Her banner, however, had remained in the ditch at the foot of the ladder where she had first fallen. Daulon, her knight, having perceived it, ran with some men-at-arms to rescue this spoil, the loss of which would have much afflicted Joan, and would have raised the spirits of the English. Joan rode on after them. While Daulon was placing the standard in the hands of his mistress, its folds, shaken by the wind and by the motion of the horse, spread out in the sun, and appeared to the French as a signal which Joan was making to recall them to her help. The French, already retreating, advanced once more to save their heroine. The English, who believed her killed, seeing her again on horseback leading the assailants, thought

her either invulnerable or risen from the dead: they were panic-struck. The flash of the cannon through the white smoke of the powder seemed to be the tutelar angel of Orléans riding on the clouds, and fighting for Joan and her cause with the sword of God. A beam thrown across the ditch served for a bridge to a bold knight, who cleared a way to the ramparts for the French battalions. The English commander Gladesdale, giving way before this onslaught, was endeavoring to cross a second ditch to gain the bastion. "Surrender, Gladesdale!" said Joan; "you have disgracefully insulted me, but I will have pity on your life and on your men."

At these words the drawbridge, on which the last remnant of the English was fighting desperately, gave way under the repeated blows of a ram, and the Loire received their bodies.

Joan returned to Orléans amid the ringing of the bells, with her armor covered with blood, proud of a victory which the army owed entirely to her, but humble, inasmuch as she acknowledged that she was indebted for it to God. The madness of the people deified her. She was at once their salvation, their glory, and their religion. Never did popular notions mingle heaven and earth with more effect in the figure of a virgin, a saint, and a hero. The humility of her origin made her dearer to the multitude, because it resembled their own.

The English generals saw the arm of God in the irresistible ascendency of this heroine. They themselves burned the few fortresses they still possessed in the country, and retreated beyond the ramparts of Orléans.

The French knights and the people wished to take advantage of their discomfiture to attack and destroy them. "No," said Joan, with gentle firmness; "do not kill them. It is enough for us that they are gone." Then, causing an altar to be raised upon the ramparts of Orléans, she had high mass performed, and hymns of victory sung while the enemy was marching away.

The deliverance of Orléans proved the deliverance of the kingdom. That town made a tutelar saint of its deliverer, and, not daring as yet to consecrate altars to her, it set up her statues in its squares.

But Joan wasted no time in vain triumphs. She brought back the victorious army to the dauphin, to assist him in reconquering city after city of his kingdom. The dauphin and the queens received her as the messenger of God, who had found and recovered the lost keys of the kingdom. "I have only another year," she remarked, with a sad presentiment, which seemed to indicate that her victory led to the scaffold; "I must therefore set to work at once."

She begged the dauphin to go and be crowned at Rheims, although that city and the intermediate provinces were still in the power of the Burgundians, Flemings, and English. The imprudence of this advice was apparent to the counselors and generals about the court. The coronation of the king at Rheims appeared to them all an impossibility or a piece of rashness, which, for a vain shadow of power, would have made them abandon the fruits of victory actually in their hands. They wished first to reconquer Normandy and the capital. Council followed council. Joan was tired of the idleness of the court; her inspirations urged her, and she pressed the dauphin.

One day that he was closeted with a bishop and some counselors to deliberate on the plan to be followed, Joan came and tapped gently at the door of the council chamber. The king, recognizing her voice, allowed her to enter.

"Noble dauphin," said she, kneeling before him, "hold not such long councils; come at once and receive your crown at Rheims. Voices from on high are urging me to lead you there."

"Joan," said the bishop, "how is your advice communicated to you?"

"Ay, Joan," said the king, "tell us how."

"Well," said she, "I knelt down to prayer, and as I was

lamenting over your not believing in my advice, I heard a voice which said to me, 'Go, go, my child; I will assist thee—go;' and when I hear this internal voice, I feel exceedingly rejoiced, and I could wish to hear it always."

The dauphin yielded to her, and gave the command of the army to the Duke of Alençon, who marched against the English under the command of the Earl of Suffolk. The number of enemies to be passed shook the confidence of the court and of the handful of soldiers who followed Joan. "Fear not to attack," said she, "for God is our leader. Were it not for that, should I not prefer watching my sheep to running into such danger?"

They followed her through Orléans, still full of her glory, and marched against Suffolk, who shut himself up in Jergeau. The assault was sanguinary. Joan, mounting the wall with her standard in her hand, was hurled into the moat by a large stone, which split her helmet. Her steel cap and long hair saved her. She crawled out of the ditch and took the town. Suffolk surrendered to one of her knights.

She was continually urging the army forward. "You are afraid, noble sir!" she would say, smiling, to the Duke of Alençon, who was prudent as well as brave; "but fear nothing: I have promised to bring you back safe and sound to your wife."

They were looking for another English army, commanded by Talbot, in the Beauce. Separated from this force by a forest, Lahire, who led the van, did not know what road to take. A stag, starting up before his horse, dashed into the English camp, and showed its position by the shouts which this nation of hunters could not restrain at the sight of game. The French army, thus miraculously led, marched upon them and defeated them. Their most dreaded chieftains, Talbot and Scales, surrendered, and were taken prisoners to the feet of the dauphin. Joan, seeing the carnage after the victory, felt compassion for the conquered. She dismounted, gave her bridle to her

page, raised the wounded from the ground, and dressed their wounds with her own hands.

The Duke of Bedford, the regent, remained trembling in Paris. "All our misfortunes," he wrote to the Cardinal of Winchester, "are owing to a young witch, who, by her sorcery, has restored the courage of the French." The Duke of Burgundy, recalled from Flanders by Bedford, returned to support and defend Paris in conjunction with the English.

Joan, however, after this victory, went back to the king. She had at length persuaded him to go to Rheims. Paris was turned by way of Auxerre, and she marched on Troyes, the capital of Champagne. The town surrendered to the summons of the deliverer of Orléans.

As Joan drew near to her own country, she excited both more enthusiasm and additional envy. Her family at length considered her inspired, after having long lamented her as mad. Her brothers, whom she called to the camp, received honor and arms from the court; they fought and triumphed under their sister's eyes.

But the monk Richard, the zealous preacher whom we have named before, was already undermining her popularity by accusations of witchcraft, calumnies maliciously thrown out among the people. As she entered Troyes, he advanced toward Joan, and began to utter exorcisms and make signs of the cross from his horse, as if she had been an evil spirit. "Come on," said Joan; "I shall not fly away."

Châlons and Rheims opened their gates. The king was crowned, and Joan's mission was accomplished. "Noble king," said she, embracing his knees in the Cathedral after the coronation, "now is accomplished the will of God, which commanded me to bring you to this city of Rheims to receive your holy unction—now that you at last are king, and that the kingdom of France is yours."

She was the visible palladium of the people, of which the king was only the sovereign. The women made their

little children touch her, as if she had been a holy relic. The soldiers kissed her standard, kneeling, and blessed their swords by touching them with hers. She modestly and devoutly avoided this superstitious adoration of the multitude, attributing no superhuman virtue to herself, except her obedience to the orders she had received from the inspiration of God. "Oh!" she exclaimed, beholding the joy of the king restored to his people, and of the people restored to their king, "why can I not die here?"

"Where do you then expect to die?" said the Archbishop of Rheims. "I know not," said the holy maiden; "I shall die where it pleases God. I have done what the Lord my God has commanded me; and I wish that he would now send me to keep my sheep, with my mother and sister."

She was beginning to experience that vague fear of the future which seizes heroism, genius, and even virtue, when they have finished the first half of every great human work, their rise and victory, and when there only remains the second, their fall and martyrdom. She already began to feel the voices, no longer of heaven, but of home, by which man, tired of ambition and glory, is in vain recalled to the asylum of his first affections, the humble occupations of his youth, and the obscurity of his early days.

Poor Joan! why did she not listen to these voices? But God had determined that her cup should be full, and it could not be filled without the wickedness of man, and her own martyrdom for her country.

Genius springs from the inspiration of the heart; but this inspiration must be, in its turn, assisted by circumstances. When those extreme circumstances—which produce in us that tension of all our faculties called genius—cease or disappear, genius itself seems to sink. It is no longer restrained by what raised it above humanity. Then happens what has been said of heroes and prophets—God has ceased to speak through them.

Such was the state of Joan of Arc's mind after the cor-

onation of Charles the Seventh at Rheims. From that moment a great depression and a fatal hesitation seem to have come over her. The king, the people, and the army, to whom she had given victory, wished her to remain always their prophetess, their guide, and their enduring miracle. But she was now only a weak woman, lost amid courts and camps, and she felt her weakness beneath her armor. Her heart alone remained courageous, but had ceased to be inspired. She wished to give utterance to an oracle which had no longer inspiration, language, or voice. This avowal of the state of her mind may be seen in her replies to her judges upon her trial.

France, too, no longer required her. The sudden arousal of the dauphin by her voice—a young and valiant prince, snatched by a shepherdess from the arms of his mistresses—the miraculous deliverance of Orléans—Bedford's defeat in the plains of the Beauce—the captivity or death of the most celebrated English leaders—the fanaticism, both political and religious, of the people, roused by the appearance, the call, and the arm of a girl, and always taking exploits for miracles: all these circumstances had breathed hope and patriotism throughout the country, and terror and hesitation among the Burgundians and the English.

The earth had expelled or devoured its enemies; they at length felt that they were usurpers on the throne and foreigners in the country. The coronation of Rheims—that ordinance considered divine, which in those days introduced the hand of God and the holy unction to judge of the legitimacy of princes—had restored to the dauphin not only the love, but also the religious reverence of the nation. In defending their sovereign, the people now thought they were defending the anointed of heaven. Joan of Arc had been happily inspired in leading him straight to the altar of Rheims. Elsewhere he would only have won a victory or a city; at Rheims he obtained a kingdom and a divine authority. Rebellion against

him became blasphemy and impiety. A consummate politician could not have given better advice than this unlettered peasant girl.

Moreover (as always happens in reverses), division, discord, rivalry, and mutual recrimination had found their way into the councils of the English and Burgundians. The Duke of Burgundy, enervated by prosperity and excess, contented himself with coming from time to time from Flanders to the capital, to parade, like Mark Antony after the death of Cæsar, the blood of his father who was murdered in sight of Paris, and to receive the empty acclamations of a multitude more tumultuous than devoted to his cause.

The Duke of Bedford, regent of France on behalf of Henry the Sixth, king of England, and the Cardinal of Winchester, who governed England during the infancy of the king, disliked and thwarted each other, while retaining the appearance of mutual agreement and coalition. At last, however, the cardinal became alarmed at the serious reverses of Bedford, and determined to bring a new army to Paris. The Duke of Bedford trembled within the walls. All the towns and adjacent provinces surrendered to the increasing forces of the King of France, and, as soon as Joan's standard was seen from the walls of a besieged city, its gates were opened to Charles. The superstition of the people made them believe that they saw fire flashing round the standard—an emanation of the divine radiance which surrounded the messenger of God.

Her humility was not changed to pride amid this triumph, neither was her chastity tarnished in the camp. "Every evening," say the chroniclers, "she went to lodge with the woman of best reputation in the town, and frequently even shared her bed. She slept with her arms close at hand, and half clad in her warlike accoutrements, in order the better to protect her virtue."

She was by no means vain of the honors which were paid to her. "What I do," she would say to the super-

stitious multitude, "is not a miracle of my own, but a service which I am commanded to perform, and that is why I am supported. Do not kiss my clothes or armor as prodigies, but as instruments of the grace of God."

After some manœuvres of the French and English armies round Paris, to open and close the road respectively, the king advanced to St. Denis, and the Duke of Bedford immediately threw himself into the city, to defend it both from the attacks of Charles and the fickleness of the citizens.

The Duke of Burgundy—who already saw which was the winning side, and whose policy had less to fear from the possession of Paris by a king, his blood relation, than from the English power commanding both sides of the Channel, close to his Netherlands—was beginning to entertain secret negotiations with Charles the Seventh. Joan of Arc, being consulted respecting these negotiations, used every effort to encourage them. The letters, written by her dictation to the Duke of Burgundy, breathe only peace, mutual forgiveness, and the alliance of all the members of the French royal family against the foreigner. Her heart, which could give such powerful aid in the field, now rendered equally essential service in the council. Wisdom appears in all she said. No doubt can be entertained of the effect of her letters in conciliating the Duke of Burgundy. She did not even upbraid the king's enemies—she entreated them. The gentleness of her language equaled her intrepidity in battle.

She pressed the king to attack Paris, mistaking her impatience for an inspiration, and her own desire for an illumination from above. The generals still opposed it. She drew them against their will to the suburb of the Chapel of St. Denis, and fixed her quarters there with the vanguard, commanded by the Duke of Alençon, Marshals de Raiz and de Boussac, the Count of Vendôme, and the Lord of Albes. The army was quartered in the villages to the north of the capital.

The inhabitants—restrained by the forces of Bedford, by the Parliament, and by the burghers, who were too much compromised with the English and Burgundians to expect mercy from the king — rose only to defend the strangers who held in subjection both the capital and the throne. The spirit of sedition, kept up for so many years by Isabel, and by the Armagnacs and other factions, had destroyed every feeling of nationality in this inconstant city. The gates were closed, the ditches inundated, the paving-stones heaped on the battlements; trust funds were seized to pay the troops, and the rumor was spread that the king and his sorceress had sworn to drive the plow over the ruins of the capital.

On being acquainted with these reports, Joan endeavored to disprove them by the discipline which she maintained in the king's army. Angered one day by the disgraceful conduct of some soldiers who were assaulting a peasant girl, she struck one of the offenders on the breast with the flat of her sword so fiercely that the blade broke across—the miraculous weapon which had wrought such wonders in her hand. It was an evil omen. The king reproved her, and Joan of Arc herself cried at the loss of her sword.

"Still," she said, "she preferred her white standard and her little battle-axe; for she struck to conquer, not to kill, and the blood of an enemy never soiled her arms." Always feminine, even in the midst of warriors, she assumed for herself, as the minister of deliverance to her country, the repugnance to bloodshed which characterizes the priesthood.

After a week of useless delay, Joan ordered an attack upon the ramparts from the top of that little hill which is now covered with streets, buildings, and churches, and still retains the name of the "Butte des Moulins." With the Duke of Alençon and the generals, she cleared the first ditch under the fire of the town. Having reached the edge of the second, and being exposed almost alone to the

missiles from the ramparts, she was sounding the depth of the water with her spear—and having the ditch filled up with fascines by the soldiery, still waving her standard and summoning the rebellious city to surrender—when an arrow pierced her leg, and she fell fainting on a heap of dead and wounded.

She was taken behind the bank that faced the ditch, where the shot and arrows passed clear above her head, and stretched upon the grass to draw the arrow from her wound. As soon as she recovered her senses, she cheered her party forward to the attack. In vain her brave knights besought her to allow them to carry her back to the camp; in vain the shot plowed up the ground around her, and the dead heaped the ditches—she insisted upon victory or death. It might have been supposed that she was leading the forlorn hope of her destiny. The Duke of Alençon, trembling lest he should lose with her the support and faith of his army, was obliged to come up himself, and have her borne away by his soldiers from the battle-field where she desired to die.

Under the cover of night, the king's generals withdrew their troops in silence. To conceal the extent of their losses, which the next morning would have exhibited to the Parisians, they carried off their dead from the edge of the ditch, and heaped them up, as if for a funeral pile, in the barn belonging to the Ferme des Mathurins, and burned them in the night, that they might leave only their ashes to the English.

This reverse, crossing in such a marked manner the prophecies of Joan of Arc, was the first contradiction given by Providence to her spirit of divination, and the first blow to her popular prestige of infallibility. She began to doubt herself. Her spirit failed with her fortune. She humbled herself before God and her king, and, renouncing war, hung her white armor and sword on the tomb of St. Denis, in the royal abbey. But the king and his knights entreated her so earnestly to resume them, charging upon themselves

the faults which had disconcerted her prophecies, that she was weak enough to wear them once more at the desire of the army, and to continue to fight and inspire others when the Divine breath no longer inspired herself, and the Spirit had ceased to combat with her.

The army dispersed after the disastrous attack upon Paris, and a truce was concluded, to give time for negotiations of peace. Joan went to Normandy, to aid the Duke of Alençon in recovering his private possessions from the English. The Lord of Albret then requested her to join him in fighting at Bourges. She performed wonders at the siege of St. Pierre-le-Moûtier, and her inspiring genius returned to her amid the smoke of the attack. Abandoned by her troops, and left almost alone on the edge of the ditch, she still continued to resist. Her faithful esquire Daulon shouted to her in vain, "What are you doing there, Joan? you are alone!" "No!" said she, pointing to the sky, "I have fifty thousand men." And continuing to rally the discouraged soldiers, and shaming their cowardice by her valor, she brought them back to the walls, and successfully headed them in escalading the ramparts.

On the resumption of hostilities between Charles the Seventh and the English, she brought the king an army under the walls of Paris. Finding negotiation fruitless, she told him now that she carried peace at the point of her lance. She dispersed several corps of Burgundians and English, and shut herself up in Compiègne to defend it, like Orléans, against the Duke of Burgundy. The fate of France was pledged, as if in the lists, against the fortune of the allied armies of England and Flanders.

A brave but ferocious warrior, William de Fleury, commanded in the town. Rumor accused him of entertaining either hatred or contempt for the heroine of the camp.

Joan had promised to save the place. In one of the first sallies made by the garrison, she fought with her usual bravery against the troops of Montgomery and Lux-

embourg. Twice repulsed, she twice restored victory to her banner Toward the close of the day, the English and Burgundians united, and concentrating all their efforts upon the handful of knights who surrounded her, pursued her alone, as though she were the soul of their enemies, and the only cause of their own defeat.

Tracked and pursued amid her own troops, she sacrificed herself to save those who had trusted to her. While they were crossing the drawbridge to get back to Compiègne, she remained behind, exposed to the attack of the English, and fighting for the safety of all. At the moment when she was spurring her horse on the drawbridge to shelter herself behind the wall, the bridge rose and shut her out. Seized by her clothes and dragged from her horse, she rose to fight again; but, surrounded and disarmed by the increasing numbers of her enemies, she surrendered to Lionel, bastard of Vendôme, and was taken to the Lord of Luxembourg, the general of the Duke of Burgundy's forces.

No victory was so valuable to the English and Burgundians as this spoil which chance or treason had thrown in their way. Joan was, in their eyes, the saving genius of France and of Charles the Seventh. In gaining possession of her, they thought they commanded his throne.

The Duke of Burgundy came himself to make sure of his triumph by seeing his captive. He conversed with her privately in the room where she was confined. The cannon of the camp and the *Te Deum* in the Cathedral instantly announced the capture of the Maid of Orléans in all the towns and provinces held by the allies. They thought they had conquered France in gaining possession of a girl.

The people, on the contrary, every where wept and lamented her fate. They spoke in whispers, both in camp and cottage, of the supposed treason of De Fleury, the commander of Compiègne, who, the people thought, had sold the heroine of God to the Prince of Luxembourg.

To support this accusation, which was without proof or probability, they brought forward her presages and remarks on the eve of her last conflict.

"Alas, my good friends and my dear children," she had said to her hosts and pages, "I say it with sorrow, there is a man who has sold me. I am betrayed, and shall shortly be given up to death. Pray God for me, for I shall soon be unable to serve either my king or the noble realm of France."

Did she allude to Fleury, a warrior too rough to flatter popular credulity, but too courageous for treachery? Or was she thinking of the monk Richard, whose accusations of sorcery pursued her every where? None knew her thoughts, but all were struck by her presentiments.

Her mother, who had come to see her at Rheims, and was astonished at her intrepidity in battle, remarked to her one day, "But, Joan, do you fear nothing?" "No," she replied, "I fear nothing but treachery."

It is by treason, indeed, that heroism, virtue, and genius are overcome. These powerful faculties, which can not be opposed face to face in the broad daylight, are taken in a snare like the eagle and the lion.

It was remarked that her fervor had, for some time, much increased. At evening she would go to the churches or field chapels, and pray among the children who were receiving instructions in the mysteries of religion. She was frequently observed in meditation and prayer by herself, in the darkest shade of the columns.

These sufferings of mind and body redoubled in bitterness after her capture. The laws of war and of chivalry; her sex, her age, her beauty; the gentleness and humanity that she had always shown after victory; the even scrupulous care she had taken never to shed blood in battle; the purity of her manners, the childlike simplicity of her faith—every thing ought to have assured the safety, mercy, and respect due to a warrior who surrendered, and to a woman who had become a marvel and a tale in the

camp. It was an infamous crime for a knight to give up or sell to another the prisoners who had trusted to his mercy. The forced hospitality of the prison was as sacred as that of the hearth. Sir Lionel de Ligny, to whom Joan had surrendered, was answerable, both in honor and by custom, for the proper treatment of his prisoner. By the laws and usages of war, he could only exchange Joan for her ransom, if France thought fit to redeem her.

But Ligny was a vassal of the Lord of Luxembourg, and it was his interest to flatter this noble, of whom he held his lands. The most precious gift he could offer to curry favor with Luxembourg, the ally of Burgundy, was the tutelar genius of Charles the Seventh.

After having sent Joan as a prisoner to one of his own castles on the borders of Picardy, he gave her up to the Prince of Luxembourg. The Duke of Burgundy was already bargaining for her with Luxembourg; the English were treating with the Duke of Burgundy; and the Inquisition in Paris demanded her from them all, anxious to rid the earth of a victim whose patriotism was a crime in the eyes of this ally of the usurping powers. "Resting upon the rights of our holy office," the Vicar-General of the Inquisition wrote to the agents of the Duke of Burgundy, "we require and insist, in the name of the faith, and under the appointed pains and penalties, that you send or bring to us, as a prisoner, Joan suspected of crime, in order that proceedings may be taken against her by the Holy Inquisition."

Thus they were Frenchmen who demanded revenge for England, and it was the Church of France who insisted on maltreating the liberator of her altars.

Luxembourg, though a stranger, was less cruel than the heroine's fellow-countrymen. He sent her to his castle of Beaurevoir, where the ladies of his family treated her with gentleness and compassion.

The University of Paris, scandalized at this mercy and delay, and in cowardly alliance with the Inquisition against

innocence and misfortune, supported by more violent and imperative letters the requisitions of the Vicar-General. "Verily," said the University to the Prince of Luxembourg, "verily, in the judgment of every good Catholic, never within the memory of man has there been so great an injury to public faith, such immense peril and damage to the commonwealth of this kingdom, as will accrue from her escaping by such damnable means without proper punishment."

We see that in all ages the hatred of the man appears to be the justice of the judge, and that neither learning nor sacerdotal functions preserve corporate bodies from this detestable feeling of the partisan. As Luxembourg still resisted, the University and the Inquisition aroused the ecclesiastical authority in the person of Cauchon, bishop of Beauvais, a ferocious fanatic.

Cauchon, either from principle or from interest, had sold his very soul to the hostile cause. He even dared to require the Duke of Burgundy to give up his prisoner, and to settle her price with him. "Although this woman ought not," said his requisition, "to be treated as a prisoner of war, nevertheless, to reward those who have taken and kept her, the king (the English King of Paris) is willing to give them six thousand francs (then a considerable sum), and to the Bastard who took her a pension of three hundred livres." He moreover offered, by way of security, ten thousand francs, "as if for a king, a prince, a grandee, or a dauphin."

The Prince of Luxembourg, not daring to resist at the same time the secret desire of the Duke of Burgundy—the power of the English in the coalition—the University, the organ of public opinion—the Inquisition, the organ of the Church, unwillingly yielded to this combined influence, and gave up Joan. It was a complex crime, in which each party got rid of responsibility, but in which the accusation rests with Paris, the cowardice with Luxembourg, the sentence with the Inquisition, the blame and

rumors which form the basis of the greatest calumnies, had only collected evidence of her faith, her candor, and her virtue. The companions of her childhood, true to friendship and sincerity, had spoken of her with compassion and tears. The soldiers only named her with admiration, and the people with gratitude. It became necessary to seek in darker and fouler sources the means of accusation. The most infamous perfidy had indicated them.

A priest named Loiseleur, pretending to come from Lorraine, and to be a fellow-countryman of Joan, was thrown into her prison, under pretense of attachment to the party of Charles the Seventh, in order that their common country and punishment, with their similarity of opinions, might induce Joan to open her heart to him in confidence. While Loiseleur questioned his fellow-prisoner, and endeavored to draw from her confessions which might be converted into crimes, the Bishop of Beauvais and the Earl of Warwick, concealed behind a partition, heard the conversation without being seen, and took note of her confiding complaints. Even the scriveners who were concealed with the bishop, and charged with recording these secrets, blushed at their duty, and refused to write down information so villainously obtained. Loiseleur continued his work of perdition under another disguise. He worked upon her religious feelings, received her confession in the dungeon, and, by arrangement with the bishop, advised his penitent, under the seal of religion, to make every avowal which could afford a pretense for her condemnation.

While these preliminary proceedings were pending at Rouen, means were taken to intimidate the witnesses who might have given testimony to her innocence or to her honor. A poor woman in Paris, who said that Joan was an honest woman, was burned alive.

Such was the disposition of the judges and of public opinion at Paris and Rouen when the bishop at length ordered the accused to be brought before him on the 21st

of February. Persecuted by her enemies, she seemed to be forgotten by her friends. Charles the Seventh, victorious, and caring little for her to whom he owed his triumph, was already in treaty with the Duke of Burgundy, and does not appear to have made one serious effort to ransom the heroine who was about to die for his sake.

The bishop, fearing lest the prisoner might even for a moment escape from the custody of the English, and be liberated by some patriotic emotion of the people, carried on the trial in the castle of Rouen, commanded by Warwick, captain of the guards of King Henry the Sixth of England. It was in the chapel of this castle that Joan, in irons, but always clothed in the dress of a warrior, appeared before him. The vicar of the Inquisitor-General, probably feeling some scruple or compassion for the victim, appears rather to have restrained than excited the fierce impetuosity of the bishop, and to have given the trial a slight appearance of impartiality and calmness. In those days the Church judged, but did not strike with its own arm. Satisfied with purging the heresy or sacrilege by its decision, it left to the civil power the odium and unpopularity of the execution. The Inquisition, throughout the case, seems to have been less anxious to condemn the Maid of Orléans than to try her. It displayed Roman impartiality. Joan of Arc, in point of fact, had only offended the English, whose minister and pander was the Bishop of Beauvais.

The bishop spoke to the accused with kindness, to assume an appearance of impartiality or mercy, which would afterward give more weight to his decision. She at first complained of the weight and pressure of the iron rings which hurt her limbs. The bishop told her that these irons were a precaution which it had become necessary to take to defeat her repeated attempts to escape. The prisoner confessed that at the beginning of her confinement she had naturally desired to achieve liberty; but that there was nothing criminal or dishonorable in that, as she had

never pledged herself not to leave the castle. The report of the trial does not state whether her irons were made lighter.

After this episode they read her indictment, which was more religious than political, and in which she was charged with crimes against the faith, with heresy, and sorcery.

She stated her age to be about nineteen. With regard to her belief, she said that her mother had taught her the Lord's Prayer, the Ave Maria, and the Creed, the three prayers and profession of faith of all believers; and that no one but her mother had given her any religious instruction. She was called upon to repeat these two prayers and the confession of faith of her childhood; but she was apparently afraid, lest in reciting them aloud in the presence of the doctors she should make some omission or error, which might be turned against her as a proof of heresy; for she replied, "I will repeat them willingly enough, provided that my Lord Bishop of Beauvais, who is here present, consents to receive my confession." She no doubt considered that she had no better means of convincing the judge of the sincerity and orthodoxy of her faith than by opening her heart to him as a priest. Her stay at court, her long captivity, and the love of life incidental to her youth, gave the young girl the ingenuous skill and instinctive prudence necessary to her situation.

She was taken back to her dungeon, staggering under the weight of her irons.

The next day she was called upon to swear that she would make true answers to all questions that might be put to her. She excepted those which related to God and the king, but not to herself. "On the latter," she said, "I will speak the whole truth, but not on the others."

As she could not be blamed for this prudence, they went on to ask whether she had ever learned a business? "Yes," she replied, "my mother taught me to sew as beautifully as any townswoman." She confessed that she had once secretly left her mother's house, but said that it was for

fear of the troops of Burgundians wandering about the province; that a woman, named La Rousse, had taken her to the village of Neufchâtel; that she had only lived a few days with that woman's family; and that during that time she attended to the household, or acted as a domestic servant, but that she did not go to the field to keep sheep or cattle.

She confessed that from the age of thirteen she had heard voices, and had been dazzled by luminous appearances in her mother's garden, on the side next the church; that these voices had only given her good advice; that they had perseveringly commanded her to come into France and raise the siege of Orléans; that she had resisted; but that, after long conflicts, she had persuaded her uncle to take her to Vaucouleurs, where Baudricourt had said to her, when sending her to Chinon, "Go, and may God's will be done!"

She related, without vanity and without fear, her presentation to the dauphin, and her instinctive recognition of him amid all his court. She was asked what she had said in secret to the dauphin. She refused to answer, for fear of revealing the king's doubts as to the legitimacy of his birth. On being asked whether she had seen any divine mark or celestial sign on the forehead of the dauphin, she said, "Excuse my not answering any thing on this point." She then returned to her dungeon for the night.

The bishop, on opening the third sitting, admonished her again to speak the truth on all subjects respecting which she might be questioned, even if they concerned the state.

"My lord bishop," said she, "consider well that you are my judge, and that you take much on yourself in the sight of God if you press me too hard." Innocent in the eyes of the Church, she felt that she would infallibly be pronounced guilty by the enemies of the king, and that, by evading political questions, she evaded death. The bishop knew this as well as she, and tried in vain to entangle her

in the snare. "No," said she; "I will tell nothing but the truth, but I will not tell the whole truth." She thus qualified her oath to diminish her danger.

The examination was resumed with the design of extracting a confession of sorcery from the maiden's simplicity. "You still hear your internal voice?" "Yes." "When did you last hear it?" "Yesterday, and again to-day." "What were you doing when the voice addressed you?" "I was sleeping, and it woke me." "Did you kneel down to answer it?" "No: I only thanked it for the consolation it afforded me, sitting upon my bed, and I begged it to comfort and assist me in my distress." "Did it tell you that it would save you from the peril in which you now are?" "To that question I have no answer to give."

As the bishop still plied her with more queries, she told him again that he ran great risk for his soul by showing himself both her judge and her enemy. "The children say," she added, "that the innocent are frequently hung for speaking the truth." "Do you consider yourself in a state of grace before God?" said the bishop. She reflected a little, and then replied, as one who considered both God and men, not wishing to give scandal to one or offense to the other, "If I am not, may it please God to restore me to it; and if I am, may it please Him to maintain me in it!"

This wise answer disconcerted her accusers, and they again turned to politics.

"Did the inhabitants of Domrémy favor the Burgundians or the Armagnacs?" "I know but one of the Burgundian party." It was a man who had stood godfather to one of her godchildren, and to whom she had once remarked, "I could tell you something, if you did not side with the Burgundians." But the difference of opinion between them had prevented her from communicating any thing respecting her visions to this man. "Did you go with the village children, who divided themselves, for

amusement, into French and English, to fight each other?" "I do not remember having gone with them; but I have seen them coming back bruised and bleeding from these combats." "Had you, in your youth, a very great hatred of the Burgundians?" "I heartily wished the dauphin might recover his kingdom."

She was then dismissed for the day.

She appeared again on the 27th of February. Her sufferings were such that she even gave her judges some anxiety. "How have you been since Saturday?" said one of the assessors. "As well as I could expect," said Joan. "Have you observed the fast-days?" "Is that in your brief?" said she, with some astonishment. And upon being told that it was, "Yes," said she, "I have always fasted on the days of abstinence."

They returned to her visions, in order to infer sorcery from them. She related, with her customary candor, the visits of St. Michael, St. Margaret, and St. Catharine—names which she had given in her childhood to these unknown visitors of her soul. When they insisted on hearing from her all the inspirations which she received from these different spirits, "There are some visions," said she, sternly, "which were addressed to the King of France, and not to those who dare to ask for them." "Were these spirits naked when they visited you?" "Do you think," she replied, "that the King of heaven has no means of clothing them with his light?" "Will you tell us the sign you gave the dauphin to show him that you came from God?" "I have already told you that I will never reveal what concerns the king. Go and ask it of himself."

The following day they demanded of her whether her revelations had foretold that she should escape death. "That does not concern the trial," said she. "Would you have me, then, speak against myself? I put my trust in God, who will do as he pleases." "Did you not ask the queen for men's clothes when you were presented to her?"

"That is true." "Were you never requested to take off your soldier's dress, and to wear women's clothes?" "Yes, certainly; and I have always answered that I should only change my clothes at the command of God. The daughter of the Lord of Luxembourg, who begged her father not to give me up to the English, desired me to do so, and so did the lady of Beaurevoir when I was in her castle. They offered to give me woman's clothes, or cloth to make them. I answered that I had not yet had God's permission, and that the time was not yet come. And if I had thought I could do it innocently, I would rather have done it for the sake of those two good ladies than to please any ladies in France, except the queen." It was evident that the kindness and compassion of the females of the house of Luxembourg had impressed her with gratitude, which she was desirous of showing even at the approach of death.

"Have you not had an image of yourself made? and were not prayers offered in your name in camp and town?" "Whether our partisans prayed in my name I know not; but I know that they had not my consent to do so. If they have prayed for me, I do not see any harm in that. Many people, it is true, were glad to see me, and pressed round me, kissing my clothes, my arms, my standard, and any thing of mine they could reach; but it was because the poor came to me with confidence, because I gave them no offense or annoyance, but consoled them, and saved them as much as I could from the evils of war. The women and girls used to touch my ring with theirs, but I was not aware that they had any evil intention in so doing. It is true that, when I was at Rheims, at Château-Thierry, and Lagny, several persons desired me to stand godmother for their children, and that I consented to do so; but I never performed any miracles. The child I was requested to hold at Lagny was three days old; some girls brought it to Our Lady, to pray her to restore it to life. I went to pray at her altar with them. At length the child gave

signs of life, moved its lips, and was baptized. It died immediately afterward." "Did not the king give you a crest and coat-of-arms, and treasure for his service?" "I never received either crest or coat-of-arms, but the king gave them to my brothers. As for me, he only gave me horses—five war horses and seven for traveling—and money to pay my hosts."

They recurred to the sign she had given the dauphin, and commanded her to describe it. But she answered with a double meaning, and said, in allusion to this sign, which was no other than the kingdom of France, "No one could describe the richness of it. As to you," she added, with a disdainful mirth which showed the freedom of her spirit, "the sign that you want is that God should deliver me into your hands. That would be the most splendid token he could give you."

In the course of the subsequent sittings, she admitted that her father had had a dream during her childhood, in which he had seen, with dismay, his daughter Joan fighting among armed men. Required to speak about her revelations, she broke through the snare at once, and answered that whatever good she had done she had effected by her own inspiration.

She was asked if there was not a magical sign on the ring she wore on her finger, and why she looked piously at this ring when going into battle. "It is because the name of Jesus," she said, "is engraved on it," and because also it was a pleasing remembrance of her father and mother, she liked to feel it in her hand and on her finger. "Why did you have your standard carried into the Cathedral of Rheims at the king's coronation?" "It had shared the trouble," answered Joan, her heart animated with this inanimate sign; "it was but fair that it should share the triumph!"

Tempted first through her simplicity, then through her patriotism, it still remained that she should be assailed through her conscience. The temptation on this point was

sure to win. The University, the Inquisition, the Episcopal power, represented by the Bishop of Noyon, sided with the English crown, the Burgundians, and the Parisians. To refuse obedience to this party seemed to be refusing it to the Church. She was asked to recognize in every thing the authority of this Church. She could not consent to abjure her political cause, nor could she refuse consent without declaring herself a rebel to the faith. "I refer it to my judge," said she, with that sublime inspiration of skill by which the judgment is elevated so as to confound human judges; and she would give no other reply than this, which she repeated seven times in the same words, in answer to all the craft of her accusers.

"Once for all," they at last impatiently said, "will you or will you not submit to the Pope?" "Take me to him," she replied, "and I will give him an answer."

During the rest of that day she remained silent. Troubled in her conscience, she confessed her anguish in this prayer, which she addressed to Heaven to deliver her from temptation. "Most merciful God," said she, "I pray thee by the Passion, if thou lovest me, to reveal unto me what I should answer to this clergy. As concerns my life, I know well what to do; but as for the rest, I do not understand the commands of my guides."

Her anguish, more terrible than the fetters of her dungeon and the presence of death, threw her into an illness which interrupted the public examinations. But the bishop and his assessors went to pester her even to the foot of the pillar to which she was chained, sick with fever, and troubled in mind. She was asked if she cordially submitted to a council. She did not know what a council was. They explained to her that it was a general assembly of the Church. She then said that she submitted to it. The scrivener, who was present, noted her reply. The bishop saw it, and being desirous at all hazards of giving up his prey to the parties of whom he was the tool, "Be silent! in the name of God!" said he to the doctor who had put

the question and obtained the answer. Then turning to the scrivener, he forbade him to write down what might acquit the prisoner. "Alas!" said Joan, looking mournfully at the bishop, "you write down what is against me, and you will not write down what speaks in my favor."

Warwick, whom the bishop had informed of this, having met in the evening this either unskillful or merciful doctor, addressed him angrily, accused him of prompting the wretched prisoner, and threatened to have him thrown into the Seine. The doctor fled, trembling, from Rouen, and Joan's prison was closed to all, even to Cauchon.

The thirst for her punishment was so great that the English party trembled lest disease might snatch her from her executioners. "For nothing in the world," said her savage warder, "would the king let her die a natural death; he has bought her dear enough to be anxious to have her burned. Let her be cured as quickly as possible."

The bishop, however, again obtained admission to her dungeon, and pointed out the danger to her soul which would arise from her dying without adopting the opinion of the Church. "Considering my sickness," said she, "I think that I am in great danger of death. If it is to be, God's will be done. I only desire to confess my sins, and to be buried in holy ground." She was asked if she wished to have prayers and processions made for her recovery. "Yes," said she, "I should be very glad to have good souls praying for me."

They reverted to the accusation of suicide which had been brought against her, in consequence of a desperate attempt to escape during her first captivity at Beaurevoir. She confessed that her horror at finding herself a prisoner, and without arms, while her king and countrymen were fighting and shedding their blood, had maddened her; that she had leaped, at the risk of her life, from the top of the battlements into the moat; that the fall from so great a height had stunned her, and that she was therefore retaken; and that, on recovering her senses, she had seen her fault, and prayed to God for forgiveness.

Her youth saved her from one death for another. Her strength returned. The insolence, the insults, the joy and the songs of her jailers, announced her approaching trial and certain condemnation. Three soldiers slept in her room. They talked of submitting her to the grossest outrages before burning her, and Joan trembled in her dungeon for fear of these premeditated insults. She carefully kept her warrior's dress, that she might defend her honor even to the death against the dark plots of her guards. The bishop reproved her for wearing this habit, which savored of her former life. He made a change in it the condition of granting the favor she asked of being allowed to pray with the faithful, and to attend mass on Sundays. She consented, provided that the woman's garb which she was to assume should be like those worn by the modest girls of Rouen—a long and close-fitting gown, the folds of which should cover her decently, and be a protection from insult.

During Passion-week, and on the festival of the Resurrection, when all Christendom was sharing in the agony of the Son of Man and rejoicing in their redemption, Joan felt more bitterly her solitude and her separation from the communion of souls. The sound of the merry Easter bells rang in her heart as a discordant mockery of her loneliness and sorrow.

In the mean while, the University of Paris, to whom her depositions had been referred, had declared her to be possessed of Satan, undutiful to her family, and drunk with the blood of the faithful.

The lawyers, who were also consulted, had limited her guilt to the event of her persevering in her errors.

The Inquisitor, and the Bishop of Beauvais himself, frightened at last by the clamor of the populace, which was now beginning to take pity on this innocent girl, seemed to become more merciful, and to appear content with her condemnation to repentance and imprisonment in place of death. They made a last effort to extract from

their victim a disavowal of her obstinacy, thinking by this means to satisfy the people by clemency, and the English by her punishment.

Joan was dragged, sick and weak as she was, from the pillar at the foot of which she had languished for four months, to undergo mental torture in public. Two scaffolds had been erected in the cemetery of St. Ouen, behind the royal abbey of that name. The Cardinal of Winchester, who represented the crown of England in France—Cauchon, the embodiment of servile ambition selling its country for rank—the judges, the clergy, the doctors, the assessors, the preachers of the University, the representatives of right submitting to might, were seated on one of these scaffolds.

Facing them on the other scaffold stood Joan, fettered and handcuffed, and chained to a stake, with an iron belt round her waist, surrounded by reporters ready to note her every word, and by the ministers of torture with their dreadful implements, prepared to force from her the cry of agony beyond endurance; within sight, the executioner with his hurdle, ready to remove her mutilated corpse.

Superstitious, and awed by these preparations—hesitating between respect for the civil and religious power, fear of the foreigner, horror for the reputed witch, and pity for the maiden, whose beauty was touchingly enhanced by the shadow of death—an immense and anxious crowd covered the square and the surrounding roofs. A celebrated preacher of the day, named William Erard, addressed Joan of Arc, and endeavored to persuade her into a disavowal of her errors, and a complete submission to whatever the Church might decide respecting the rights of the two competitors for the crown of France. "Alas! thou noble house of France!" he cried, thinking to strengthen his arguments by a stirring appeal to the line of Valois, "thou noble house of France, that wast ever the guardian of the faith, how hast thou been so perverted as to attach thyself to a heretical schismatic? Yes, it is of thee that I speak,

Joan," said he, turning his withering glance upon her; "I tell thee that thy king is schismatic and a heretic!"

Joan had listened until then in silence and with humility to abuse which only fell upon herself, but she could no longer restrain her feelings when she heard her dauphin insulted. "By my honor, sir," said she, interrupting the preacher, "I swear that he is the noblest Christian throughout all Christendom, and the one who best loves the faith of our holy Church, and that nothing of what you say is true." "Silence her!" exclaimed the Bishop of Beauvais. The officers ordered her to be quiet.

The bishop then read her a form of recantation, with which they pressed her to comply. "I will submit to the Pope," said Joan. "The Pope is too far off," answered the bishop. "Well, then, let her be burned!" shouted the preacher.

The officers, the executioners, and the people who surrounded her begged her to sign this declaration of submission to the Church—a simple expression of repentance for her faults before God, without any disavowal of her party or of her opinions before men. "Well, I will sign!" she said.

At these words a great shout of joy burst from the crowd. The Bishop of Beauvais asked Winchester what he was to do. "She must be admitted to repentance," said the Englishman. This was giving her her life. While Winchester's adherents were quarreling with the Bishop of Beauvais on the platform, accusing him of favoring the prisoner, and while the bishop was angrily contradicting them, a secretary went up to Joan, and handed her a pen to sign the recantation, which she could not read. The poor girl blushed and smiled at her own ignorance, rolling her pen clumsily in those fingers that wielded the sword so easily. Under the officer's direction, she drew a circle, with a cross in the centre. They then read her reprieve, which inflicted on her imprisonment for the remainder of her life, to repent of her sins on the bread of misery and water of affliction.

At these words, the partisans of the English cause, and the soldiers, disappointed in their hope of revenge by a sentence which they thought cowardly from its not including her death, murmured and began to be excited; they crowded tumultuously round the tribunal, and picking up stones and bones from the burial-ground, threw them on the platform at the cardinal, the bishop, the judges, and doctors, shouting, "You rascal priests! you are betraying the king!" But the judges, in order to escape the pelting, and to get safely through the crowd, told the most furious, "Keep quiet, keep quiet; we will have her another way!"

Joan was more astonished at the hatred of the people she had loved so much than at the prospect of death. She returned to the castle, pursued by the shouts of the populace. She had again to bear her fetters, and the sneers and insults of her enemies. "The affairs of our king are going on badly," said Warwick, the governor of the castle; "this woman will escape burning!"

Her female garments, which she had worn as a mark of obedience upon the scaffold, were taken away from her while she slept, and she was therefore obliged to resume her man's attire, which had been left by her bedside. As soon as she had been thus forced to put on the clothing which was considered the mark of her crime and obstinacy, they called the bishop, in order that he might catch her in her contumacy. The bishop rated her very severely for this relapse after her abjuration. She protested that she abjured nothing but her sins, and that she preferred death to remaining thus riveted to her dungeon pillar. The Bishop of Beauvais, convinced of the desire of his party for the punishment of this girl, whose existence called to mind the defeat of the English and the crimes of the Burgundians, ceased his contest with Warwick. He persuaded the judges and doctors of the necessity of punishing this unrepentant criminal with death. The ecclesiastics gave her over to the secular arm, thus charged with

all the odium of carrying into execution a sentence which they were content to dictate. This sentence condemned her to the stake.

A confessor sent by the bishop entered her cell, and announced her approaching doom. "Alas! alas!" said she, stretching her hands as far as her chains would allow, and throwing back her disheveled head, "must I be treated so horribly and cruelly? Must my pure and delicate body, which has never been soiled by any stain or corruption, be so soon burned and reduced to ashes? Ah! I would rather be beheaded seven times than burned! I appeal to God, the supreme Judge, from the injustice and the tortures they inflict upon me!" Her soul was clinging to her body at the moment that they were about to be separated by fire—her instinct of life was struggling with her faith—her womanly feeling overcame the fearlessness of the soldier.

As a last favor, she was allowed to receive the communion of the dying in her dungeon. The bishop was in attendance with the officers of the prison at this the last consolation allowed her by her executioners. She saw him, and said, in a tone of gentle reproof, "Bishop, you are the cause of my death." She also recognized among the persons present a preacher from whom she had received spiritual advice before her trial, and with whom she had contracted the usual familiarity of the prisoner with the visitor: "Ah! Master Pierre," said she, weeping, "where shall I be this evening?"

They gave her back her woman's clothes to be worn at the stake, to which she was driven in a cart between her confessor and an officer. A charitable monk followed her on foot, praying for her soul—a type of pity at the foot of the gallows. He was called Isambard: history should record the names of those whose love endures unto death. The wretch Loiseleur, employed by the bishop to worm out Joan's secrets under the pretense of confession, ascended the cart before it moved off, to obtain from his

victim forgiveness for his treachery. Even the English were roused at the sight of this traitor, and hooted and threatened him—a versatility natural to a mob, which is willing enough to strike, but loathes treachery. "O Rouen! Rouen!" said she, weeping, "is it then here that I must die?" She wondered that Heaven suffered her to perish so young before her work was done, and France completely freed from its oppressors. She was uncertain, even at the foot of the scaffold, whether to expect a miracle or death.

The bishop, the inquisitor, the University, and the doctors were waiting for her on a stand placed opposite a platform of mortar, covered with dry wood, for this human sacrifice.

When the cart stopped at the foot of the stand, the preacher said to her in the name of the judges, "Joan, depart in peace; the Church can no longer defend thee; it delivers thee to the secular arm:" a cruel excuse for those who had authorized the crime, and only made others the instruments of death.

Joan then knelt down in the cart, not to ask her life of the judges who condemned her, but to implore mercy from Heaven for the bishop and the priests who were about to burn her. She clasped her hands and bowed her head; and, addressing herself with a mild and pathetic energy, sometimes to her celestial protectors and sometimes to her destroyers, who were seated below her on the scaffold, she asked for their aid, their compassion, and their prayers with so tender a tone, and with womanish sobs mixed with dreadful shrieks, that, at seeing such youth, innocence, and beauty about to be reduced to ashes, and at the sound of the wail which seemed already to be rising from her funeral pile, the doctors, the inquisitors, the officers — even Winchester and the Bishop of Beauvais himself—burst into tears; and some of them, unable to bear the sight, and faint with emotion, came down from the stand, and were lost amid the crowd.

She then confessed aloud the mental errors or the false suggestions of the heart which she might have honestly entertained in her journey upon earth.

Did she repent of her devotion to a glorious inspiration and to an ungrateful country? The chronicles say not; but her tears and lamentations, her willingness of mind to undergo what her feelings revolted from, leave us to conclude that she did. She was more touching than if she had been stoical—she was natural—she was womanly at the stake. Human nature seems to have struggled hard with force of will and with death at the foot of her funeral pile. The multitude stood gazing on this torture of mind and body, and this stupid and ferocious audience were gratified with a sight of genuine agony.

At last Joan felt a wish to strengthen herself by contemplating the symbol of the highest sacrifice undergone by the Son of God for man. She prayed for permission at least to die with the cross in her hand—a last sign of communion with the Church which rejected her. For a long time her request was unnoticed. An Englishman, however, handed her two rough sticks with the bark on, tied across each other with a morsel of string, so as to form a rough image of the cross. She took it and kissed it; and opening her dress, placed it in her bosom, as if to make the efficacy of the sign approach nearer to her heart.

The monk Isambard, attentive to her least gesture, and seeing her wishes so ill complied with, ventured to take upon himself an act of generous boldness, at the risk of his compassion appearing impious. He went with the mace-bearer to a church near the market-place, took the parish-cross from the altar, and placed it in the hands of Joan of Arc.

The executioners made her walk to the pile. Her confessor mounted it with her, murmuring pious advice in her ear. Her coolness did not abandon her in her despair. When the executioner, after fastening her to the pole, had

set fire to the fagots at the bottom of the heap, "Oh, my God!" she said, "go back, father; and when the flame rises round me, lift up the cross that I may see it as I die, and speak holy words to me to the last."

The Bishop of Beauvais, seemingly wishing to obtain a final justification of his conduct by the poor girl's accusing herself, came near the pile as the flames rose. "Bishop! bishop! you are the cause of my death," was all that the suffering victim said, with a voice that sounded as though it already came from another world.

Then, looking through her tears at this multitude thirsting for the blood of its deliverer, "O Rouen," said she, "I fear you will one day rue my death!" She then prayed with a low voice.

A deep silence had succeeded the roar of the tumultuous crowd. The dense mass of men listened without sound to catch the last sob of her departing life. A cry of horror and anguish was heard from the pile as the fire rose before the wind, and caught the clothes and hair of the condemned. "Water! water!" she cried, by a last instinctive effort; then, wrapped as in a garment by the sweeping flame, naught more was heard but some indistinct and broken sounds, half lost amid the crackling fagots, until her head, overtopped by the flame, fell upon her bosom, and with her dying voice she called upon the name of JESUS.

Her voice was heard no more on earth, and of her body nothing was found but a few ashes. Winchester had the embers of her pyre swept into the Seine, that there might remain upon the soil of France no vestige of the body or soul of the peasant girl who fought for its liberty.

He was mistaken. The Maid of Orléans was dead, but France was saved.

Such was the life of Joan of Arc, the prophetess, the heroine, and the saint of French patriotism, the glory, the deliverance, and equally the shame of her country. The people, in order to enshrine her among the most sublime

and touching figures of history, need not receive the enthusiastic ideas of the multitude, or the colder explanations of a later age. The oppressed country breathed its spirit over the soul of the peasant girl; her passion for its freedom endowed her with the gift of miracles, a gift which nature never refuses to great and unselfish passions. Sprung from the people, held back by her relatives, drawn on by her devotion, accepted by policy, put forward as a champion by the chiefs and warriors of a ruined cause, deified by the populace, victorious over her enemies; abandoned by her king, her countrymen, and her genius as soon as her work was complete; hateful to the usurpers, sold by ambition, judged by cowards, condemned by her brethren, burned as a holocaust to strangers, she vanished like a meteor in a sacrifice which appears to some an expiation for crime, to others an assumption to glory. Every thing in her life seems miraculous; and yet the miracle is not in her voice, her visions, her sign, her standard, or her sword, but in herself. The strength of her national feeling was her surest inspiration. Her triumph attests the energy of this innate passion. Her mission was simply the bursting into action of patriotic faith. She lived in it, and died through it, and she was lighted to victory and to heaven by the flame of her enthusiasm as well as of her funeral pyre. Angel, maiden, warrior, martyr, she has become a fit blazon for the soldier's banner—a type of France commended to the people by beauty, and rescued by the sword—her memory survived her martyrdom, and she was deified by the holy superstition of her country.

CROMWELL.

ENGLAND.

A.D. 1599.

THE name of Cromwell up to the present period has been identified with ambition, craftiness, usurpation, ferocity, and tyranny; we think that his true character is that of a fanatic.

History is like the sybil, and only reveals her secrets to time, leaf by leaf. Hitherto she has not exhibited the real nature and composition of this human enigma. He has been thought a profound politician; he was only an eminent sectarian. Far-sighted historians of deep research, such as Hume, Lingard, Bossuet, and Voltaire, have all been mistaken in Cromwell. The fault was not theirs, but belonged to the epoch at which they wrote. Authentic documents had not then seen the light, and the portrait of Cromwell had only been painted by his enemies. His memory and his body have been treated with similar infamy; by the restoration of Charles the Second, by the Royalists of both branches, by Catholics and Protestants, by Whigs and Tories, equally interested in degrading the image of the Republican Protector. But error lasts only for a time, while truth endures for ages. Its turn was coming, hastened by an accident.

One of those inquiring minds, who are to history what excavators are to monuments, Thomas Carlyle, a Scotch writer, endowed with the combined qualities of exalted enthusiasm and enduring patience, dissatisfied also with the conventional and superficial portrait hitherto depicted of Cromwell, resolved to search out and restore his true lineaments. The evident contradictions of the historians

of his own and other countries, who had invariably exhibited him as a fantastic tyrant and a melo-dramatic hypocrite, induced Mr. Carlyle to think with justice, that beneath these discordant components there might be found another Cromwell, a being of nature, not of the imagination.

Guided by that instinct of truth and logic in which is comprised the genius of erudite discovery, Mr. Carlyle, himself a sectarian, resolved to follow up his own ideas, undertook to search out and examine all the correspondence buried in the depths of public or private archives, and in which, at the different dates of his domestic, military, and political life, Cromwell, without thinking that he should thus paint himself, has, in fact, done so for the study of posterity.

Supplied with these treasures of truth and revelation, Mr. Carlyle shut himself up for some years in the solitude of the country, that nothing might distract his thoughts from his work. Then having collected, classed, studied, commented on, and rearranged these voluminous letters of his hero, and having resuscitated, as if from the tomb, the spirit of the man and the age, he committed to Europe this hitherto unpublished correspondence, saying with more reason than Jean Jacques Rousseau, "Receive, and read; behold the true Cromwell!" It is from these new and incontestable documents that we now propose to write the life of this dictator.

Cromwell, whom the greater number of historians (echoes of the pamphleteers of his day) state to have been the son of a brewer or butcher, was in reality born of an ancient family descended from some of the first English nobility. His great uncle, Thomas Cromwell, created Earl of Essex by Henry the Eighth, and afterward beheaded in one of those ferocious revulsions of character in which that monarch frequently indulged, was one of the most zealous despoilers of Romish churches and monasteries after Protestantism had been established by his master.

The great English dramatist, Shakspeare, has introduced Thomas Cromwell, earl of Essex, in one of his tragedies. It is to him that Cardinal Wolsey says, when sent to prison and death by the fickle Henry,

> "Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
> Had I but served my God with half the zeal
> I served my king, he would not in mine age
> Have left me naked to mine enemies."

This Cromwell, earl of Essex, was for a brief space Henry the Eighth's minister; he employed one of his nephews, Richard Cromwell, in the persecution of the Catholics, enriching him with the spoils of churches and convents. Richard was the great-grandfather of Oliver the Protector.

His grandfather, known in the country by the name of the "Golden Knight," in allusion to the great riches which were bestowed on his family at the spoliation of the monasteries, was called Henry Cromwell. He lived in Lincolnshire, on the domain of Hinchinbrook, formerly an old convent from which the nuns had been expelled, and which was afterward changed by the Cromwells into a seignorial manor-house. His eldest son, Richard, married a daughter of one of the branches of the house of Stuart, who resided in the same county. This Elizabeth Stuart was the aunt of Oliver Cromwell, who afterward immolated Charles the First. It appears as if destiny delighted thus to mingle in the same veins the blood of the victim and his executioner.

King James the First, when passing through Lincolnshire on his way to take possession of the English crown, honored the dwelling of the Cromwells by his presence, on account of his relationship to Elizabeth Stuart, aunt of the future Protector. The child, born in 1599, was then four years old, and in after years, when he himself reigned in the palace of the Stuarts, he might easily remember having seen under his own roof and at the table of his

family this king, father of the monarch he had dethroned and beheaded!

It was not long before the family lost its wealth. The eldest of the sons sold for a trifling sum the manor of Hinchinbrook, and retired to a small estate that he possessed in the marshes of Huntingdonshire.

His youngest brother, Robert Cromwell, father of the future sovereign of England, brought up his family in poverty on a small adjoining estate upon the banks of the River Ouse, called Ely. The poor, rough, and unyielding nature of this moist country, the unbroken horizon, the muddy river, cloudy sky, miserable trees, scattered cottages, and rude manners of the inhabitants, were well calculated to contract and sadden the disposition of a child. The character of the scenes in which we are brought up impress themselves upon our souls. Great fanatics generally proceed from sad and sterile countries. Mohammed sprang from the scorching valleys of Arabia; Luther from the frozen mountains of Lower Germany; Calvin from the inanimate plains of Picardy; Cromwell from the stagnant marshes of the Ouse. As is the place, so is the man. The mind is a mirror before it becomes a home.

Oliver Cromwell, whose history we are writing, was the fifth child of his father, who died before he attained maturity. Sent to the University of Cambridge, a town adjoining his paternal residence, he there received a liberal education, and returned at the age of eighteen, after the death of his father, to be the support of his mother, and a second parent to his sisters. He conducted, with sagacity beyond his years, the family estate and establishment under his mother's eye. At twenty-one he married Elizabeth Bourchier, a young and beautiful heiress of the county, whose portraits show, under the chaste and calm figure of the North, an enthusiastic, religious, and contemplative soul. She was the first and only love of her husband.

Cromwell took up his abode with his wife in the house

of his mother and sisters at Huntingdon, and lived there ten years in domestic felicity, occupied with the cares of a confined income, the rural employments of a gentleman farmer who cultivates his own estate, and those religious contemplations of reform which at that period agitated almost to insanity Scotland, England, and Europe.

His family, friends, and neighbors were devotedly attached to the new cause of Puritanic Protestantism — a cause which had always been opposed in England by the remnant of the old conquered Church, ever ready to revive. The celebrated patriot Hampden, who was destined to give the signal for a revolution on the throne by refusing to pay the impost of twenty shillings to the crown, was the young Cromwell's cousin, and a Puritan like himself. The family, revolutionists in religion and politics, mutually encouraged each other in their solitude by the prevailing passion of the times, then concentrated in a small body of faithful adherents. This passion, in the ardent and gloomy disposition of Cromwell, almost produced a disease of the imagination. He trembled for his eternal salvation, and dreaded lest he should not sacrifice enough for his faith. He reproached himself for an act of cowardly toleration in permitting Catholic symbols, such as the cross on the summit, and other religious ornaments, left by recent Protestantism, to remain upon the church at Huntingdon. He was impressed with the idea of an early death, and lived under the terror of eternal punishment. Warwick, one of his contemporaries, relates that Cromwell, seized on a particular occasion with a fit of religious melancholy, sent frequently during the night for the physician of the neighboring village, that he might talk to him of his doubts and terrors. He assisted assiduously at the preachings of those itinerant Puritan ministers who came to stir up polemical ardor and antipathies. He sought solitude, and meditated upon the sacred texts by the banks of the river which traversed his fields.

The disease of the times, the interpretation of the Bible,

which had then taken possession of every mind, gave a melancholy turn to his reflections.

He felt within himself an internal inspiration of the religious and political meaning of these holy words. He acknowledged, in common with his Puritanic brethren, the individual and enduring revelation shown in the pages and verses of a divine and infallible guide, but which, without the Spirit of God, no prompting or explanation can enable us to understand. The Puritanism of Cromwell consisted in absolute obedience to the commands of Sacred Writ, and the right of interpreting the Scriptures according to his own conviction: a contradictory but seductive dogma of his sect, which commands, on the one hand, implicit belief in the divinity of a book, and, on the other, permits free license to the imagination, to bestow its own meaning on the inspired leaves.

From this belief of the faithful in true and permanent inspiration, there was but one step to the hallucination of prophetic gifts. The devout Puritans, and even Cromwell himself, fell naturally into this extreme. Each became at the same time the inspirer and the inspired, the devotee and the prophet. This religion, ever audibly speaking in the soul of the believer, was, in fact, the religion of diseased imaginations, whose piety increased with their fanaticism. Cromwell, in his retreat, was led away by these miasmas of the day, which became the more powerfully incorporated with his nature from youth, natural energy, and isolation of mind.

He had no diversion for his thoughts in this solitude beyond the increase of his family, the cultivation of his fields, the multiplying and disposing of his flocks. Like an economical farmer, he frequented fairs that he might there purchase young cattle, which he fattened and sold at a moderate profit. He disposed of a portion of his paternal estate for 2000 guineas, to enable him to buy one nearer the river, and with more pasture-land close to the little town of St. Ives, a few miles from Huntingdon. He set-

tled there with his already numerous family, consisting of two sons and four daughters, in a small manor-house buried under the weeping-willows which bordered the meadows, and called "Sleep Hall." He was then thirty-six years old. His correspondence at that time was filled with affection for his family, praises of his wife, satisfaction in his children, domestic details, and the solicitude of his soul for those missionary Puritans whose preaching he encouraged, and whose zeal he promoted by voluntary contributions. His exemplary life, careful management of his household, his assiduous and intelligent attention to all the local interests of the county, gained for him that rural popularity which points out an unobtrusive man as worthy of the esteem and confidence of the people, and their proper representative in the legislative councils of the country. Cromwell, who felt that he possessed no natural eloquence, and whose ambition at that time went no further than his own domestic felicity, moderate fortune, and limited estate, solicited not the suffrages of the electors of Huntingdon and St. Ives; but in the cause of religion, which was all powerful with him, he thought himself bound in conscience to accept them.

He was elected on the 17th of March, 1627, a member of Parliament for his county. His public career commenced with those political storms which consigned a king to the scaffold and raised a country gentleman to the throne.

To understand well the conduct of Cromwell in that position in which, without his own connivance, destiny had placed him, let us examine the state of England at the period when he entered, unknown and silently, upon the scene.

Henry the Eighth, the Caligula of Britain, in a fit of anger against the Church of Rome, changed the religion of his kingdom. This was the greatest act of absolute authority ever exercised by one man over an entire nation. The caprice of a king became the conscience of

the people, and temporal authority subjugated their souls. The old Catholicism, repudiated by the sovereign, was abandoned to indiscriminate pillage and derision, with its dogmas, hierarchy, clergy, monks, monasteries, ecclesiastical possessions, territorial fiefs, hoarded riches, and temples of worship. The Roman Catholic faith became a crime in the kingdom, and its name a scandal and reproach to its followers. National apostasy was as sudden and overwhelming as a clap of thunder; the Catholic nation had disappeared beneath the English nation. Henry the Eighth and his counselors, nevertheless, wished to preserve the ancient religion of the state, so far as it was favorable to the interests of the king, useful to the clergy, and delusive for the people. In other words, the king was to possess supreme authority, as head of the Church, over the souls of his subjects; ecclesiastical dignities, honors, and riches were to be secured to the bishops; the Liturgy and ceremonial pomp to the people. Selecting a politic medium between the Church of Rome and the Church of Luther, England constituted her own. This church, rebellious against Rome, whom she imitated while opposing her, submitted to Luther, whom she restrained while she encouraged his tenets. It was a civil rather than a religious arrangement, which cared for the bodies before the souls of the community, and gave an appearance more of show than reality to the formal piety of the nation. The people, proud of having thrown off the Romish yoke, and disliking the ancient supremacy which had so long bent and governed the island; recoiling in horror from the name of the *Papacy*, a word in which was summed up all that was superstitious and all that related to foreign domination, readily attached themselves to the new church. They beheld in her the emblem of their independence, a palladium against Rome, and the pledge of their nationality. Every king since Henry the Eighth, whatever may have been his personal creed, has been obliged to protect and defend the worship of the Church

of England. An avowal of the Roman Catholic faith would be his signal of abdication. The people would not trust their civil liberties to the care of a prince who professed spiritual dependence on the Church of Rome.

The right of liberty of conscience had naturally followed this change in the minds of Englishmen. Having revolted, at the command of their sovereign, against the ancient and sacred authority of the Romish Church, it was absurd to think that the conscience of the nation would submit without a murmur to the unity of the new institution, the foundations of which had been planted before their eyes in debauchery and blood, by the English tyrant, too recently for them to believe in its divine origin. Every conscience wished to profit by its liberty, and different sects sprang up from this religious anarchy; they were as innumerable as the ideas of a man delivered up to his own fancies, and fervent in proportion to their novelty. To describe them would exceed our limits.

The most widely extended were the Puritans, who may be called the Jansenists of the Reformation; an extreme sect of Protestants, logical, practical, and republican. Once entered into the region of liberal and individual creeds, they saw no reason why they should temporize with what they called the superstitious idolatries, abominations, symbols, ceremonies, and infatuations of the Romish Church. They admitted only the authority of the Bible and the supremacy of Sacred Writ, of which they would receive no explanation or application but that which was communicated to them from the *Spirit*; in other words, from the arbitrary inspiration of their own thoughts. They carried their oracle within their own bosoms, and perpetually consulted it. In order to invest it with more power, they held religious meetings, and established conventicles and churches, where each, as the Spirit moved him, spoke; and the incoherent ravings of the faithful passed as the word of God.

Such was the sect which, from the time of Henry the

Eighth, struggled at the same time against the power of the Anglican Church and the remains of the proscribed Romanism.

Three reigns had been disturbed by religious dissensions—that of Mary, the Catholic daughter of Henry the Eighth, who had favored the return of her subjects to their original faith, and whose memory the Puritans abhorred as that of a papistical Jezebel; that of Elizabeth, the Protestant daughter of the same king, by another wife, who persecuted the Catholics, sacrificed Mary Stuart, and ordained recantation, imprisonment, and even death to those who refused to sign at least once in six months their profession of the Reformed Creed; and, finally, that of James the First, son of Mary Stuart, who had been educated in the Protestant faith by the Scotch Puritans. This prince succeeded to the English throne, by right of inheritance from the house of Tudor, upon the death of Elizabeth; a mild, philosophical, and indulgent monarch, who wished to tolerate both faiths, and make the rival sects live peaceably together, although they trembled with ill-suppressed animosity at this imposed truce.

Charles the First, his son, succeeded to the throne in his twenty-sixth year. He was endowed by nature, character, and education with all the qualities necessary for the government of a powerful and enlightened nation in ordinary times. He was handsome, brave, faithful, eloquent, honest, and true to the dictates of his conscience; ambitious of the love of his people, solicitous for the welfare of his country, incapable of violating the laws or liberty of his subjects, and only desirous of preserving to his successors that unlimited and ill-defined exercise of the royal prerogative which the Constitution, in practice rather than in true essence, affected to bestow upon its kings. Upon ascending the throne, Charles found and retained in the office of prime minister, out of respect to the memory of his father, his former favorite the Duke of Buckingham —a man of no merit, whose personal beauty, graceful

manners, and overbearing pride were his sole recommendations, and who furnishes a remarkable instance of the caprice of fortune and the foolish partiality of a weak king, which could transform him into a powerful noble, while it failed to render him an able statesman. He was more qualified to fill the place of favorite than minister. Buckingham, having repaid with ingratitude the kindness of the father, against whom he secretly excited a Parliamentary cabal, endeavored to continue his habitual sway under the new reign of the son.

The diffidence of Charles allowed Buckingham for several years to agitate England and embroil the state. By turns, according to the dictates of his own interest, he caused his new master to increase or lessen that relationship between the crown and Parliament beyond or below the limits which right or tradition attributed to these two powers. He created thus a spirit of resistance and encroachment on the part of the Parliament, in opposition to the spirit of enterprise and preponderance on that of the royal authority. Buckingham affected the absolute power of Cardinal Richelieu, without possessing either his character or genius. The poniard of a fanatic, who stabbed him at Portsmouth in revenge for an act of private injustice which had deprived him of his rank in the army, at length delivered Charles from this presumptuous favorite.

From this time, the King of England, like Louis the Fourteenth of France, resolved to govern without a prime minister. But the unfortunate Charles had neither a Richelieu to put down opposition by force, nor a Mazarin to silence it by bribery. Besides, at the moment when Louis the Fourteenth ascended the throne, the civil wars which had so long agitated France were just concluded, and those of England were about to commence. We can not, therefore, reasonably attribute to the personal insufficiency of Charles those misfortunes which emanated from the times rather than from his own character.

In a few years, the struggles between the young king and his Parliament—struggles augmented by religious more than political factions, threw England, Scotland, and Ireland into a general ferment, which formed a prelude to the long civil wars and calamities of the state. The Parliament, frequently dissolved from impatience at these revolts, and always reassembled from the necessity of further grants, became the heart and active popular centre of the different parties opposed to the king. All England ranged herself behind her orators. The king was looked upon as the common enemy of every religious sect, of public liberty, and the foe of each ambitious malcontent who expected to appropriate a fragment of the crown by the total subversion of the royal authority.

Charles the First energetically struggled for some time, first with one ministry, then with another. The spirit of opposition was so universal, that all who ventured into the royal council became instantly objects of suspicion, incompetence, and discredit in the estimation of the public.

A bolder and more able minister than any of his predecessors, Thomas Wentworth, earl of Strafford, a man who had acquired a high reputation with the opposition party by his eloquence, and whose fame had pointed him out to the notice of the king, devoted his popularity and talents to the service of his sovereign. Strafford appeared for a time, by the force of persuasion, wisdom, and intrepid firmness, to support the tottering throne, but the Parliament denounced, and the king who loved was unable to defend him. Strafford, threatened with capital punishment, more for actual services than for imaginary crimes, was summoned by the Parliament, after a long captivity, to appear before a commission of judges composed of his enemies. The king could only obtain the favor of being present in a grated gallery at the trial of his minister. He was struck to the heart by the blows leveled through the hatred of the Parliament against his friend. Never did an arraigned prisoner reply with greater majesty of innocence

than did Strafford in his last defense before his accusers and his king. Neither Athens nor Rome record any incident of more tragic sublimity in their united annals.

"Unable to find in my conduct," said Strafford to his judges, "any thing to which might be applied the name or punishment of treason, my enemies have invented, in defiance of all law, a chain of constructive and accumulative evidence, by which my actions, although innocent and laudable when taken separately, viewed in this collected light, become treasonable. It is hard to be questioned on a law which can not be shown.

"Where hath this fire lain hid so many hundreds of years without smoke to discover it till it thus bursts forth to consume me and my children? It is better to be without laws altogether than to persuade ourselves that we have laws by which to regulate our conduct, and to find that they consist only in the enmity and arbitrary will of our accusers. If a man sails upon the Thames in a boat, and splits himself upon an anchor, and no buoy be floating to discover it, he who owneth the anchor shall make satisfaction; but if a buoy be set there, every one passeth it at his own peril. Now where is the mark, where the tokens upon this crime, to declare it to be high treason? It has remained hidden under the water; no human prudence or innocence could preserve me from the ruin with which it menaces me. For two hundred and forty years, every species of treason has been defined, and during that long space of time, I am the first, I am the only exception for whom the definition has been enlarged, that I may be enveloped in its meshes. My lords, we have lived happily within the limits of our own land; we have lived gloriously beyond them, in the eyes of the whole world. Let us be satisfied with what our fathers have left us; let not ambition tempt us to desire that we may become more acquainted than they were with these destructive and perfidious arts of incriminating innocence. In this manner, my lords, you will act wisely, you will provide for your

own safety and the safety of your descendants, while you secure that of the whole kingdom. If you throw into the fire these sanguinary and mysterious selections of constructive treason, as the first Christians consumed their books of dangerous art, and confine yourselves to the simple meaning of the statute in its vigor, who shall say that you have done wrong? Where will be your crime, and how, in abstaining from error, can you incur punishment? Beware of awakening these sleeping lions of your own destruction. Add not to my other afflictions that which I shall esteem the heaviest of all—that for my sins as a man, and not for my offenses as a minister, I should be the unfortunate means of introducing such a precedent, such an example of a proceeding so opposed to the laws and liberties of my country.

My lords, I have troubled you longer than I should have done were it not for the interest of these dear pledges a saint in heaven hath left me." [Here he stopped, letting fall some tears, and then resumed]: "What I forfeit myself is nothing, but that my indiscretion should extend to my posterity, woundeth me to the very soul. You will pardon my infirmity, something I should have added, but am not able, therefore let it pass. And now, my lords, for myself, I have been, by the blessing of Almighty God, taught that the afflictions of this present life are not to be compared to the eternal weight of glory which shall be revealed hereafter. And so, my lords, even so, with all tranquillity of mind, I freely submit myself to your judgment; and whether that judgment be for life or death, 'Te Deum Laudamus!'"

Sentence of death was the reply to this eloquence and virtue.

The warrant was illegal without the signature of the king; to sign it was to be false to conviction, gratitude, friendship, and dignity; to refuse to do so would be to defy the Parliament and people, and draw down upon the throne itself the thunderbolt of popular indignation, which

the death of the minister would for a time divert. Charles tried by every means of delay to avoid the shame or danger; he appeared more as a suppliant than as a king before the Parliament, and besought them to spare him this punishment. Urged by the queen, who disliked Strafford, and whose heart could not hesitate an instant between the death of Charles or his minister, the king acknowledged that he did not think Strafford quite innocent of some irregularities and misuse of the public money, and added that if the Parliament would confine the sentence to the crime of embezzlement, he would give his sanction conscientiously to the punishment; but for high treason, his own internal conviction and honor forbade his confirming calumny and iniquity by signing the death-warrant of Strafford.

The Parliament was inflexible; the queen wept; England was in a ferment. Charles, although ready to yield, still hesitated. The queen, Henrietta of France, daughter of Henry the Fourth, a beautiful and accomplished princess, for whom, until his death, the king preserved the fidelity of a husband and the passion of a lover, presented herself before him in mourning, accompanied by her little children. She besought him on her knees to yield to the vengeance of the people, which he could not resist without turning upon the innocent pledges of their love that death which he was endeavoring vainly to avert from a condemned head. "Choose," said she, "between your own life, mine, these dear children's, and the life of this minister so hateful to the nation."

Charles, struck with horror at the idea of sacrificing his beloved wife and infant children, the hopes of the monarchy, replied that he cared not for his own life, for he would willingly give it to save his minister; but to endanger Henrietta and her children was beyond his strength and desire. He, however, still delayed to sign the warrant.

Strafford, yielding probably to the secret solicitations of

the queen, wrote a letter himself to his unhappy master, to ease the conscience and affection of the king as being the cause of his death.

"Sire," said he in this letter—a sublime effort of that virtue which triumphed over the natural love of life, that he might lessen the remorseful feelings of his murderers —"Sire, hesitate not to sacrifice me to the malignity of the times and to public vengeance which thirsts for my life. My voluntary consent to the signature of my own death-warrant which they require of you, will acquit you before God more than the opinion of the whole world. There is no injustice in consenting to that which the condemned desires and himself demands.

"Since Heaven has granted me sufficient grace to enable me to forgive my enemies with a tranquillity and resignation which impart an indescribable contentment to my soul, now about to change its dwelling-place, I can, sire, willingly and joyfully resign this earthly life, filled with a just sense of gratitude for all those favors with which your majesty has blessed me."

This letter overcame the last scruples of the king; he thought that the consent of the victim legalized his murder, and that God would pardon him as the condemned had done. He accepted the sacrifice of the life offered him in exchange for the lives of his wife and children, perhaps for his own, and the safety of the monarchy. Love for his family, the hope of averting civil war, and of bringing back the Parliament to a sense of reason and justice from gratitude for this sacrifice, completely blinded his eyes. He thought to lessen the horror and ingratitude of the act by appointing a commission of three members of his council, and delegating to them the power of signing the Parliamentary death-warrant against Strafford. The commissioners ratified the sentence, and the king shut himself up to weep and avoid the light of that morning which was to witness the fall of his faithful and innocent servant. He thought that by obliterating this day from

his life, he would also expunge it from the memory of heaven and man. He passed the whole time in darkness, in prayers for the dying, and in tears; but the sun rose to commemorate the injustice of the monarch, the treachery of the friend, and the greatness of soul of the victim.

"I have sinned against my conscience," wrote the king several years after to the queen, when reproaching himself for that signature drawn from him by the love he bore his wife and children: "it warned me at the time; I was seized with remorse at the instant when I signed this base and criminal concession."

"God grant," cried the archbishop, his ecclesiastical adviser, on seeing him throw down his pen after signing the nomination of the commissioners, "God grant that your majesty's conscience may not reproach you for this act."

"Ah! Strafford is happier than I am," replied the prince, concealing his eyes with his hands. "Tell him that, did it not concern the safety of the kingdom, I would willingly give my life for his!"

The king still flattered himself that the House of Commons, satisfied with his humiliation and deference to their will, would spare the life of his friend, and grant a commutation of the punishment. He did not know these men, who were more implacable than tyrants; for factions are governed by the mind, not the heart, and are inaccessible to emotions of sympathy. Men vote unanimously with their party from fear of each other for measures which, when taken singly, they would abhor to think of. Man in a mass is no longer man; he becomes an element. To move this deaf and cruel element of the House of Commons, Charles used every effort to flatter the pride and touch the feelings of these tribunes of the people. He wrote a most pathetic letter, bedewed with his tears, and sent it to the Parliament, to render it more irresistible, by the hand of a child, his son, the Prince of Wales, whose beauty, tender age, and innocence ought to have

made refusal impossible from subjects petitioned by such a suppliant.

The king in this letter laid bare his whole heart before the Commons, displayed his wounded feelings, described the agony he felt in sacrificing his kingly honor and his personal regard for the wishes of his subjects. He enlarged upon the great satisfaction he had at length given to the Commons, and only demanded in return for such submission the perpetual imprisonment, instead of the death, of his former minister. But at the end, as if he himself doubted the success of his petition, he conjured them, in a postscript, at least to defer until the Saturday following the execution of the condemned, that he might have time to prepare for death.

All remained deaf to the voice of the father and the intercession of the child. The Parliament accorded neither a commutation of the punishment nor an additional hour of life to the sentenced criminal. Their popularity forced them to act before the people with the same inexorable promptness that they exacted from the king. The beautiful Countess of Carlisle, a kind of English Cleopatra, of whom Strafford in the season of his greatness had been the favored lover, used every effort with the Parliament to obtain the life of the man whose love had been her pride. The fascinating countess failed to soften their hearts.

As if it were the fate of Strafford to suffer at the same time the loss of both love and friendship, this versatile beauty, more attached to the power than to the persons of her admirers, transferred her affections quickly from Strafford to Pym, and became the mistress of the murderer who succeeded to the victim.

"Pym," says the English history so closely examined by M. Chasles, "was an ambitious man, who acted fanaticism without conviction. *Homo ex luto et argilla Epicurea factus*," according to the energetic phrase of Hacket, "A man moulded from the mud and clay of sensuality." Such men

are often seen in popular or in monarchical factions; servants and flatterers of their sect, who in their turn satisfy their followers by relieving the satiety of voluptuousness with the taste of blood.

Strafford was prepared for every extremity after being abandoned by the two beings he had most loved and served on earth. Nevertheless, when it was announced to him that the king had signed the death-warrant, nature triumphed over resignation, and a reproach escaped him in his grief. "*Nolite fidere principibus et filiis hominum*," cried he, raising his hands in astonishment toward the vaulted ceiling of his prison, "*quia non est salus in illis*."

"Put not your trust in princes, nor in any child of man, for in them is no salvation."

He requested to be allowed a short interview with the Archbishop of London, Laud, imprisoned in the Tower on a similar charge with himself. Laud was a truly pious prelate, with a mind superior to the age in which he lived. This interview, in which the two Royalists hoped to fortify each other for life or death, was refused. "Well," said Strafford to the Governor of the Tower, "at least tell the archbishop to place himself to-morrow at his window at the hour when I pass to the scaffold, that I may bid him a last farewell."

The next day it was pressed upon Strafford to ask for a carriage to convey him to the place of execution, fearing that the fury of the people would anticipate the executioner, and tear from his hands the victim denounced by Pym and the orators of the House of Commons as the public enemy. "No," replied Strafford, "I know how to look death and the people in the face; whether I die by the hand of the executioner or by the fury of the populace, if it should so please them, matters little to me."

In passing under the archbishop's window in the prison-yard, Strafford recollected his request of the previous night, and raised his eyes toward the iron bars, which prevented him from seeing Laud distinctly. He could only perceive

the thin and trembling hands of the old man stretched out between the bars, trying to bless him as he passed on to death.

Strafford knelt in the dust and bent his head. "My lord," said he to the archbishop, "let me have your prayers and benediction."

The heart of the old man sank at the sound of his voice and emotion, and he fainted in the arms of his jailers while uttering a parting prayer.

"Farewell, my lord," cried Strafford; "may God protect your innocence." He then walked forward with a firm step, although suffering from the effects of illness and debility, at the head of the soldiers, who appeared to follow rather than to escort him.

According to the humane custom of England and Rome, which permits the condemned, whoever he may be, to go to the scaffold surrounded by his relations and friends, Strafford's brother accompanied him weeping. "Brother," said he, "why do you grieve thus? Do you see any thing in my life or death which can cause you to feel any shame? Do I tremble like a criminal, or boast like an atheist? Come, be firm, and think only that this is my third marriage, and that you are my bridesman. This block," pointing to that upon which he was about to lay his head, "will be my pillow, and I shall repose there well, without pain, grief, or fear."

Having ascended the scaffold with his brother and friends, he knelt for a moment as if to salute the place of sacrifice; he soon arose, and looking around upon the innumerable and silent multitude which covered the hill and Tower of London, the place of execution, he raised his voice in the same audible and firm tone which he was accustomed to use in the House of Commons, that theatre of his majestic eloquence.

"People," said he, "who are assembled here to see me die, bear witness that I desire for this kingdom all the prosperity that God can bestow. Living, I have done my

utmost to secure the happiness of England; dying, it is still my most ardent wish; but I beseech each one of those who now hear me to lay his hand upon his heart, and examine seriously if the commencement of a salutary reform ought to be written in characters of blood. Ponder this well upon your return home. God grant that not a drop of mine may be required at your hands. I fear, however, that you can not advance by such a fatal path."

After Strafford had spoken these words of anxious warning to his country, he again knelt, and prayed with all the signs of humble and devout fervor for upward of a quarter of an hour. The revolutionary fanaticism of the English, at least, did not interrupt the last moments of the dying man; but Strafford, hearing a dull murmur either of pity or impatience in the crowd, rose, and addressing those who immediately surrounded him, said, "All will soon be over. One blow will render my wife a widow, my dear children orphans, and deprive my servants of their master. God be with them and you!

"Thanks to the internal strength that God has given me," added he, while removing his upper garment, and tucking up his hair that nothing might interfere with the stroke of the axe upon his neck, "I take this off with as tranquil a spirit as I have ever felt when taking it off at night upon retiring to rest."

He then made a sign to the executioner to approach, pardoned him for the blood he was about to shed, and laid his head upon the block, looking up and praying to Heaven. His head rolled at the feet of his friends. "God save the King!" cried the executioner, holding it up to exhibit it to the people.

The populace, silent and orderly until this instant, uttered a cry of joy, vengeance, and congratulation, which demonstrated the phrensy of the times. They rejoiced like madmen at the fall of their greatest citizen, and rushed through the streets of London to order public illuminations.

The king, during this, shut himself up in his palace,

praying to God to forgive him his consent to a murder forced from his weakness. The ecclesiastic who had accompanied Strafford to the scaffold was the only person admitted into Charles's apartment, that he might give an account of the last moments of his minister. "Nothing could exceed," said the clergyman to the king, "the calmness and majesty of his end. I have witnessed many deaths, but never have I beheld a purer or more resigned soul return to Him who gave it." At these words the king turned his head away and wept.

Repentance for his yielding, and a presentiment of the inutility of this concession to purchase the welfare and peace of the kingdom, were mingled with agonizing grief in his soul. He saw clearly that the same blow which he had permitted to fall upon his friend and servant would sooner or later recoil upon himself, and that the execution of Strafford was only a rehearsal of his own. With subdued spirit, but awakened conscience, Charles no longer defended himself with sophistry from the feelings of remorse. He ceased to excuse himself inwardly, politically, or before God, but blamed himself with the same severity that subsequent historians have bestowed on this act of weakness. He deeply lamented his fault, and vowed that it should be the first and last deed by which he would sanction the iniquity of his enemies; and he derived from the bitterness of his regret strength to live, to fight, and die for his own rights, for the rights of the crown, and for the rights of his last adherents.

The Parliament saw only in the death of Strafford a victory over the royal power and the heart of the king. The conflicts between the crown and the House of Commons recommenced instantly upon other pretenses and demands. The king in vain selected his ministers from the bosom of the Parliament; he was unable to discover another Strafford—nature had not made a duplicate. Charles could only choose between faithful mediocrity or implacable enmity; and again, his enemies, summoned by the

king to his council that he might place the government in their hands, refused to attend. The spirit of faction was so irresistible and irreconcilable against the crown, that the popular members of Parliament felt themselves more powerful as the heads of their parties in the House of Commons, than they could become as ministers of a suspected and condemned sovereign. The Puritan party in the Commons held Charles the First of England as isolated as the Girondins afterward held Louis the Sixteenth of France in 1791; eager for government, yet refusing to be ministers, that they might have the right of attacking the royal power, offered to them in vain, or only consenting to accept that they might betray it; from adulation giving it into the hands of the people, or from complicity surrendering it into those of the Republicans.

Such were the relative positions of the king and the Parliament during the first years when Cromwell sat as a member of the House of Commons.

Parliamentary disputes had no interest for Cromwell, and purely political agitations affected him but little. He was not naturally factious, but had become a sectarian. Religious motives induced him to aid the triumph of the Puritan party; not a desire to triumph over the crown itself, but over the Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches which the crown was suspected of favoring. All other motives were strangers to his austere nature. His feelings, cold in all that related not to religion, his just but ill-understood mind, his abrupt elocution, without imagery or clearness, his ambition bounded by the success of his co-religionists, and actuated by no prospect of personal advantage beyond the salvation of his soul and the service of his cause, made him abstain from taking a part in any of the debates. A silent member for many sessions, he was only remarkable in the House of Commons for his abnegation of all personal importance, for his disdain of popular applause, and the fervor of his zeal to preserve liberty of conscience to his brethren in the faith.

There was certainly nothing either in Cromwell's personal appearance or genius to excite the attention of an assembly occupied by the eloquence of Strafford and Pym. His face was ordinary, combining the features of a peasant, a soldier, and a priest. There might be seen the vulgarity of the rustic, the resolution of the warrior, and the fervor of the man of prayer, but not one of these characteristics predominated sufficiently to announce a brilliant orator, or to convey the presage of a future ruler.

He was of the middle height, square-chested, stout-limbed, with a heavy and unequal gait, a broad, prominent forehead, blue eyes, a large nose, dividing his face unequally, somewhat inclining to the left, and red at the tip, like the noses attributed to those addicted to drink, but which in Cromwell indicated only the asperity of his blood, heated by fanaticism. His lips were wide, thick, and clumsily formed, indicating neither quick intelligence, delicacy of sentiment, nor the fluency of speech, indispensable to persuasive eloquence. His face was more round than oval, his chin was solid and prominent, a good foundation for the rest of his features. His likenesses, as executed either in painting or sculpture, by the most renowned Italian artists, at the order of their courts, represent only a vulgar, commonplace individual, if they were not ennobled by the name of Cromwell. In studying them attentively, it becomes impossible for the most decided partiality to discover either the traces or organs of genius. We acknowledge there a man elevated by the choice of his party and the combination of circumstances rather than one great by nature. We might even conclude, from the close inspection of this countenance, that a loftier and more developed intellect would have interfered with his exalted destiny; for if Cromwell had been endowed with higher qualities of mind, he would have been less of a sectarian, and had he been so, his party would not have been exactly personified in a chief who participated in all its passions and credulities. The greatness of a popular char-

acter is less according to the ratio of his genius than the sympathy he shows with the prejudices and even the absurdities of his times. Fanatics do not select the cleverest, but the most fanatical leaders, as was evidenced in the choice of Robespierre by the French Jacobins, and in that of Cromwell by the English Puritans.

The only traces of the presence of Cromwell in the House of Commons for ten years which the Parliamentary annals retain, are a few words spoken by him, at long intervals, in defense of his brethren, the Puritanic missionaries, and in attack of the dominant Anglican Church and the Roman Catholics, who were again struggling for supremacy. It might be seen, from the attention paid by his colleagues to the sentences uttered with such religious fervor by the representative of Huntingdon, that this gentleman farmer, as restrained in speech as in his desire of popularity, was treated in the House with that consideration which is always shown in deliberative assemblies to those men who are modest, sensible, silent, and careless of approbation, but faithful to their cause.

A justice of the peace for his county, Cromwell returned after each session or dissolution of Parliament to fortify himself in the religious opinions of his Puritan neighbors by interviews with the missionaries of his faith, by sermons, meditations, and prayers, the sole variations from his agricultural pursuits.

The gentleness, piety, and fervor of his wife, devoted like himself to domestic cares, country pursuits, the education of her sons, and affection for her daughters, banished from his soul every other ambition than that of spiritual progress in virtue, and the advancement of his faith in the consciences of men.

In the whole of his confidential correspondence during these long years of domestic seclusion, there is not one word which shows that he entertained any other passion than that of his creed, or any ambition distinct from heavenly aspirations. What advantage could it have been to

this man thus to conceal that hypocrisy which historians have described as the foundation and master-spring of his character? When the face is unknown to all, of what use is the mask? No! Cromwell could not dissemble so long to his wife, his sister, his daughters, and his God. History has only presented him in disguise, because his life and actions were distinctly revealed.

Let us give a few extracts from the familiar letters which throw some light upon this obscure period of his life:

"My very dear good friend," wrote he from St. Ives, January 11th, 1635, to one of his confidants in pious labors, "to build material temples and hospitals for the bodily comfort and assembling together of the faithful is doubtless a good work; but those who build up spiritual temples, and afford nourishment to the souls of their brethren, my friend, are the truly pious men. Such a work have you performed in establishing a pulpit, and appointing Doctor Wells to fill it; an able and religious man, whose superior I have never seen. I am convinced that since his arrival here the Lord has done much among us. I trust that he who has inspired you to lay this foundation, will also inspire you to uphold and finish it.

"Raise your hearts to Him. You who live in London, a city celebrated for its great luminaries of the Gospel, know that to stop the salary of the preacher is to cause the pulpit to fall. For who will go to war at his own expense? I beseech you, then, by the bowels of Jesus Christ, put this affair into a good train; pay this worthy minister, and the souls of God's children will bless you, as I shall bless you myself.

"I remain, ever your affectionate friend in the Lord,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

It was not alone by words, but by contributions from his small fortune, the produce of hard and ungrateful

agricultural labor, that Cromwell sustained the cause of his faith. We read three years after the date of the above lines, in a confidential letter written to Mr. Hand, one of his own sect:

"I wish you to remit forty shillings (then a considerable sum) to a poor farmer who is struggling to bring up an increasing family, to remunerate the doctor for his cure of this man Benson. If our friends, when we come to settle accounts, do not agree to this disposal of the money, keep this note, and I will repay you out of my private purse.

"Your friend, OLIVER CROMWELL."

"I live," wrote he, several years after, but always in the same spirit of compunction, to his cousin, the wife of the Attorney-General St. John, "I live in *Kedar*, a name which signifies *shadow* and *darkness;* nevertheless, the Lord will not desert me, and will finally conduct me to his chosen place of repose, his tabernacle. My heart rests upon this hope with my brethren of the first-born; and if I can show forth the glory of the Lord either by action or endurance, I shall be greatly consoled. Truly no creature has more reason to devote himself to the cause of God than I have; I have received so many chosen graces that I feel I can never make a sufficient return for all these gifts. That the Lord may be pleased to accept me for the sake of his Son Jesus Christ, and that he may give us grace to walk in the light, for it is light indeed. I can not say that he has altogether hid his face from me, for he has permitted me to see the light at least in him, and even a single ray shed upon this dark path is most refreshing. Blessed be his name that shines even in such a dark place as my soul. Alas! you know what my life has been. I loved darkness; I lived in it; I hated the light; I was the chief of sinners: nevertheless, God has had mercy on me. Praise him for me. Pray for me, that he

who has commenced such a change in my soul may finish it for Jesus Christ's sake. The Lord be with you, is the prayer of

"Your affectionate cousin,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

All that we find written by the hand of Cromwell during this long examination of his life, from the age of twenty to forty, bears the same stamp of mysticism, sincerity, and excitement. A profound melancholy, enlivened sometimes by momentary flashes of active faith, formed the basis of his character. This melancholy was increased by the monotony of his rural occupations, and by the sombre sky and situation of the district in which fortune had placed him.

His house, still shown to travelers in the low country which surrounds the little hamlet of St. Ives, bears the appearance of a deserted cloister. The shadows of the trees planted like hedges on the borders of his fields in the marshes, intercept all extent of view from the windows. A lowering and misty sky weighs as heavily on the imagination as on the roofs of houses. Tradition still points out an oratory, supported by broken arches, built of brick by the devout Puritan behind his house, adjoining the family sitting-room, where Cromwell assembled the peasants of the neighborhood to listen to the words of God from the mouths of the missionaries, and where he often prayed and preached himself when the spirit moved him. Long and deep lines of old trees, the habitations of ill-omened crows, bound the view on all sides. These trees hide even the course of the River Ouse, whose black waters, confined between muddy banks, look like the refuse from a manufactory or mill. Above them appears only the smoke of the wood fires of the little town of St. Ives, which continually taints the sky in this sombre valley. Such a spot is calculated either to confine the minds of its inhabitants to the vulgar ideas of traffic, industry,

or grazing, or to cause them to raise their thoughts above the earth in the ecstasy of pious contemplation.

It was there, nevertheless, that Cromwell and his young wife, who modeled her own character upon the simplicity and piety of her husband's, brought up in poverty and seclusion their seven children. They sought not the world —the world sought them.

It may be seen, from all that has been discovered relating to the life of Cromwell at that period, how much the report of the religious controversies in England, Ireland, and Scotland, and the political pamphlets which increased with the passion of the public, occupied his solitude, and with what avidity he perused them; but his attention was entirely directed to the portions of those writings which were confined to Scriptural arguments.

The immortal name of the great poet Milton, the English Dante, appeared for the first time as the author of one of these Republican pamphlets.

Milton had just returned from Italy, where, amid the ruins of ancient Rome, he had become impressed with the grandeur of her former liberty, and the melancholy spectacle of her modern corruption. Rome drove him back to independent thought in matters of belief. Milton, like Chateaubriand and Madame de Staël in 1814, has given immortality to the fleeting passions of the time.

Independence in religious faith gave rise to the desire of equal independence in the affairs of government. The one necessarily followed the other, for how could free opinions in faith be maintained in the servitude which prevented the expression of feelings and the practice of a creed? The strong yearning of Cromwell to profess and propagate the doctrines of his belief inclined him to Republican opinions.

Hampden, his relative, then at the height of popularity from resistance to the royal prerogative, wishing to strengthen the Republican party by the accession of a man as conscientious and irreproachable in conduct as Crom-

well, procured his return to Parliament as member for Cambridge, where Hampden exercised predominant influence.

This new election of Cromwell by a more important county did not distract his thoughts from the sole aim of his life. "Send me," wrote he to his friend Willingham in London, "the Scottish arguments for the maintenance of uniformity in religion as expressed in their proclamations. I wish to read them before we enter upon the debate, which will soon commence in the House of Commons."

Popular interest was for the moment mixed up with the cause of religion. Cromwell, without doubt, embraced this from attachment to his sect and the love of justice, and also to bring the people over to the side of the Republicans and Independents by that support which the popular cause found in the adherents of this party against the encroachments of the crown. He contested the right of inclosing the common lands by adding them to the fiefs which the kings of England had formerly accorded to their favorites, and this right the people with justice denied. "Cromwell," said the prime minister in his memoirs, "whom I never heard open his mouth in the House, has been elected member of a parliamentary committee, charged with addressing the ministers upon this subject. Cromwell argued against me in the discussion. He reproached me with intimidating the witnesses, and spoke in such a gross and indecent manner, his action was so rough and his attitude so insolent, that I was forced to adjourn the committee. Cromwell will never forgive me."

The popularity acquired by Cromwell and his party from their advocacy of this cause, encouraged him to increase it by the defense of those bitter writers against the crown and Church, whose pamphlets were delivered by the king and the bishops from time to time to be burned by the hands of the executioner. He presented a petition to the Parliament from one of these martyrs. Indignation and his wounded conscience caused him for the first time to open his lips.

"It was in November, 1640," says a Royalist spectator* in his memoirs, "that I, who was also a member, and vain enough to think myself a model of elegance and nobility, for we young courtiers pride ourselves on our attire, beheld on entering the house a person speaking. I knew him not; he was dressed in the most ordinary manner, in a plain cloth suit which appeared to have been cut by some village tailor. His linen, too, was coarse and soiled. I recollect also observing a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar. His hat was without a hat-band; his stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swollen and reddish; his voice sharp and untunable; and his eloquence full of fervor, for the subject-matter would not bear much of reason, it being in behalf of a libeler in the hands of the executioner. I must avow that the attention bestowed by the assembly on the discourse of this gentleman has much diminished my respect for the House of Commons."

All means of resistance and concession on the part of Charles toward his Parliament being exhausted, the presentiment of an inevitable civil war weighed upon every breast. They prepared for it more or less openly on both sides.

Cromwell profited by one of these calms which precede great political tempests to return home to console his wife and mother, and to embrace his children at St. Ives before he entered upon the struggle. He animated the people of his neighborhood by his religious ardor, and converted sectarians into soldiers. He spent all his household and agricultural savings in sending arms to Cambridge. He ventured even to take possession, as a member of Parliament, of the castle there; and to defray the expenses of the militia, he confiscated the Royal University plate which had been deposited in the castle treasury. This militia regiment recognized him as their colonel in right of his mem-

* Sir Philip Warwick.—Tr.

bership; and as he was one of the most resolute of citizens, he also, by the sole appeal to the feelings which they possessed in common, raised the militia in the country between Cambridge and Huntingdon, intercepted the Royalists who were about to join the king, and every where disarmed the partisans of the crown.

"I shall not harm you," replied he, at this troubled time, to a neighboring gentleman who remonstrated against the invasion of their homes, "for, on the contrary, I wish to save the country from being more torn to pieces. Behave with integrity and fear nothing; but if you should act badly, then you must forgive the rigor which my duty toward the people will force me to exercise."

He did not even spare the manor-house of his uncle, Cromwell of Hinchinbrook, a ruined Royalist gentleman, who lived in an old keep in the marshes. "The present age is one of contention," wrote he to another gentleman. "The worst of these struggles in my mind are those which originate in differences of opinion. To injure men personally, either by the destruction of their houses or possessions, can not be a good remedy against this evil. Let us protect the legitimate rights of the people."

Associations for the defense of independence and religion against the Church and crown were formed all over England, but were not long before they dissolved from the want of an active chief and united minds.

There only remained of these associations the seven western counties, of which Cromwell was the arm and soul. His fame spread over the country, and began to designate him a future chief of the religious war. They called him in the Puritanical assemblies the Maccabeus of God's church. "Continue," wrote Cromwell, however, to a clergyman of the Church of England, "to read the Scriptures to the people, and to preach in your cathedral as you have been accustomed to do, and even a *little more* frequently."

Thus Cromwell, who had risen to fight for liberty of

faith for himself and his friends, protected that of others. "You dismiss from your troop an Anabaptist officer," thus he wrote to one of his lieutenants, "and in this you are certainly badly advised. I can not understand how a deplorable unbeliever, known for his irreligion, swearing, and debauchery, can appear to you more worthy of confidence than he who shuns all these sins. Be tolerant toward those who hold a faith different from your own. The state, sir, in choosing her servants, thinks not of their religious opinions, but of their actions and fidelity."

It may be seen from this that the first acts of Cromwell, precursors to him of civil war and future empire, were imbued with that spirit of government which drew partisans to his cause instead of delivering up victims to those who had already espoused it.

The association of the seven counties, submitting thus willingly to the influence of such an active patriot and zealous religionist, was the stepping-stone of Cromwell's ensuing popularity. It soon became the lever with which the Long Parliament raised and sustained the civil war.

We have seen that from day to day this war had become inevitable. Scotland, more fanatical even than England through her Puritan chiefs, men of ardent faith and sanguinary dispositions, gave the first signal of hostilities. This kingdom, although retaining independent laws and a local Parliament, still formed a part of Charles's dominions. The spirit of revolt, concealed, as in England, under that of independence and opposition, caused a Scottish army to advance into the English territory, on the pretense of defending, in conjunction with the Puritans and Parliament of London, the rights of the two nations, which were menaced by the crown. Emboldened by this support, the opposition orators in the English legislative assembly and the zealous Puritans placed no bounds to their audacity and encroachments on the royal prerogative. Even the least infatuated of the professors of the new faith, such as Pym, Hampden, and Vane, assumed the appearance of extreme

partisans. They became, in the eyes of the Republicans, the Catos, Brutuses, and Cassiuses of England, while in the opinion of the Puritans they were consecrated as martyrs. The suspicious susceptibility of the party was outraged at beholding several Catholic priests, who had been brought from France by Queen Henrietta as her ghostly advisers, residing at the court, and exercising in London the ceremonial duties of their creed. They affected to see a terrible conspiracy against Protestantism in this harmless fidelity of a young and charming queen to the impressions of her conscience, and the religious rites to which she had been accustomed from her youth. They accused the king of weakness, or of being an accomplice with the wife he adored.

Charles, in the spirit of peace, yielded to all these exigencies. He was called upon to sanction a bill authorizing the Parliament to reassemble of itself, in case an interval of three years should elapse without the royal convocation.

Until then, the annual or triennial meeting of Parliament had been more a custom than a privilege of English liberty. Charles, in consenting, acknowledged this representative sovereignty as superior to his own. The Parliament, whose ambition was increased by all these concessions on the part of the monarch, established, still with his consent, the permanence of their control and power through a committee which was always to sit in London during the interval between the sessions. They also appointed another, to attend the king in the journey which he undertook, to conciliate the Scotch.

At length they even carried their audacity and usurpation to the length of demanding the appointment of a protector of the kingdom—a kind of national tribune or parliamentary viceroy raised in opposition to the king himself. It was this title, thought of ever since that time in the delirium of party-spirit, that was naturally bestowed upon Cromwell when the civil war had made him the ruler

of his country. He did not, as has been imagined, invent it for his own use; he found it already created by the factions which dethroned the king.

During the absence of the king in Scotland, Ireland, left to herself by the recall of the troops who had maintained peace there in Charles's name, became agitated even to revolt against the royal authority. The Irish Parliament also followed in its turbulence and encroachments the example of the English Legislative Assembly. Ireland, divided into two classes and two religions, who had ever been violently opposed to each other, agreed for once unanimously to throw off the yoke of the crown.

The Catholics and the old Irish of the distant provinces were the first to break the league. They took advantage of the feebleness of the royal authority that sought to control them, and perpetrated a more sanguinary massacre than that of the Sicilian Vespers, by slaughtering indiscriminately all the English colonists who had for centuries resided in the same villages, and who, by the ties of friendship, relationship, and marriage, had long been amalgamated with the original inhabitants.

The massacres of St. Bartholomew and of the days of September, the Roman proscriptions under Marius, or those of France during the Reign of Terror, fell below the cruel atrocities committed by the Irish in these counties—atrocities which cast a stain upon their character and sully the annals of their country.

The chiefs of this conspiracy in the province of Ulster even shuddered themselves at the ferocity of the revengeful, fanatical, and inexorable people they had let loose. The feasts by which they commemorated their victory, gained by assassination, consisted of more slow and cruel tortures than the imaginations of cannibals ever conceived. They prolonged the martyrdom and sufferings of both sexes that they might the longer revel in this infernal pastime. They caused blood to fall drop by drop, and life to ebb by lengthened gasps, that their revengeful fury might be the

more indulged. The murders spread by degrees over every district of Ireland except Dublin, where a feeble body of royal troops preserved the peace. The corpses of more than one hundred thousand victims, men, women, children, the infirm and aged, strewed the thresholds of their habitations, and the fields that they had cultivated in common with their destroyers. The flames in which their villages were enveloped were extinguished only in their blood. All who escaped by flight the fury of their assassins, carrying their infants in their arms to the summits of the mountains, perished of inanition and cold in the severity of winter. Ireland appeared to open, to become the tomb of half the sons she had brought forth.

We can not read, even in the most impartial histories, the accounts of this enduring national crime, without a feeling of execration toward its instigators and executioners. We can then understand the misfortunes inflicted by heaven upon this devoted country. Tyranny can never be justified, but a nation which has such cruelties to expiate ought not to accuse its oppressors of harsh treatment without at the same time recalling the memory of its own delinquencies. The misfortunes of a people do not always proceed from the crimes of their conquerors; they are more frequently the punishment of their own. These evils are the most irremediable, for they sweep away with them independence and compassion.

The Parliament accused the king as the author of these calamities; the king, with more justice, reproached the Parliament as the cause of his inability to check them. The Republican party gained fresh strength in the country from this obstinate and fruitless struggle between the king and the Parliamentarians, which allowed the kingdom to be torn to pieces, and their co-religionists to be murdered by the Catholics. The leaders easily persuaded the Parliament to issue, under the form of a remonstrance, an appeal to the people of Great Britain, which was, in fact, a sanguinary accusation against the royal government. They

therein set forth in one catalogue of crime all the mistakes and misfortunes of the present reign. They accused the king of every offense committed by both parties, and accumulated upon his head even the blood of the English murdered in Ireland by the Catholics. They therefore concluded or tacitly resolved that henceforth there was no safety for England but in the restriction of the royal power, and the unlimited increase of the privileges of Parliament. The king, driven to the utmost limits of concession, replied to this charge in a touching but feeble attempt at justification. The insolence of several members of the House of Commons, which burst forth in evident violation of his dignity and royal prerogative, left him no choice between the shameful abandonment of his title as king, or an energetic vindication of his rights. He went down himself to the House to cause the arrest of those members who were guilty of high treason, and called upon the president to point them out.

"Sire," replied he, kneeling, "in the place that I occupy, I have only eyes to see, and a tongue to speak according to the will of the House I serve. I therefore humbly crave your majesty's pardon for venturing to disobey you."

Charles, humiliated, retired with his guards, and repaired to Guildhall to request the city council not to harbor these guilty men. The people only replied to him on his return with cries of "Long live the Parliament." The inhabitants of London armed themselves at the scriptural call, "To your tents, O Israel!" and passed proudly in review, by land and water, under the windows of Whitehall, where the king resided. The king, powerless, menaced, and insulted by these outbursts, retired to the palace of Hampton Court, a solitary country residence, but fortified and imposing, situated at some little distance from London.

The queen, alarmed for her husband and children, besought the king to appease the people by submission. All was in vain. The Parliament, which, since the retreat of the king, had become the idol and safeguard of the nation,

was beset with inflammatory petitions. Under the pretext of protecting the people against the return of the royal army, they took upon themselves the military authority, and appointed the generals of the troops and governors of the fortified places. Charles, who retained only a few partisans and followers at Hampton Court, was resolved to declare war, but before adopting this last resource, he conducted the queen to the seaside, and persuaded her to embark for the Continent, that she, at least, who was dearest to him on earth, might be secure from misfortune and the evil pressure of the times.

The separation was heart-rending, as if they had a presentiment of an eternal farewell. The unfortunate monarch adored the companion of his youth, and looked upon her as superior to all other women. He could not suffer her to share his humiliations and reverses, and desired to shield her as much as possible from the catastrophe which he foresaw would inevitably arrive.

Henrietta was carried fainting on board the vessel, and only recovered to utter reproaches to the waves, which bore her from the English shores, and prayers to heaven for the safety of her beloved partner.

The king, agonized at the loss of his consort, but strengthened in courage by her departure, left Hampton Court and established himself in his most loyal city of York, surrounded by an attached people and devoted army. He took his children with him.

The Parliament, representing this act as a declaration of public danger, raised an army to oppose that of the king, and gave the command to the Earl of Essex. The people rose at the voice of the Commons, and each town contributed numerous volunteers to swell the ranks of the Republicans.

Charles, greater in adversity than when on the throne, found in a decided course that resolution and light which had often failed him in the ambiguous struggles with a Parliament which he knew not either how to combat or

subdue. The nobility and citizens, less impressed than the lower orders by the doctrines of the Puritans, and less open to the seductions of the Parliamentary tribunes, for the most part espoused the party of the king. They were designated *Cavaliers*. London and the large cities, hotbeds of agitation and popular opinion, devoted themselves to the Parliament.

The Earl of Essex, an able but temporizing general, and more experienced in regular war than civil commotion, advanced at the head of fifteen thousand men against the king, whose camp contained only ten thousand.

The first encounter (doubtful in its result) between the two armies proved only the personal valor of the king. He fought more like a soldier than a monarch at the head of the foremost squadrons. Five thousand slain on both sides covered the field of battle. London trembled, but recovered confidence on learning that the king was too much weakened by the conflict to advance against the capital.

This first engagement, called the battle of Edge-Hill, though glorious for the arms of Charles, decided nothing. The almost universal fanaticism of the nation augmented incessantly the forces of the Parliament. The nobility, and soldiers of the regular troops, alone recruited the ranks of the king. The royal cause was defended only by an army; the cause of the rebels was upheld by the nation. A protracted war would exhaust the one, while it strengthened the other. "Let our enemies fight for their ancient honor," exclaimed the Republican Hampden in the House of Commons; "we combat for our religion."

The French embassador at Charles the First's court, notwithstanding his partiality for the royal cause, wrote thus to Cardinal Mazarin: "I am astonished to behold how little care the king takes of his life; untiring, laborious, patient under reverses, from morning till night he marches with the infantry, oftener on horseback than in a carriage. The soldiers appear to understand all the wants

and distresses of their sovereign; they content themselves cheerfully with the little he can do for them, and, without pay, advance boldly against troops better equipped and better armed than themselves. I observe all this with my own eyes. This prince, in whom misfortune reveals a dauntless hero, shows himself the most brave and judicious of monarchs, and endures with fortitude these terrible vicissitudes of politics and war. He delivers all orders himself, even to the most minute, and signs no papers without the most scrupulous examination. Often he alights from his horse, and marches on foot at the head of the army. He desires peace, but as he sees that peace has been unanimously rejected, he is compelled to have recourse to war. I think he will gain advantages at first, but his resources are too limited to allow of his maintaining them long."

The king had not even bread to give his soldiers, who demanded nothing from him but food. The history of these four years of unequal and erratic warfare resembles more the romantic life of an adventurer than the majestic struggle of a king against rebels in the midst of his armies and people. "At one time," says the faithful follower who preserved a journal of this momentous period, "we sleep in the palace of a bishop, at another in the hut of a wood-cutter. To-day the king dines in the open air, to-morrow he has not even a crust of bread to eat. On Sunday, at Worcester, we had no dinner; it was a dreadful day; we marched without tasting food from six in the morning until midnight. Another day we traveled for a long time on foot in the mountains, and the king tasted nothing but two small apples. We could often procure no food until two in the morning. We lay down with no shelter over us before the castle of Donnington." Again, the same chronicler says, "the king slept in his chariot on Bockonnok Heath; he had not dined. The next day he breakfasted with a poor widow on the borders of a forest."

The fortitude displayed by the king in struggling with his misfortunes, and his patient submission to the same privations and dangers, bound the soldiers to him by a feeling of personal attachment. They only desert kings who desert themselves. He resembled Henry Quatre fighting for his kingdom, with the same courage, but with unequal fortune. The sight of this constancy and resignation induced even some of his enemies in the counties they passed through to join the royal cause. "One of them, named Roswell, deserted the Parliamentary army, and joined the inferior forces of the king. Being taken prisoner by the Republicans, they interrogated him as to his motives for this defection. 'I passed,' replied Roswell, 'along a road which bordered the heath, where King Charles, surrounded only by a few faithful subjects, was seated, dividing a morsel of bread with his followers. I approached from curiosity, and was so struck with the gravity, sweetness, patience, and majesty of this prince, that the impression dwelt in my breast, and induced me to devote myself to his cause."

Charles concealed his feelings from his soldiers and attendants, lest he should display in the king the more permissible weakness of the man. One day, when he beheld Lord Litchfield, one of his most faithful and intrepid companions in arms, fall at his feet, struck mortally by a cannon-ball, he continued to give his orders and to fight with an appearance of insensibility which deceived every body. After having secured the retreat and saved the army by taking the command of the rear-guard, he ordered the troops to encamp, and then shut himself up in his tent to consider the operations of the morrow. He spent the night alone, writing; but his servants, on entering his tent at daybreak, perceived from his still moist eyes that a portion of the time, at least, had been occupied in weeping for Litchfield.

While Cromwell, his antagonist, who then fought against the king under Essex, spoke and acted with such mystical

excitement, that, according to the writers of the day, many looked upon this enthusiasm of religion as the effect of inebriety, Charles, as became a man who was grappling with misfortune, exhibited his recovered majesty by imperturbable serenity. "Never," wrote one of his generals, "have I beheld him exalted by success or depressed by reverses. The equality of his soul appears to defy fortune, and to rise superior to circumstances."

"He often," says another writer, "rode the whole night, and at break of day galloped up to the summit of some hill, that he might examine the position or movements of the Parliamentary army."

"Gentlemen," said he one day to a small group of Cavaliers who followed him, "it is morning; you had better separate; you have beds and families. It is time you should seek repose. I have neither house nor home; a fresh horse awaits me, and he and I must march incessantly by day and night. If God has made me suffer sufficient evils to try my patience, he has also given me patience to support these inflictions."

"Thus," said a poet of the age, "did he struggle for the maintenance of his rights; he rowed on without a haven of refuge in view. War increased the greatness of this king, not for the throne, but for posterity."

Our limits will not permit us to follow all the various changes of fortune that occurred during this four years' war between the king and his people; the longest, the most dramatic, and most diversified of all civil contests. Cromwell, who, at the beginning, commanded a regiment of cavalry in Essex's army, raised among his Huntingdon confederates, grew rapidly in the opinion of the whole camp, from the religious enthusiasm by which he was animated, and which he communicated to the soldiers. Less a warrior than an apostle, he sought martyrdom upon the field of battle rather than victory. Neither success, reverses, promotion, nor renown, diverted him from the one absorbing passion of his soul during this holy war.

The Earl of Essex, Lord Fairfax, Waller, Hampden, and Falkland, fought, yielded, or died, some for their prince, and others for their country and their faith. Cromwell alone never sustained a defeat. Elevated by the Parliament to the rank of general, he strengthened his own division by weeding and purifying it. He cared little for numbers provided his ranks were filled with fanatics. By sanctifying thus the cause, end, and motives of the war, he raised his soldiers above common humanity, and prepared them to perform impossibilities. The historians of both sides agree in allowing that this religious enthusiasm, inspired by Cromwell in the minds of his troops, transformed a body of factionaries into an army of saints. Victory invariably attended his encounters with the king's forces.* On examining and comparing his correspondence, as we have already done, at the various dates of his military life, we find that this piety of Cromwell was not an assumed, but a real enthusiasm. His letters show the true feelings of the man in the leader of his party; and the more convincingly, as they are nearly all addressed to his wife, sisters, daughters, and most intimate friends. Let us look over them, for each of these letters is another stroke of the pencil to complete the true portrait of this characteristic hero of the times.

First, we must give the description of his troops.

"The Puritan soldiers of Cromwell are armed with all kinds of weapons, clothed in all colors, and sometimes in rags. Pikes, halberds, and long straight swords are ranged side by side with pistols and muskets. Often he causes his troops to halt that he may preach to them, and frequently they sing psalms while performing their exercise. The captains are heard to cry, '*Present, fire! in the name of the Lord!*' After calling over the muster-roll, the officers read a portion of the New or Old Testament. Their colors are covered with symbolical paintings and verses from the Scriptures. They march to the Psalms of David, while the Royalists advance singing loose bacchanalian songs."

The license of the nobility and Cavaliers composing the king's regular troops could not prevail, notwithstanding their bravery, against these martyrs for their faith. The warriors who believe themselves the soldiers of God must sooner or later gain the victory over those who are only the servants of man. Cromwell was the first to feel this conviction, and predicted the fulfillment after the first battles in a letter to his wife.

"Our soldiers," wrote he the day after an engagement, "were in a state of exhaustion and lassitude such as I have never before beheld, but it pleased God to turn the balance in favor of this handful of men. Notwithstanding the disparity of numbers, we rushed horse against horse, and fought with sword and pistol for a considerable time. We obliged the enemy to retreat, and pursued them. I put their commander (the young Lord Cavendish, twenty-three years of age, and the flower of the court and army) to flight as far as the borders of a marsh, where his cavalry fell into the mire, and my lieutenant killed the young nobleman himself by a sword-thrust in his short ribs. We owe this day's victory more to God than to any human power. May he still be with us in what remains to do!"

He bestowed his fortune as well as his energies upon the cause which he considered sacred. "I declare," he wrote in the second year to his cousin St. John, "that the war in Ireland and England has already cost me £1200; this is the reason why I can no longer with my private purse assist the public treasury. I have bestowed on the cause my fortune and my faith. I put my trust in God, and for his name I would willingly lose my life. My companions, soldiers, and family would all do the same. My troops are daily augmented by men that you would esteem if you knew them — all true and exemplary believers." These soldiers were called "*Ironsides*," in allusion to their imperturbable confidence in God.

"My soldiers do not make an idol of me," said he, in another letter to the president of the Parliament; "I can

say truly that it is not upon me, but on you that their eyes are fixed, ready to fight and die for your cause. They are attached to their faith, not to their leader. We seek only the glory of the Most High. The Lord is our strength. Pray for us, and ask our friends to do so also."

"They say that we are factious," said he, some days after, to a friend, "and that we seek to propagate our religious opinions by force, a proceeding that we detest and abhor. I declare that I could not reconcile myself to this war if I did not believe that it was to secure the maintenance of our lawful rights, and in this just quarrel I hope to prove myself honest, sincere, and upright.

"Excuse me if I am troublesome; but I write rarely, and this letter affords me an opportunity, in the midst of the calumnies by which we are misrepresented, of pouring my feelings into the bosom of a friend."

He relates next to his colleague, Fairfax, an encounter that took place between his troops and an assembly of *Clubmen*, a neutral but armed party, whose patriotic feelings induced them to unite and throw themselves between the Parliamentarians and Royalists, that they might save their country from the calamities which stained it with blood.

"Having assured them," wrote Cromwell, "that we were only desirous of peace, and that we firmly intended to put a stop to all violence and pillage, I sent back their deputies, charging them to transmit my message to their employers. They fired on my troops, whereupon I charged theirs, and we made several hundred prisoners. Although they had treated some captives of our party with cruelty, I looked upon them as idiots, and set them at liberty."

There had long ceased to be any communication between the two extreme parties that divided the kingdom. The Royalists refused to temporize with a Parliament that fought against its king. The Parliamentarians had become Republican upon logical principles, having originally been factious from anger. The Biblical texts against

kings, commented upon by the Puritans in town and country, made the people and the army all Republicans, and thus Republican doctrines thenceforth became a part of the religion of the people. Cromwell, naturally indifferent to controversies purely political, could not assure the triumph of his own faith without associating it with the popular government. The established Church of England and the monarchy were one, in the person of Charles and every other sovereign of his race. The only safeguard of the Puritans was Republicanism. The clear sense of Cromwell made him decide upon dethroning the house of Stuart and establishing the *Reign of God.*

His conviction soon rendered him insensible to all spirit of pacification. He marched from victory to victory, and, although he did not yet assume the actual title of Lord-General-in-Chief of the Parliamentary army, he possessed all the authority of the office which public opinion could bestow upon him. The Parliament was only victorious where he fought, and he ascribed to God the praise and glory of his successes. "Sir," wrote he after the taking of Worcester and Bristol, "this is a fresh favor conferred on us by Heaven. You see that God does not cease to protect us. I again repeat, the Lord be praised for this, for it is his work."

All his dispatches and military notes show the same confidence in the divine intervention. "Whoever peruses the account of the battle of Worcester," said he, in concluding his narrative of this event, "must see that there has been no other hand in it but that of God. He must be an atheist," added he, with enthusiasm, "who is not convinced of this. Remember our soldiers in your prayers. It is their joy and recompense to think that they have been instrumental to the glory of God and the salvation of their country. He has deigned to make use of them, and those who are employed in this great work know that faith and prayer alone have enabled them to gain these victories and take these towns. Presbyterians,

Puritans, Independents, all are inspired with the same spirit of faith and prayer, asking the same things and obtaining them from on high. All are agreed in this. What a pity it is that they are not equally unanimous in politics! In spiritual things we employ toward our brethren no other constraint than that of reason. As to other matters, God has placed the sword in the hands of the Parliament to the terror of those who do evil. Should any one try to wrest this weapon from them, I trust they may be confounded. God preserve it in your hands."

In the interval between the campaigns, Cromwell had married two of his daughters; the youngest and dearest was united to the Republican Ireton. She was called Bridget. Her enlightened intellect and fervent piety made her the habitual confidante of all her father's religious feelings. We may trace in some scraps of his letters to this young female the constant preoccupation of his mind.

"I do not write to your husband, because he replies by a thousand letters to every one that I address to him. This makes him sit up too late; besides, I have many other things to attend to at present.

"Your sister Claypole (his eldest daughter) is laboring under troubled thoughts. She sees her own vanity and the evils of her carnal spirit, and seeks the only thing which will give her peace. Seek also, and you will gain the first place next to those who have found it. Every faithful and humble soul who struggles to gain such peace will assuredly find it in the end. Happy are those who seek; thrice happy are those who find! Who has ever experienced the grace of God without desiring to feel the fullness of its joy? My dear love, pray fervently that neither your husband nor any thing in the world may lessen your love for Christ. I trust that your husband may be to you an encouragement to love him more and serve him better. What you ought to love in him is the image of Christ that he bears in his person. Behold that,

prefer that, and love all else only for the sake of that. Farewell; I pray for you and him; pray for me."

Is this the style of a crafty, hypocritical politician, who would not even unmask himself before his favorite daughter? and whose most familiar family confidences are to be considered as unworthy tricks to deceive a world, not likely to read them during his lifetime?

This mysticism was not confined to the general, but imbued the hearts of the whole army. "While we were digging the mine under the castle"—thus he writes at a later period from Scotland—"Mr. Stapleton preached, and the soldiers who listened expressed their compunction by tears and groans."

"This is a glorious day," said he, after the victory of Preston; "God grant that England may prove worthy of, and grateful for his mercies." And after another defeat of the Royalists, in a letter to his cousin St. John, he says, as if he were overcome with gratitude, "I can not speak; I can say nothing but that the Lord my God is a great and glorious God, and he alone deserves by turns our fear and confidence. We ought always to feel that he is present, and that he will never fail his people. Let all that breathe praise the Lord. Remember me to my dear father, Henry Vane (his Parliamentary colleague, who was inflamed by the same religious and Republican zeal); may God protect us both. Let us not care for the light in which men regard our actions; for whether they think well or ill of them is according to the will of God; and we, as the benefactors of future ages, shall enjoy our reward and repose in another world—a world that will endure forever. Care not for the morrow, or for any thing else. The Scriptures are my great support. Read Isaiah, chapter viii., verses 11, 14. Read the entire chapter.

"One of my poor soldiers died at Preston. On the eve of the battle he was ill, and near his last moments; he besought his wife, who was cooking in his room, to bring him a handful of herbs. She did so, and holding the

green vegetable in his hand, he asked her if it would wither now that it was cut. 'Yes, certainly,' replied the poor woman. 'Well, remember, then,' said the dying man, 'that such will be the fate of the king's army:' and he expired with this prophecy on his lips."

Cromwell called the civil war an appeal to God. He defended the Parliament against those who reproached them for having carried the revolt too far, and asserted that they had been actuated by religious motives alone. He endeavored to rouse his friends from their hesitation and dislike of war by impressing them with the sanctity of their mission. This Mohammed of the North was endowed, under adverse circumstances, with the same unfailing resignation as the Mohammed of the East. The character of martyr became him as readily as that of victor. He had made himself the popular idol at the conclusion of these years of conflict, but never was he for an instant intoxicated by vainglory. "You see this crowd," said he, in a low voice to his friend Vane, on the day of his triumphant entry into London; "there would have been a much greater assemblage to see me hanged!"

His heart was on earth, his glory above. Nobody could govern the people better; and in governing, he did not think he had the right to despise them, for the lowest are God's creatures. He merely desired to rule, that he might serve them. He cared not for permanent empire; he had no desire to found a dynasty. He was nothing more than an interregnum. God removed him when he had achieved his work and established his faith by assuring the right of liberty of conscience to the people.

In the mean time, the bravery of the king and the fidelity of his partisans prolonged the struggle with varied success.

The queen, impatient again to behold her husband and children, had returned to England with re-enforcements from Holland and France. The admiral who commanded the Parliamentary fleet, not having been able to prevent

the disembarkation of the queen, approached the coast on which she had landed, and fired during the whole night at the cottage which served as an asylum for the heroic Henrietta. She was obliged to escape half-clothed from the ruins of the hut, and seek shelter behind a hill from the artillery of her own subjects. She at length joined the king, to whom love imparted fresh courage.

In a battle with equal forces at Marston Moor, Charles commanded in person against the army led by Cromwell.* Fifty thousand men, children of the same soil, dyed their native land with blood! The king, who, during the early part of the day, was victorious, in the evening being abandoned by his principal generals and a portion of his troops, was forced to retire into the North.

During the retreat, he ventured to attack the Earl of Essex, generalissimo of the Parliament, who, being surprised and vanquished, embarked and returned to London without his army.

The Parliament, after the example of the Romans, thanked their general for not having despaired of his country, and appointed him to the command of fresh levies. Essex, re-enforced by Cromwell and the Earl of Manchester, routed the king at Newbury; but, though victorious, he became weary of the dissensions which existed in the army, and was replaced by Fairfax, a model of patriotism and a hero in battle, yet incapable of directing war on the grand scale. The modesty of Fairfax induced him to ask for Cromwell as his lieutenant and adviser. These two chiefs united, deprived the king of all hopes of reconquering England, and scarcely left him the choice of a field of battle. Fairfax, Cromwell, and Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law, attacked and vanquished the royal forces at Naseby. The remnants of Charles's last supporters were successively destroyed by Fairfax and Cromwell.

* This is a mistake Charles was not present at Marston Moor, and Fairfax, not Cromwell, commanded in chief on the side of the Parliament —Tr.

While England was thus gliding rapidly from the grasp of the king, a young hero, the Earl of Montrose, raised, by a chivalric combination, the Royalist cause in Scotland, and gained a battle against the Puritans of that kingdom. Montrose's brave mountaineers, more qualified, like our own Vendéeans, for dashing exploits than regular campaigns, having dispersed after the victory to visit their families, he was attacked by the Puritans during their absence, and lost in one day all that he had gained in many gallant actions. He was obliged to take refuge in the mountains, and hide himself from his enemies under various disguises; but the remarkable beauty of his features betrayed him; he was recognized, taken prisoner, and ignominiously executed. His death was as sublime as his enterprise had been heroic. He died a martyr of fidelity to his king, as while living he had been his firmest friend.

Charles, who now only retained about his person a handful of Cavaliers, wrote to his wife that as he could no longer fight as a king, he wished to die like a soldier. He once more compelled the queen, his only object of anxiety, to embark for the Continent, and succeeded in conducting the wreck of his army to Oxford. He left that place in the night, by a secret portal, accompanied only by three gentlemen, and reached, without being recognized, the summit of Harrow-on-the-Hill, from whence he for a long time contemplated his capital, deliberating whether he should enter the city, and throw himself upon the mercy of the Parliament, or embarrass them by his presence. Then, changing his mind, he, with a slender hope, proceeded to join the Scottish army, acting in alliance with his enemies, but which had not as yet, like the English, totally abjured their fidelity to the crown.

The generals of the Scottish forces, astonished at his arrival, and not daring at first to deceive his confidence, received him with the honors due to their sovereign, and appointed him a guard, intended more to watch than to defend him. These outward distinctions ill concealed the

fact of his captivity. Negotiations were again opened between Charles and the Parliament. The conditions proposed by the latter actually involved the abdication of the throne, and anticipated the Constitution of 1791, imposed by the Legislative Assembly and the Jacobins upon Louis the Sixteenth. The king refused to agree to them.

During these negotiations, the Scottish army in the most base and treacherous manner sold the liberty of the prince who had trusted to their honor, and consented to deliver him up to the Parliament for the sum of three millions sterling;* a Jewish traffic, which, from that day to this, has been an enduring stigma on the name of Scotland.

The Scotch Parliament at first refused to ratify the bargain, but the popular and fanatical party of their own clergymen compelled them to do so. Charles the First was playing at chess in his room at the moment when they brought the dispatch which deprived him of the last illusion he had indulged in with regard to his fate. He had become, from habitual adversity, so resigned, and possessed such command over himself, that he continued his game with undiminished attention, and without even a change of color, so that the spectators began to doubt if it were really the order for his arrest that he had perused.

Delivered up that evening by the Scotch to the Parliamentary commissioners, he traversed as a captive, but without insult, and even amid tokens of respect and the tears of the people, the counties which separated Scotland from Holmby, the place chosen as his prison. He there endured a confinement often rigorous even to brutality. The Parliament and army, who were already at variance, disputed the possession of the prisoner. Cromwell, who had excited in the troops a fanaticism equal to his own, and who feared lest the Parliament, now master of the king's person, should enter into a compromise with royalty fatal to the interests of the republic, the only guarantee in

* M. De Lamartine has mistaken the sum, which did not exceed £500,000.—Tr.

his opinion for the security of the Puritan faith, without the knowledge of Fairfax, his immediate commander, sent one of his officers at the head of five hundred chosen men to carry off the king. Charles, who foresaw a worse fate at the hands of the soldiers than of the people, vainly attempted to resist the emissary and orders of Cromwell. At length he yielded, and reluctantly submitted to his new jailers. He was then conducted to the army, in the close vicinity of Cambridge.

The Parliament, indignant at this assumptive authority on the part of the army, demanded that the king should be delivered up to them. The army, already accustomed to place itself above the civil power, declared rebelliously against the Parliament and Fairfax, in favor of Cromwell, whom they placed at their head, and marched upon London, forcing their generals to accompany them. The Parliament, intimidated, stopped their advance at the gates of the capital by conceding all their demands.

From that day the Parliament became as much subjugated by the army, as the king had formerly been controlled by the Parliament, and sank into the mere tool of Cromwell. He himself purged the Legislative Assembly of those members who had shown the greatest opposition to the troops. Cromwell and Fairfax treated the king with more consideration than the Parliamentary commissioners had shown. They permitted him to see his wife and younger children, who until then had been retained in London. Cromwell, himself a father, being present at the interview between Charles and his family, shed tears of emotion. At that moment the man triumphed over the sectarian. Up to that time he believed that his cause required only the dethronement, not the sacrifice of the king. He showed toward his captive all the respect and compassion compatible with his safe custody. He always spoke with the tenderest admiration of Charles's personal virtues, and the amiable light in which he shone forth as a husband and a parent.

Charles, touched by this respect, and holding even in prison a shadow of his court, said to Cromwell and his officers, "You are driven back to me by necessity; you can not do without me; you will never succeed in satisfying the nation for the loss of the sovereign authority." The king now looked for better things from the army than from the Parliament. A royal residence was appointed for him, the palace of Hampton Court; and he there became, although a prisoner, the centre and arbitrator of the negotiations between the principal factions, who each wished to strengthen themselves with his name by associating him to their cause.

The three leading parties were the army, the Parliament, and the Scotch. Cromwell and his son-in-law, Ireton, were confident in their personal influence over the king; an accident undeceived them. The king, having written a private letter to his wife, charged one of his confidential servants to conceal this letter in his horse's saddle, and convey it to Dover, where the fishing boats served to transmit his correspondence to the Continent. Cromwell and Ireton, who had some suspicion of the nature of this missive, resolved to ascertain by personal examination the private sentiments of the king. Informed of the departure of the messenger, and of the manner in which he had concealed the letter, they mounted their horses and rode that night to Windsor, which place they reached some hours before the emissary of the king.

"We alighted at the inn, and drank beer for a portion of the night," said Cromwell, subsequently, "until our spy came to announce that the king's messenger had arrived. We arose, advanced with drawn swords toward the man, and told him we had an order to search all who entered or quitted the inn. We left him in the street, and carried his saddle into the room where we had been drinking, and having opened it, we took from thence the letter, and then returned the saddle to the messenger without his suspecting that it had been despoiled. He departed, imagining

that he had preserved the secret. After he was gone, we read the king's letter to his wife. He told her that each faction was anxious that he should join them, but he thought he ought to conclude with the Scotch in preference to any other. We returned to the camp, and seeing that our cause had nothing to expect from the king, from that moment we resolved on his destruction."

The guard was doubled, but the king eluded their vigilance. Followed only by Berkeley and Ashburnham, his two confidential friends, he crossed Windsor forest by night, and hastened toward the sea-shore, where the vessel appointed to await him was not to be seen. He then sought a safe and independent asylum in the Isle of Wight, the strong castle of which, commanded by an officer he believed devoted to his service, promised him security. He expected from thence to treat freely with his people, but he found too late that he was a prisoner in the castle, where he had supposed himself master.

Charles passed the winter in negotiations with the commissioners appointed by the Parliament. During these vain discussions, Cromwell, Ireton, and the most fanatical of the officers, uneasy at delay, assembled at Windsor in secret council, and after having in their enthusiasm implored with prayers and tears that they might be endowed with spiritual light, they took the resolution of proclaiming the republic, of bringing the king to trial, and of sacrificing him to the welfare of the nation. "There will be no peace," cried they, "for the people, no security for the Saints, so long as this prince, even within the walls of a prison, is made the instrument of factious treaties, the secret hope of the ambitious, and an object of pity to the nation."

Implacable religion inspired the fanatics, fear impelled the base, ambition excited the daring, and the individual passion of each appeared in the eyes of all as the announced decree of Heaven. The consummation was decided on without a dissentient voice. From this day forth,

the crime already accomplished in the anticipation of Cromwell visibly appears to disorder his mind, to deprive his religion of its innocence, his words of their sincerity, his actions of their piety, and to associate fatally in all his conduct the craftiness of ambition and the cruelty of the executioner with the superstitious bigotry of the sectarian. His soul is no longer clear; it becomes obscure and enigmatical for the world as well as for himself. He wavers between the fanatic and the assassin. Just punishment of a criminal resolution, which assumes that the interest of a cause conveys the right of life and death over the victim, and employs murder as the means of producing the triumph of virtue.

At the same moment when the conspirators of Windsor decreed the arrest of Charles, he himself pronounced his own sentence in breaking off the rigorous negotiations with the Parliament, and in refusing to affix his signature to the degradation of the royal authority. From that time forward his captivity was no longer disguised under the outward semblance of honor and respect. Shut up in the keep of a strong castle, and deprived of all communication with his friends, he had no society during a long winter but that of an old domestic who lit his fire and brought in his food. Throughout this protracted and painful solitude, with a menacing fate present to his imagination, and the waves of the ocean bursting on his ears, he fortified his mind, naturally courageous, though tender, by the aid of religion, and prepared for the death with which all parties combined to threaten him. His life constituted a pledge which each faction was afraid to leave in the hands of their opponents. None of them hated the man, but all were equally anxious to get rid of the monarch. His death, like that of the proscribed victims of Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus at Rome, became the mutual sacrifice, reciprocally demanded by opposing ambition or baseness.

Another faction, still more radical—that of the *Levelers*,

the religious communists of the day—had already begun to spread among the troops of Cromwell, armed, after his example, with texts from the Old and New Testament, interpreted by them as ordaining a perfect equality of all classes, and an impartial division of the gifts bestowed by Heaven on man. This sect, which Cromwell had, without his own knowledge, excited, he energetically and promptly suppressed in the blood of several of his own soldiers. In proportion as he approached supreme authority and exercised uncontrolled command, the religionist gave way to the politician. In his soul the spirit of sectarianism disappeared under the desire of rule. He banished to heaven all those sublimated theories, saintly in their essence, but utterly inapplicable to human institutions. His clear natural sense impressed on him the necessity of power and the sacredness of personal property, the two leading instincts of public and domestic government. He repaired to London, purified the Parliament, through the agency of Colonel Pride, of those members who were opposed to him, and proclaimed the republic under the title of an Assembly, or Convention of the People.

The army and the Parliament, instigated by the Puritans and Republicans, determined on the king's trial. Cromwell appeared to hesitate before the enormity of the outrage. From his place in the House, he spoke, more in the tone of an inspired enthusiast than a rational politician, and appeared to surrender his consent under the influence of a supernatural impression. "If any one," said he, with an extravagant emotion which approached insanity, "had voluntarily proposed to me to judge and punish the king, I should have looked upon him as a prodigy of treason; but since Providence and necessity have imposed this burden on us, I pray Heaven to bless your deliberations, although I am not prepared to advise you in this weighty matter. Shall I confess to you," added he, in a tone and attitude of inward humiliation, "that

when, a short time since, I offered up a prayer for the preservation of his majesty, I felt my tongue cleave to my palate? I took this extraordinary sensation as an unfavorable answer from Heaven, rejecting my humble entreaty." This expression recalled the "*Jacta est alea*" of Cæsar, when he pushed his horse into the Rubicon. But the Rubicon of Cromwell was the blood of an innocent man and a sovereign, shed by the crime and ingratitude of his people.

The Parliament, carried away by the animosity and vehemence of the common excitement, decreed the trial. Colonel Harrison, the son of a butcher, brutal in manners and sanguinary in disposition, was sent to conduct the king from the Isle of Wight as a victim for the shambles. Charles, passing through Windsor, under the shadow of the royal castle of his ancestors, heard a voice choked with tears, which addressed him through the bars of a dungeon: "My master! my beloved master! is it really you that I behold again, and in this condition?" The words proceeded from one of his old servants, Hamilton, a prisoner, and, like himself, destined for the scaffold. The king recognized him, and replied, "Yes, it is I, and this is what I have always wished to suffer for my friends." The savage Harrison would not permit any further conversation, but forced the king to accelerate his pace. Hamilton followed him with his eyes, his gestures, and his speech.

A high court of justice, nominally composed of 333 members, but of which 70 alone assumed their places, awaited the arrival of the monarch in London. He was lodged in his own palace of Whitehall, now for the occasion converted into a prison.

It was difficult to recognize the noble countenance of the captive, still stamped with its usual characteristics of grace, majesty, and serenity. During his solitary confinement in the castle of Carisbrook, he had allowed his beard to grow, and the gloomy shade of his dungeon appeared to have given an unnatural pallor to his complexion. He

was habited in mourning, as if in anticipation of death. He had abandoned all hopes on earth; his looks and thoughts were now centered solely on eternity. No victim was ever more thoroughly prepared to submit to human injustice. The judges assembled in the vast Gothic Hall of Westminster, the palace of the Commons. At the first calling over of the list of members destined to compose the tribunal, when the name of Fairfax was pronounced without response, a voice from the crowd of spectators cried out, "He has too much sense to be here." When the act of accusation against the king was read, in the name of *the people of England*, the same voice again replied, "Not one tenth of them!" The officer commanding the guard ordered the soldiers to fire upon the gallery from whence these rebellious words proceeded, when it was discovered that they had been uttered by Lady Fairfax, the wife of the Lord General. This lady, originally induced to adopt the cause of the Parliament from party spirit and attachment to the opinions of her husband, now trembled with him at the consequences of their own act, and redeemed by a courageous expression of indignation and pity the mischief they had promoted by leading the sufferer to the feet of his judges.

The king listened to this avowal of repentance, and forgave Fairfax in his heart for the victories which he had tempered with mercy, and the success he had used with moderation. The act of accusation was read to him, drawn up after the customary formula, in which the words traitor, murderer, and public enemy were, as usual, freely applied by the conquering to the vanquished party. He listened to them unmoved, with the calm superiority of innocence. Determined not to degrade the inviolable majesty of kings, of which he conceived himself the depositary and responsible representative, he replied that he would never stoop to justify himself before a self-elected tribunal of his own subjects—a tribunal which the religion as well as the laws of England equally forbade him to acknowl-

edge. "I shall leave to God," said he, in conclusion, "the care of my defense, lest by answering I should acknowledge in you an authority which has no better foundation than that of robbers and pirates, and thus draw on my memory the reproach of posterity, that I had myself betrayed the Constitution of the country, instead of selecting the more estimable and enviable fate of a martyr."

The president, Bradshaw, repelled this noble recusancy of the king as an act of blasphemy; his words, in which personal hatred superseded dignity and justice, mingled the bitterness of a revolted subject with the calmness of an impartial judge. The soldiers with whom Cromwell had surrounded the hall imitated the example of Bradshaw, and heaped insults upon their former sovereign, now their prisoner. As he passed through their ranks on his return to Whitehall, he was assailed with cries of "Death!" on every side, and some even spat in his face. Charles, without irritation, or feeling himself degraded by these intemperate ebullitions, raised his eyes to heaven in pious resignation, and bethought him of the patience of the sacred founder of the faith he professed, under similar outrages. "Poor wretches!" exclaimed he, to those who accompanied him, "they would do the same to-morrow to their own officers for the trifling remuneration of sixpence." The unsteady temper of the army, alternately the tool of all parties, had struck his mind forcibly since the Revolution, and inspired him with pity rather than with anger.

A single veteran protested against the base venality of his comrades. As he saw the discrowned monarch pass before him, he fell on his knees, and with a loud voice called for the blessing of Heaven on that royal and unhonored head. The officers indignantly struck him with their swords, and punished his prayer and compassion as a double crime. Charles turned his head aside, and uttered mildly, "Truly, the punishment was too heavy for the offense." The populace, overawed by the soldiers, re-

mained immovable spectators of the trial, and confined themselves to expressing by a mournful silence their repugnance at being compelled to submit to this national tragedy.

It was expected by many that the army, having obtained the sentence of their sovereign, would spare England the disgrace of the punishment. The king himself had no longer hope in man. The Republicans were determined not to acknowledge the rights of his children to the crown, which might be construed into a superstitious weakness in favor of monarchy. Cromwell, however, did not conceal from himself the certainty of a restoration after a temporary eclipse. He knew the dispositions of men too well to suppose that he could found a dynasty of his own blood. He had ever too much religious disinterestedness to desire that selfish glory. The transitory nature of earthly grandeur disappeared in his eyes when compared with futurity. His eternal safety was at the bottom, the leading point of his ambition; but he was desirous that the republic, cemented by the blood of the king, and thus protected from monarchical enterprises, should last at least until religious liberty was too solidly founded in the three kingdoms for either the Romish or Anglican Church ever again to interfere with the unshackled freedom of conscience. Every thing in the confidential letters and private conversations of Cromwell with his family at this epoch proves that he had no other object in surrendering Charles the First to the scaffold. An utter disregard of selfish motives at this momentous crisis of his life hid from him the ferocity and iniquity of the act, and enabled him, when once his inspiration was examined and obeyed, to assume that calmness of demeanor and imperturbable serenity of countenance which historians have described as cruelty, but which, in fact, was only fanaticism.

This singular tranquillity, which M. Villemain has eloquently designated the *gayety of crime*, signified itself by the most repulsive words and questions during the last

days of the trial. The military sectarian appears to have entirely replaced the man of human sympathies in Cromwell—a tender husband to his wife, a father affectionate even to weakness to his own children, he spared neither the husband, nor the father, nor the children in the victim he offered up to Heaven, as if he had been a leader under the old law, commanded by an implacable prophet of the Bible to sacrifice a king, the enemy of his people. From the records of those scriptural times he had impressed his heart with their ferocity. He grasped the knife of the executioner with a hand as obedient as that which had hitherto wielded the sword. The punishment of Charles the First was less an English than a Jewish murder. Cromwell with difficulty granted the respite of three days, which Charles demanded after his sentence was pronounced, to prepare for death, and to administer his last consolation to his absent wife, and children who were with him. He deluded, by miserable and ironical subterfuges, the pity and indecision of the other generals less hardened than himself, and who earnestly represented to him the enormity, the uselessness, and the barbarism of the execution. He equally evaded the remonstrances of the foreign embassadors, who offered to purchase the life of Charles by large subsidies to England, and an enormous tribute to himself. He pitilessly set aside the intercession of his near relative, Colonel Sir John Cromwell. He answered all by the oracle and inspiration repeatedly consulted in his prayers, and to which he declared, in spite of tears and entreaties, that there was but one answer—*Death!* Another of his relations, Colonel Ingoldsby, entered the hall accidentally while the officers were signing the sentence of the Parliament, and refused to set his name to an act that his conscience disapproved. Cromwell rose from his seat, and clasping Ingoldsby in his arms, as if the death-warrant of the king was a camp frolic, carried him to the table, and guiding the pen in his hand, forced him to sign, with a laugh and a joke. When

all had affixed their names, Cromwell, as if unable to contain his joy, snatched the pen from the fingers of the last, dipped it anew in the ink, and smeared the face of his next neighbor, either thinking or not thinking that in that ink he beheld the blood of his king.

Never before had there been exhibited such a striking contrast between the murderer and his victim—the fanatic and the man of genuine piety. While Cromwell sported thus with the sword in his hand, the three days of respite accorded to the king by the *decorum* of political justice unveiled to the world all that the heart of a monarch, a man, a husband, a father, a Christian could contain of heroism, manly tenderness, resignation, immortal hope, and holy reliance.

These last hours were entirely employed, minute by minute, by Charles, in living to the last with the superhuman self-possession of a sage whose whole existence had been an apprenticeship to death, or of a man who saw before him the certainty of a protracted life. His resigned conversations, his pious exercises, his severe scrutiny, without indulgence or weakness, of his own conscience, his examination of his past conduct, his remorse for having sacrificed Strafford, to smooth a difficulty in his reign which became more insurmountable toward the end; his royal and patriotic anxieties respecting the fate of the kingdom, which he left to all the hazards of a gloomy future; finally, the revived feelings of love for a young, beautiful, and adored wife, and the agonizing thoughts of a father for the children of tender age still in England in the hands of his inveterate enemies—all these conflicting emotions filled those funereal days and nights with worldly cares, with tears of anguish, with recommendations of his soul to Heaven, and, above all, with an earnest of eternal peace —that peace from above which descends through the vaulted roof of the dungeon, and nestles in the heart of the just and innocent. Of all modern historical sufferings, including those of Louis the Sixteenth in the Temple, the

end of Charles the First bears the most striking resemblance to the end of an ancient philosopher. Royalty and religion add to both something even more august and divine than we can discover in any of the earlier examples. The throne and the scaffold appear to be divided by a more immeasurable abyss than the narrow interval which separates ordinary life and death. The greater the portion of earthly grandeur and happiness we are called upon to abandon, so much more sublime is the philosophy which can renounce it with a tranquil smile. But, although the virtue of the two monarchs is equal, that of Charles is the most brilliant; for Charles the First was a hero, while Louis the Sixteenth was only a saint. In Charles there was the courage of a great man, while in Louis there was only the resignation of an exemplary martyr.

Nature nevertheless (and herein consists the pathetic sublimity of his last hours, for nothing is truly beautiful which departs from nature) combated without subduing his firmness, when it became necessary to take leave of his beloved children. These were the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester, scarcely old enough to weep for the parent they were about to lose. Their mother had rescued the others, including the Prince of Wales, from the power of Parliament. She kept them in France, to preserve the succession and revenge their father. Her daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, was endowed with reason and maturity of feeling beyond her age. The vicissitudes, the flights, the imprisonments, the domestic woes of the family, to which she had been accustomed from her cradle, had strengthened her intellect by misfortune, and given her a precocity superior to her years. Her father delighted to recognize in her the grace and sensibility of her absent mother, whom she replaced in the last confidence of the dying husband. He consoled himself with the idea that she would retain the vivid impression of his farewell thoughts, and transmit them still glowing with tenderness to his beloved partner. "Tell her," said he to his

young daughter, "that throughout the whole course of our union I have never, even in imagination, violated the fidelity I pledged to her, more from choice than duty, and that my love will only expire with the minutes which terminate my existence. I shall end by loving her here below, to recommence my affection again through all eternity."

Then taking the little Duke of Gloucester, who was only five years old, upon his knees, and desiring to impress upon the mind of the infant, by a tragical image, the counsel which through him he addressed to all the family, "My child," said he, "they are going to cut off thy father's head!" The boy gazed with anxious and astonished looks upon the countenance of the speaker. "Yes," continued the king, seeking to fix the terrible remembrance by repetition, "they will cut off my head, and perhaps may make thee king! But pay attention to my words; thou must not be made a king by them while thy elder brothers Charles and James are living. They will cut off their heads also, if they can lay hands on them, and will end by cutting off thine. I therefore command thee never to be made a king by them."

The child, who was impressed with the mournful scene and solemn warning, appeared suddenly struck by a light, and a sense of obedience beyond his age. "No," he replied, "I will not consent: they shall never make me a king. I will be torn to pieces first!" Charles, in this infantine heroism, recognized a voice from heaven, which assured him that his posterity would be true to themselves in seeking to restore the throne after his decease. He shed tears of joy as he surrendered back the Duke of Gloucester to the arms of the jailers.

From his chamber in the palace of Whitehall he could distinctly hear the noise of the workmen, who were hastily employed, night and day, in erecting the timber-work of the scaffold on which he was to suffer. These preparations, which multiplied while they anticipated the keen sensations of his approaching death, neither disturbed his

sleep nor interrupted his conversations.* On the morning of his execution he rose before the dawn. He called Herbert, the only attendant allowed to wait upon him, and instructed him to bestow more than ordinary care on his apparel, *befitting such a great and happy solemnity*, as he designed it—*the close of his earthly troubles, and the commencement of his eternal happiness.* He passed some time in private prayer with the Bishop of London, the venerable and eloquent Juxon, a man worthy by his virtue to comprehend, console, and emulate his death. Already they communicated with heaven. The officers of Cromwell interrupted them to announce that the hour of execution had struck, and that the scaffold waited for the victim. It was fixed against the palace, facing the great square of Whitehall, and was reached by passing through a gallery on the same floor. Charles walked with a slow and steady step, which sought not to hasten the last moment, as if, by an involuntary emotion of human weakness, the victim desired to anticipate the hour appointed by Heaven. A dense mass of Cromwell's troops surrounded the place of execution. The inhabitants of London, and strangers from the neighboring districts, crowded the open space in front, the roofs of the houses, the trees, and the balconies on every side, from which it was possible to obtain a glimpse of the proceedings. Some came to see, others to rejoice, but by far the greater portion to shudder and weep. Cromwell, well knowing the general impression of horror which the death of the king would convey to the minds of the people, and which they looked upon as a species of deicide, was determined to prevent the favorable effect his last words might produce, and removed the crowd of citizens beyond the reach of a human voice.* Colonel Tomlinson,

* M. De Lamartine appears to have followed Hume in this account; but it is certain that King Charles slept at St. James's Palace on the night that preceded his execution, and walked through the Park, attended by the guards, to the Banqueting House at Whitehall, where the scaffold was erected.

selected especially to guard the prisoner and conduct him to the block, was overcome by the consistent spectacle of intrepidity, resignation, and majesty which the royal victim exhibited. The jailer had been converted into the friend and consoler of his captive. The other officers had also experienced the softening of hatred, and involuntary respect for innocence, which Providence often reserves for the condemned as the last adieu of earth, and a tardy acknowledgement of human justice. Surrounded by this cortège of relenting enemies or weeping friends, Charles, standing erect, and more a king than ever, on the steps of his eternal throne, assumed the privilege awarded in England to every sentenced criminal, of speaking the last words in his own cause.

After having clearly demonstrated that he only performed his duty in appealing to arms when the Parliament had first resorted to that alternative, and that he was called upon to defend in the royal prerogative a fundamental principle of the Constitution, for which he was responsible to his successors, to his people, and to God himself, he acknowledged with true Christian humility that, although innocent before the law of the crimes for which he was about to suffer, his conscience told him that he had been guilty of many faults and weaknesses, for which he accepted without a murmur his present death as a meet and salutary expiation. "I basely ratified," said he, in allusion to the fate of Strafford, "an unjust sentence, and the similar injustice I am now to undergo is a seasonable retribution for the punishment I inflicted on an innocent man. I hold none among you responsible for the death to which I am condemned by divine decree, and which works its ends by human instruments. I lay not my blood on you or on my people, and demand no other compensation for my punishment than the return of peace, and a revival of the fidelity which the kingdom owes to my children."

At these words every eye was suffused with tears. He concluded by bidding adieu to those who had been his

subjects, and by a last solemn invocation to the only Judge to whom he was now responsible. Sighs alone were heard during the intervals which marked those last outpourings of his heart. He spoke, and was silent. Bishop Juxon, who attended him to the last moment, as he approached the block, said to him, "Sire, there is but one step more, a sharp and short one! Remember that in another second you will ascend from earth to heaven, and that there you will find in an infinite and inexhaustible joy the reward of your sacrifice, and a crown that shall never pass away."

"My friend," replied Charles, interrupting him with perfect composure, "I go from a corruptible crown to an incorruptible one, and which, as you say, I feel convinced I shall possess forever without trouble or anxiety."

He was proceeding to speak further, when, perceiving one of the assistants stumble against the weapon of the executioner, which lay by the side of the block, and who, by blunting the edge, might increase the sensation of the blow, "Touch not the axe!" he exclaimed, in a loud voice, and with an expression of anger. He then prayed again for a few moments in a low tone, and approaching Bishop Juxon to embrace him for the last time, while pressing his hand with fervor, uttered in a solemn tone the single word, "*Remember!*" This enigmatical expression, which afterward received many mysterious and forced interpretations, was simply a repetition of what he had already instructed Juxon to convey to his children when they grew up and became kings—to forgive their enemies. Juxon bowed without speaking, which indicated implicit obedience to his royal master's wishes. The king knelt down, and calmly inclined his head upon the block. Two men in masks laid hold of Charles respectfully, and arranged him in a suitable position. One of them then raised the axe, and severed his head at a single blow. The other lifted it up, still streaming with blood, and exhibiting it to the people, cried out, "Behold the head of a traitor!"

A general murmur of disapprobation arose simultaneously from that vast crowd when they heard those words, which seemed to surpass the outrage of the execution itself. The tears of the nation protested against the ferocious butchery of the army. England felt as if she had laid upon herself the crime and future punishment of parricide. Cromwell was all-powerful, but detested. In him, the murderer was thenceforward associated with the politician and the hero. Liberty could no longer voluntarily bend under the iron rule of a man who had thus abused his authority and reputation. He ceased to govern except by the influence of the army, whose complicity he had purchased, who obeyed without reasoning, and who had no conscience beyond their pay. He reached the dictatorship through the avenues of crime. The Parliament had already become too subservient to the army, and too much estranged from the popular feeling of England to offer any opposition to the views of Cromwell. To obtain a protector, they were forced to accept a master; they had voted for the suppression of monarchy, but not for the establishment of slavery. The royal children embarrassed them. It was debated whether or not the Princess Elizabeth should be apprenticed to a button-maker in the city; but this, the beloved daughter of her father, more susceptible of grief than her young brother, died of the shock occasioned by the king's execution. The Duke of Gloucester was permitted to join his mother in France.

A terrible book, the posthumous work and justification of Charles the First, entitled "Eikon Basilike," came forth like a subterranean voice from the tomb which had scarcely closed over the king, and excited the conscience of England even to delirium. It was the appeal of memory and virtue to posterity. This book, spreading with rapidity among the peeople and throughout Europe, commenced a second trial, an eternal process between kings and their judges. Cromwell, intimidated by the universal murmur which this publication excited against him, sought among

his partisans a living voice sufficiently potent to counterbalance that of the dead.

He found Milton, the most epic of poets, and the only candidate for immortality among the Republicans of England. Milton had just returned from Italy; there he had imbibed, with the dust of many a Brutus and Cassius, the miasmas of political assassination, justified, according to his notions, by individual tyranny. He had contracted, in his literary commerce with the great popular celebrities of history, the noble passion of Republican liberty. He saw in Charles the First a tyrant; in Cromwell, a liberator. He thought to serve the oppressed cause of the people by combating the dogma of the inviolability of the persons and lives of kings, but in this particular instance he was base enough to plead the cause of the murderer against the victim. His book on regicide paralyzed the world. These are questions to be probed with the sword, and never with the pen. Whenever the death of one by the hands of many forms the basis of a polemical principle, that death is an act of cowardice, if not of criminality; and a just and generous mind abstains from defending it, either in mercy or from conviction. Milton's book, rewarded by the gratitude of Cromwell, and by the place of secretary to the new Council of State under the Republican government, is a stain of blood on the pure page of his reputation. It became effaced in his old age, when, blind, indigent, and proscribed, like Homer, he celebrated, after his example, in a divine poem, the early innocence of man, the revolt of the infernal powers, the factions of the heavenly agents, and the triumph of eternal justice over the spirit of evil.

Cromwell, compelled to support tyranny by imposing silence, ordered his Parliament to interdict the liberty of the press. He trembled for a moment before the popular faction of the Levelers, who wished to erect on evangelical equality the anti-social consequence of a community of lands and goods. For the second time he discovered that every dictator who abandoned public and domestic rights

to these wild dreams, subversive of proprietorship and hereditary right (the only conditions on which human institutions can subsist), would soon become a chief of banditti, and not the head of a government. His strong sense showed him the impossibility of reasoning with such extreme doctrines, and the necessity of utterly extirpating their advocates. "There can be no middle course here," exclaimed he to the Parliament and the leaders of the army; "we must reduce this party to dust, or must submit to be scattered into dust by them." The Levelers vanished at the word, as they disappeared some years later before the insurrection of London under Charles the Second, and as the impossible will ever give way before the really practicable.

But all the opposing factions, whether in the Parliament or the army, agreed in calling upon Cromwell to reduce rebellious and anarchical Ireland. He set out in regal state, in a carriage drawn by six horses, escorted by a squadron of guards, and attended by the Parliament and Council of State, who accompanied him as far as Brentford. The Marquis of Ormond, who commanded the forces of the Royalists, was defeated near Dublin. Cromwell converted his victories into massacres, and pacified Ireland through a deluge of blood. Recalled to London, after nine months of combats and executions, by the commotions in Scotland, he left Ireland to the care of his son-in-law and lieutenant, Ireton.

The Royalist cause sprang up anew under his feet from its subverted foundations. The Prince of Wales, the eldest son of Charles the First, and now king by the execution of his father, but abandoned and shamefully banished from France by the complaisance of Cardinal Mazarin for Cromwell, had taken refuge in Holland, and afterward in the little island of Jersey, to watch the favorable moment for re-entering England through the avenue of Scotland. The Scotch Parliament, composed of fanatical Presbyterians, as hostile to the Independent faith of Cromwell as

to the Papacy itself, treated for the throne with the Prince of Wales. They only required of him, in acknowledgment of his restoration in Scotland, the recognition of their national church. This church was a species of biblical mysticism, savage, and calling itself inspired, founded on the ruins of the Romish faith by a prophet named John Knox, with the sword in his hand, excommunication on his lips, and superstition in his heart—the true religion of civil war, replacing one intolerance for another, and adding to the natural ferocity of the people the most ridiculous assumption of extreme sanctity. Scotland at that time resembled a Hebrew tribe, governed by a leader assuming divine inspiration, interpreted through his disciples and priests. It was the theocracy of madness, and the practice was worthy of the dogma. An honest superstition in some, a sombre hypocrisy in others, impressed on the manners, the government, and the army itself, an austerity and remorseless piety, which gave to this insurrection against Catholicism the silence, the terrors, and the flaming piles of the Spanish Inquisition. The Prince of Wales, young, handsome, thoughtless, voluptuous, and unbelieving—a true English Alcibiades—condemned to govern a nation of bigoted and cruel sectarists, hesitated to accept a throne which he could only keep by feigning the hypocrisy and fanaticism of his Parliament, or by rashly repudiating the yoke of the clergy.

But, at the same moment when the Parliament offered him the crown on these debasing conditions, another promised it to him as the price of glorious and daring achievements. This was the young Montrose, one of those lofty spirits cut short in the flower of their career, equally belonging by nature to antiquity and chivalry, and alternately compared by the historians of the time to the demigods of romance and the heroes of Plutarch.

Montrose was a Scottish nobleman of high rank and opulent possessions. After having combated at the head of the royal army for Charles the First until his chances

were extinguished, he had fled for refuge to the Continent. His name, his cause, his youth, his personal beauty, the graces of his conversation, and the report of his character, had obtained for him at the different courts of Germany a reception which encouraged his hopes of restoring the legitimate monarchy in his own country. He detested and despised the ultra-Puritans as the leprosy of the land. He was adored by the Highland clans, a rural and warlike class, somewhat resembling the Vendéeans of France, who acknowledged only their sword and their king. Montrose, having levied at his own expense five hundred German auxiliaries, to serve as a nucleus for the army that he expected the sound of his steps would raise for Charles the Second in the mountains, landed in Scotland, and fought like an adventurer and a hero at the head of the first groups of his partisans he could collect together. But being surrounded by the army of the Scottish Parliament before he could assemble the insurgent clans, he was conquered, wounded, imprisoned in irons, and carried in triumph to Edinburgh, to serve as a mockery and a victim to the clergy and the government. His forehead bare and cicatrized by wounds, his garments stained with his own blood, an iron collar encircling his neck, chains fastened round his arms, and attached on each side to the stock of the wheel of the cart in which he was placed, the executioner on horseback in front of the vehicle—in this manner he entered the capital of Scotland, while the members of the Parliament and the ministers of the Church alternately howled forth psalms and overwhelmed him with execrations. The people wept at the sad spectacle, but concealed their tears, lest pity should be construed into blasphemy by the Presbyterians of Knox. The clergy, on the following Sunday, preached against this compassionate weakness, and declared that a hardening of the heart was the chosen token of the elect. Montrose defended himself with eloquence, to vindicate his honor, not to preserve his life. His discourse was worthy of the most eloquent

advocates of Rome or Athens. It was answered by a prompt and ignominious execution.

The Presbyterian ministers, under the pretext of praying for his salvation after having demanded his blood, came to insult him in his dungeon by their derisive charity. "Have pity, O Lord!" cried they aloud, "on this unbeliever, this wicked persecutor, this traitor, who is about to pass from the scaffold of his earthly punishment to the eternal condemnation reserved for his impieties."

They announced that the sentence condemned him "to be hung on a gibbet thirty feet high, where he was to be exposed during three hours; that his head would then be cut off and nailed to the gates of his prison, and that his arms and legs, severed from his body, would be distributed to the four principal cities of the kingdom. "I only wish," replied Montrose, "that I had limbs enough to be dispersed through every city in Europe, to bear testimony in the cause for which I have fought and am content to die."

Delivered from the presence of his religious persecutors, Montrose, who had cultivated poetry as the relaxation of his mind, composed some verses, inspired by love and death, in which he perpetuated, in language that will endure forever, his last farewell to all he had valued on earth. The poet in these parting lines is worthy of the hero. On the following day he underwent his punishment with the constancy of a martyr. His head and limbs were exposed, according to the sentence, in the four leading cities of Scotland. Charles the Second, on learning at Jersey the defeat and death of his friend, with the triumph of the Parliament, hesitated no longer to accept the crown from the ensanguined hands of the Presbyterians, henceforward without competitors in Edinburgh. He disembarked in Scotland in the midst of the army which came to meet him. The first sight that greeted his eyes was a fragment of the body of his devoted partisan Montrose, nailed to the gate of the city.

It is easy to imagine what must have been the reign of this young sovereign: enslaved by a Parliament; watched by the clergy; domineered over by the generals of the army; a prisoner rather than a king among his superstitious subjects; obliged to feign, in oder to conciliate them, a fanatical austerity which he laughed at in his heart; persecuted even in his palace by the exhortations of Presbyterian prophets, who spied into his inmost thoughts, and construed the lightness of youth into public enormities. One morning he escaped from them by flight, preferring liberty to a throne held on such conditions. He was overtaken and carried back to Edinburgh; the necessity of his name induced them to grant him a small addition of authority. He was permitted to fight at the head of the army destined to invade England, at the instigation of the Royalists of the north. Cromwell marched against him and entered Scotland. The Prince of Wales, escaping, with 14,000 Scotchmen, from the ill-combined manœuvres of his opponent, penetrated boldly through the rear of his army, and advanced into the heart of the kingdom. He obtained possession of Worcester, and there rallied round him his supporters from every quarter. Cromwell, surprised, but indefatigable, allowed him no time to collect re-enforcements. He fell upon Worcester with 40,000 men, fought in the streets of the town, inundated with blood, and utterly dispersed the army of the Prince of Wales. The prince himself, after performing prodigies of valor worthy of his rank and pretensions, escaped under cover of the darkness, attended only by a handful of devoted Cavaliers. After having traversed twenty leagues in a single night, they abandoned their horses and dispersed themselves in the woods.

Attended only by the Earl of Derby, an English nobleman who had brought him succors from the Isle of Man, Charles sought refuge with a farmer named Penderell, assumed the garb and implements of a wood-cutter, and worked with the four sons of the farmer, to deceive the

search of Cromwell's troopers, scattered through the fields and forests in pursuit. Sleeping on a bed of straw, and furnished with coarse barley bread in the cottage of Penderell, he was even compelled, by the domiciliary visits of the Puritans, to quit that humble abode, and conceal himself for several nights within the branches of a large tree, called ever after the *Royal Oak*, the thickly-spreading leaves of which concealed him from the soldiers posted below.

A Royalist colonel named Lane sheltered him afterward at Bentley, and assisted him to reach the port of Bristol, where he hoped to embark for the Continent. The feet of the young king were so blistered by walking, that he was obliged to pass on horseback through the districts traversed by the dragoons of the enemy. The second daughter of Colonel Lane conducted him in the disguise of a peasant to the house of her sister, Mrs. Morton, in the vicinity of Bristol. Arriving at her sister's abode, she intrusted to no one the name of the young countryman who attended her; she merely asked for an apartment and a bed for him, saying that he was suffering from a fever, and recommended him to the special care of the servants. One of them entered the room to bring him refreshment. The noble and majestic countenance of the prince shone forth under his humble vestments, and carried conviction to the eyes of the domestic. He fell on his knees before the couch of Charles, saluted him as his master, and uttered aloud the prayer in common use among the Royalists for the preservation of the king. Charles in vain endeavored to deceive him; he was forced to acknowledge his identity, and to enjoin silence.

From thence, not being able to find a vessel on the coast, he was conveyed to the residence of a widow named Windham, who had lost her husband and three eldest sons in the cause of Charles the First, and with unshaken devotion now offered her two surviving ones to the successor of the decapitated monarch. She received

Charles, not as a fugitive, but as a king. "When my husband lay on his death-bed," said she, "he called to him our five sons, and thus addressed them: 'My children, we have hitherto enjoyed calm and peaceful days under our three last sovereigns; but I warn you that I see clouds and tempests gathering over the kingdom. I perceive factions springing up in every quarter, which menace the repose of our beloved country. Listen to me well; whatever turn events may take, be ever true to your lawful sovereign; obey him, and remain loyal to the crown! Yes,' added he, with vehemence, 'I charge you *to stand by the crown, even though it should hang upon a bush!*' These last words engraved their duty on the hearts of my children," continued the mother, "and those who are still spared to me are yours, as their dead brothers were given to your father!"

All the Royalists of the neighborhood were acquainted with and guarded the secret of the residence of Charles at the house of the Windhams. The seal of fidelity was upon the lips as upon the hearts of the entire country. This secret, so long and miraculously kept, was only in danger of being betrayed at the moment when the young king, still disguised, was flying toward the coast to place the seas between his head and the sword of Cromwell. His horse having loosened a shoe, the farrier to whom he applied to fasten it, with the quick intelligence of his trade, examined the iron, and said, in a low and suspicious tone, "These shoes were never forged in this country, but in the north of England." But the smith proved as discreet and faithful as the servant. Charles, remounting his horse without discovery, galloped toward the beach, where a skiff was waiting for him. The Continent a second time protected him from the pursuit of Cromwell.

The Royalists conquered, the king beheaded, the Levelers suppressed, Ireland slaughtered, Scotland reduced to subjection, the nobility cajoled, the Parliament tamed, religious factions deadened or extinguished by liberty of

conscience, the maritime war against Holland teeming with naval triumphs, the resignation of his command by Fairfax through disgust and repentance, the subserviency of Monk, left by Cromwell in Edinburgh to keep the Scotch in order, the voluntary, servile, and crouching submission of the other military leaders, eager to rally round success—all these coinciding events, all these crimes, all these acts of cringing baseness, all these accumulated successes, which never fail to attend the steps of the favorites of fortune during her smiles, left nothing for Cromwell to desire if the undisputed possession of England had been his only object. But all who study his character with impartiality will perceive that he had yet another—the possession of Heaven. His future salvation occupied his thoughts beyond earthly empire. He was never more a theologian than when he was an uncontrolled dictator. Instead of announcing his sovereignty under a special title, he allowed his friends to proclaim the republic. He was content to hold the sword and dictate the word. His decrees were oracles; he sought only to be the *great inspired* prophet of his country. His correspondence at this epoch attests the humble thoughts of a father of a Christian family, who neither desires nor foresees a throne as the inheritance of his children.

"Mount your father's little farm-horse, and ride not in luxurious carriages," he writes to his daughter-in-law Dorothy. He married his eldest son, Richard, to the daughter of one of his friends, of middle station and limited fortune, and on his espousals gave him more debts than property. To this friend, the father-in-law of his son, he writes thus: "I intrust Richard to you; I pray you give him sage counsel; I fear lest he should suffer himself to be led away by the vain pleasures of the world. Induce him to study; study is good, particularly when directed to things eternal, which are more profitable than the idle enjoyments of this life. Such thoughts will fit him for the public service to which men are destined."

"Be not discouraged," he says to Lord Wharton, another of his own sect; "you are offended, because at the elections the people often choose their representatives perversely, rejecting profitable members, and returning unfruitful ones. It has been so for nine years, and behold, nevertheless, what God has done with these evil instruments in that time! Judge not the manner of his proceedings!"

"With you, in consequence of these murmurings of the spirit," continues Cromwell, "there is trouble, pain, embarrassment, and doubt; with me, confidence, certainty, light, satisfaction! Yes, complete internal satisfaction! Oh! weakness of human hearts!" concluded he, hastily, as his thoughts flowed; "false promises of the world! shortcoming ideas which flatter mortal vanity! How much better is it to be the follower of the Lord, in the heaviest work! In this holy duty, how difficult do we find it to rise above the weakness of our nature to the elevation of the service which God requires from us! How soon we sink under discouragement when the flesh prevails over the spirit!"

The pomp and enthusiasm which greeted him on his return from the double conquest of Ireland and Scotland dazzled not his constancy. "You see that crowd, you hear those shouts," he whispered in the ear of a friend who attended him in the procession; "both would be still greater if I were on my way to the gallows." A light from above impressed on his clear judgment the emptiness of worldly popularity.

His private letters to his son Richard are full of that piety and domestic affection which we should never expect in a man whose feet were bathed in the blood of his king, of Ireland, of Scotland, of England, but whose heart was calm in the serenity of a false conscience, while his head was encircled by a glory of mysticism which he persuaded himself was sincere.

"Your letters please and affect me," he wrote to Rich-

ard Cromwell, addressing him by the infantine diminutive of Dick; "I love words which flow naturally from the heart, without study or research. I believe that the special goodness of Heaven has placed you in the family where you now reside. Be happy and grateful for this, and carefully discharge all the duties you owe them, for the glory of God. Seek the Lord continually, and his divine presence: make this the object of your life, and give it your whole strength. The knowledge of God dwells not in books and theological definitions; it comes from within; it transforms the spirit by a divine action independent of ourselves. To know God is to partake his divine nature, in him, and through him! How little are the Holy Scriptures known among us! May my feeble prayers fortify your intentions. Endeavor to understand the Republic I have established, and the foundations on which it rests. I have suffered much in giving myself up to others. Your wife's father, my intimate associate, Mayor, will assist you with much information on this point. You will, perhaps, think that it is unnecessary for me to enjoin you to love your dear wife. May the Lord instruct you to cherish her with worldly affection, or you will never feel for her a saintly regard. When the bed and the love are pure, such a union is justly compared to that of the Lord with the lowly members of his Church. Give my regards to your wife; tell her that I love her with my whole heart, and I rejoice in the favors which Heaven has poured upon her. I earnestly pray that she may be fruitful in every sense; and you, Dick, may the Lord bless you with many blessings!

"Your affectionate father,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

The same devotion to heavenly matters, mixed with uneasiness respecting the affairs of this world, is revealed in every line of his private letters to his early friends. What cause had he to dissemble with his children and his intimates? What a strange hypocrisy must that have been,

which never dropped the mask for a single moment throughout his life, even in the most familiar intercourse with his family, and in his last hours, when he lay upon the bed of death!

"I am very anxious to learn how the little fellow goes on" (the child of Richard and Dorothy), he writes to the father-in-law of his son, his former gossip and friend; "I could readily scold both father and mother for their negligence toward me. I know that Richard is idle, but I had a better opinion of Dorothy. I fear her husband spoils her; tell them so from me. If Dorothy is again in the family way, I forgive her, but not otherwise. May the Lord bless her! I hope you give good advice to my son Richard; he is at a dangerous period of life, and this world is full of vanity. How good it is to approach the Lord early! We should never lose sight of this. I hope you continue to remember our ancient friendship. You see how I am occupied; I require your pity. I know what I suffer in my own heart. An exalted situation, a high employment in the world, are not worth seeking for. I should have no inward consolation in my labors if my hope and rest were not in the presence of the Lord. I have never desired this earthly grandeur! Truly, the Lord himself has called me to it. In this conviction alone I trust that he will bestow upon his poor worm, his feeble servant, the force to do his will, and reach the end for which he was created. To this effect I demand your prayers. Remember me to the love of my dear sister, to my son, to our daughter Dorothy, and to my cousin Anna.

"I am always your affectionate brother,

"OLIVER."

The same expressions, rendered still more tender by the holy union of a long life, are continually repeated with emotion in his correspondence with his wife. The following letter bears the superscription, "For my beloved wife, Elizabeth Cromwell." "You scold me in your letters, be-

cause by my silence I appear to forget you and our children. Truly it is I who ought to complain, for I love you too much. Thou art dearer to me than all the world; let that suffice! The Lord has shown us an extreme mercy. I have been miraculously sustained within. Notwithstanding that I strive, I grow old, and feel the infirmities of advancing years rapidly pressing on me. May God grant that my propensities to sin may diminish in the same proportion with my physical powers. Pray for me that I may receive this grace."

He confirms the strong, he fortifies the doubtful, he instructs the weak in faith, with a burning fever of conviction, which shows how sincerely he was himself convinced. He perceives that his zeal sometimes carries him to extravagant expressions. "Pardon me," he writes, when at the apogee of his power, to a friend who had kept aloof from him in consequence of his military severities in Ireland and Scotland; "sometimes this harshness with which you reproach me has been productive of good; although not easily made evident, it is inspired by charity and zeal! I beseech you to recognize in me a man sincere in the Lord." "O Lord!" he concludes, "I beseech thee, turn not thy face and thy mercy from my eyes! Adieu."

On another occasion he addressed his wife as follows: "I can not suffer this courier to depart without a word for you, although, in truth, I have little to write, but I do so for the sake of writing to my well-beloved wife, whose image is always at the bottom of my heart. May the Lord multiply his blessings upon you! The great and only good that your soul can desire is, that the Lord should spread over you the light of his strength, which is of more value than life itself. May his blessing light on your instructions and example to our dear children. Pray for your attached Oliver."

His son-in-law, Fleetwood, one of the lieutenants he had left in command in Scotland with Monk, shared equally in these effusions, at once affectionate and theological. After

expressing his grief at being necessarily separated by business from that portion of his family, he says, in writing to him, "Embrace your beloved wife for me, and caution her to take care (in her piety) of nourishing a servile heart. Servility produces fear, the opposite of love. Poor Biddy! I know that is her weak point. Love reasons very differently. What a father we possess in and through the Savior! He designates himself the merciful, the patient, the bestower of all grace, the pardoner of all faults and transgressions! Truly the love of God is sublime! Remember me to my son Henry; I pray incessantly that he may increase and fortify himself in the love of the Lord. Remember me to all the officers."

Every thing succeeded with Cromwell, and he attributed all the glory and prosperity of the republic to Heaven. There is no evidence, either public or private, which betrays any desire on his part to establish his fortune and power by a change in his title of general, or in the voluntary submission of the Parliament, the army, and the people. History, which ultimately knows and reveals every thing, has discovered nothing in Cromwell at this epoch but an extreme repugnance against elevating himself to a higher position. It is evident from his own expressions that he sought God in his will, and the oracle of God in events. Neither were sufficiently explained to him. Equally ready to descend or rise, he waited for the command or the inspiration. Both came from the natural instability of the people, and the ambitious impatience of the army.

The Long Parliament of five years' duration, christened, by one of those contemptuous designations which mark popular disgust, *The Rump*, a term suggested by its apparently interminable session upon the benches of Westminster, had thoroughly worried out the people of England. The long harangues of the Puritans, the bigoted discourses of the saints, the personal unpopularity of the demagogues, the anti-social absurdities of the Levelers, the murder of

an innocent and heroic monarch, which penetrated the conscience of the nation with remorse, the imposts and slaughters of the civil war; finally, the heaviness of that anonymous tyranny which the people endured more impatiently than the autocracy of a glorious name—all these combined objections fell back in accumulated odium and ridicule on the Parliament.

Cromwell had had the art, or rather the good fortune, to act while the Parliament talked, to strengthen himself as they became weak, to leave on them the responsibility of crime, and to attribute to himself the advantages of victory. The Parliament, unconscious of weakness, began to writhe under a master. Five or six influential Republicans thought to compass the fall of Cromwell. Sir Henry Vane, their principal orator, disputed altogether the intervention of military authority. His speech was received with significant applause, which sounded like a menace to the army. The principal leaders, present in London, foreseeing the danger, united together, and petitioned Cromwell to insist on the dissolution of this corrupted senate. Cromwell, who has been accused of suggesting the petition to the army, had no participation in the act. It is never necessary to suggest ambition to generals, or despotism to soldiers. The petition was too plain to be mistaken. The strife between the army and the Parliament was hastening to the issue. The victory of either would equally sweep away Cromwell, if he persisted in remaining neuter. "Take care; stop this in time, or it will prove a very serious affair," whispered in a low voice Bulstrode, one of his most intimate friends, while the officers were haranguing on their petition. Cromwell hesitated to decide, and confined himself to thanking their orator for the zeal demonstrated by the army in the public safety. Night and reflection suggested to him the course he should pursue. He attempted to bring about an accommodation between the army and the Parliament, in a conference held in his presence. The Parliament filled up the full measure of

their demands by requiring a permanent committee, chosen from the present members, who should ratify or invalidate, at their own pleasure, all future elections.

"This is too much!" exclaimed Cromwell, at last, and still undecided, when he was informed of this unqualified proposal. It was on the 20th of April, early in the morning; he was walking up and down his room, dressed in black, with gray stockings. He came forth in this simple costume, crying out to all he encountered, "This is unjust! It is dishonest! It is not even the commonest honesty." As he passed by, he ordered an officer of his guards to repair with three hundred soldiers to Westminster, and take possession of all the avenues to the palace. He entered himself, and sat down in his usual place, apparently listening for some time in silence to the debates. The Republican orators and members were at that moment speaking in favor of the bill, which was to assure the perpetuity of their power, by giving them arbitrary control over all future elections. The bill was going to be put to the question, when Cromwell, as if he had waited the moment to strike the whole body at the crisis of their iniquitous tyranny, raised his head, hitherto reclined between his hands, and made a sign to Harrison, his most fanatical follower, to come and sit close to him. Harrison obeyed the signal. Cromwell remained silent for another quarter of an hour, and then, as if suddenly yielding, in his own despite, to an internal impulse, which conquered all hesitation in his soul, exclaimed to Harrison, "The moment has arrived! I feel it!" He rose, advanced toward the president, laid his hat upon the table, and prepared to speak, amid the profound silence and consternation of his colleagues. According to his ordinary custom, his slow phraseology, obscure, embarrassed, incoherent, full of circumlocution and parentheses, rambling from one point to another, loaded with repetitions, rendered his train of thought and reasoning almost unintelligible. He began by such a warm eulogium on the services which the Par-

liament had rendered to the cause of liberty and free conscience, and to the country in general, that the members who had proposed the bill expected that he was going to side with them in its favor. Murmurs of encouragement and satisfaction arose from the Republican party as he paused on an emphatic period; when suddenly, as if long suppressed anger had at last mastered his thoughts, and inflamed the words upon his lips, he resumed, and looking with a stern and contemptuous air on the fifty-seven members who on that day composed the entire Parliament, passed at once by rapid transition from flattery to insult. He enumerated all the cringing baseness and insolence of that corrupt body, alternately practiced for revolt or servitude, and fulminated against them, in the name of God and the people, a sentence of condemnation.

At these unexpected invectives, for which his complimentary exordium had so little prepared them, the members rose in a burst of indignation. The president, worthy of his office by his courage, commanded him to be silent. Wentworth, one of the most influential and illustrious of the extreme party by his personal character, demanded that he should be called to order. "This language," said he, "is as extraordinary as criminal in the mouth of a man who yesterday possessed our entire confidence, whom we have honored with the highest functions of the republic! of a man who"—Cromwell would not suffer him to conclude. "Go to! go to!" exclaimed he, in a voice of thunder, "we have had enough of words like these. It is time to put an end to all this, and to silence these babblers!" Then advancing to the middle of the hall, and placing his hat on his head with a gesture of defiance, he stamped upon the floor, and cried aloud, "You are no longer a Parliament! You shall not sit here a single hour longer! Make room for better men than yourselves!" At these words, Harrison, instructed by a glance from the general, disappeared, and returned in a moment after at the head of thirty soldiers, veterans of

the long civil wars, who surrounded Cromwell with their naked weapons. These men, hired by the Parliament, hesitated not, at the command of their leader, to turn their arms against those who had placed them in their hands, and furnished another example, following the *Rubicon* of Cæsar, to prove the incompatibility of freedom with standing armies. "Miserable wretches!" resumed Cromwell, as if violence without insult was insufficient for his anger, "you call yourselves a Parliament! You! No, you are nothing but a mass of tipplers and libertines! Thou," he continued, pointing with his finger to the most notorious profligates in the assembly, as they passed him in their endeavors to escape from the hall, "thou art a drunkard! Thou art an adulterer! And thou art a hireling, paid for thy speeches! You are all scandalous sinners, who bring shame on the Gospel! And you fancied yourselves a fitting Parliament for God's people! No, no, begone! let me hear no more of you! The Lord rejects you!"

During these apostrophes, the members, forced by the soldiers, were driven or dragged from the hall. Cromwell returned toward the table, and lifting with a contemptuous air the silver mace, the venerated symbol of Parliamentary sovereignty, showed it to Harrison, and said, "What shall we do with this bauble? Take it away." One of the soldiers stepped forward and obeyed him. Cromwell turned round and saw behind him Lenthal, the Speaker of the House of Commons, who, faithful to his delegated duty, retained his place, and refused to surrender up right to force. "Descend from that seat," cried aloud the dictator. "I shall not abandon the post the Parliament has confided to me," replied Lenthall, "until I am compelled by violence." At these words, Harrison rushed forward, dragged him from his chair, and thrust him into the midst of the soldiers.

Cromwell carried away the keys of Westminster Hall in his pocket. "I do not hear a dog bark in the city," he wrote to a friend a few days afterward. The Long

Parliament, so powerful to destroy, proved itself impotent to re-establish. The civil war excited by this very Parliament had produced the never-failing consequences; it had substituted the army for the people, and had created a dictatorship in the place of a government. It had extinguished right and inaugurated force. A single man had taken the place of the country.

This individual was Cromwell. Men always gain credit from the force of events and the power of circumstances. Results which are often the effect of chance are supposed to be achieved by long-concerted ambition, slow premeditation, and wily combinations. Every thing unites in this instance to show, on the contrary, that the outrage of Cromwell against the Commons was unpremeditated, that he was urged on to it by the influence of passing occurrences, by the people and the army, and that he was decided at the last moment by that internal feeling which Socrates called his demon, Cæsar his counselor, Mohammed his angel Gabriel, and Cromwell his inspiration—that divinity of great instincts which strikes conviction to the mind, and sounds the hour in the ear. The laborious efforts made by Cromwell to reconcile on the preceding evening the Parliament and the army; the new Parliament that he convoked on the following day, and to which he transferred all legislative authority, without even reserving to himself the right of sanctioning the laws; and, finally, a political conversation which took place some days before, with closed doors, between him and his leading advisers in these matters, all appeared to attest that this thunderclap emanated spontaneously from an accumulation of clouds.

Cromwell and his council occupied themselves at this debate in seeking out, amid the wrecks of the destroyed monarchy, the elements of a Parliamentary Constitution. The members present were Cromwell, Harrison his disciple, Desborough, Cromwell's brother-in-law, Oliver Cromwell, his cousin, Whitelocke, his friend, Widdrington, an

eminent orator and statesman of the Commons, the Speaker of the House, Lenthall, and several other officers or members, enlightened Republicans.

"It is proposed," said Harrison, "to consider together, in concert with the general, how we should organize a government."

"The great question is, in fact," said Whitelocke, "whether we shall constitute absolute Republicanism, or a republic combined with some of the elements of monarchy?"

"Just so," said Cromwell: "shall we then establish a complete republic, or one qualified by some monarchical principles and monarchical authority? And in the latter case, in whose hands shall we place the power thus borrowed from the crown?"

Widdrington argued for a mixed government, which should combine Republican liberty and monarchical authority, and that the latter should be placed in the hands of its natural possessor, one of the sons of the decapitated king. Widdrington, who was a flatterer and of a gentle disposition, would not have made such a proposal before Cromwell if he could have divined that the dictator possessed an insatiable ambition in himself which would never allow him to pardon this suggestion.

"It is a delicate question," said Fleetwood, without compromising himself further.

The Lord Chancellor, St John, declared that in his opinion, unless they desired to undermine all the old laws and customs of the nation, a large portion of monarchical power would be necessary in any government that they might establish.

"There would, in fact, be a strange overturning of all things," said the speaker, "if in our government there were not something of the monarchical character."

Desborough, Cromwell's relative and a colonel in the army, declared that he saw no reason why England should not govern itself on Republican principles, after the example of so many other ancient and modern nations.

Colonel Whalley pronounced with his military colleague in favor of pure Republicanism. "The eldest son of our king is in arms against us," said he; "his second son is equally our enemy, and yet you deliberate."

"But the king's third son, the Duke of Gloucester, is in our hands," rejoined Widdrington; "he is too young to have raised his hand against us, or to have been infected by the principles of our enemies."

"The two eldest sons can be summoned to attend the Parliament upon an appointed day, and debate with them upon the conditions of a free monarchical government," said Whitelocke, without fearing to offend Cromwell.

Cromwell, hitherto silent and unmoved, now spoke in his turn. "That would be a difficult negotiation," said he; "nevertheless, I do not think it would be impossible, provided our rights as Englishmen as well as Christians are secured; and I am convinced that a liberal constitution, with a strong dose of monarchical principles in it, would be the salvation of England and religion."

Still they arrived at no conclusion. Cromwell appeared to lean toward the republic consolidated by monarchical authority, confided to one of the king's sons; a government which would have assured to himself the long guardianship of a child, and to the country the peaceable transmission of national power and liberty.

A council, entirely selected by him from his partisans and most fanatical friends, assembled and constituted a Republican form of government under a Protector.

One individual alone possessed all the executive power for life: this was Cromwell; and one elected body retained all the legislative authority: this was the Parliament. Such was, in its simplicity, the whole mechanism of the English Constitution—an actual Dictator, with a more acceptable and specious name, which disguised servitude under the appearance of confidence, and power under that of equality.

All the prerogatives of royalty devolved upon Cromwell,

even that of dissolving Parliament and of appointing a new election in case of a conflict between the two powers. He had, moreover, the almost dynastic privilege of naming his successor. He had sons; what, therefore, was wanting to his actual royalty but the crown? Cromwell sufficiently showed by the ten years of his absolute government that he was far from desiring it. Though he felt himself *the elect of God*, chosen by inspiration to govern his people, he by no means felt that the same inspiration extended to his family. He took only from the nation that which he believed he received from heaven—the responsibility of governing for life; trusting the rest to other Divine inspirations, which would raise up successors equally inspired with himself.

In studying attentively his conduct, we find his entire sect revealed in his politics. It was then more difficult for him to elude the title of king than to accept it. The Parliament would gladly have placed him on the throne to fortify themselves against the army; the army almost forced it upon him to deliver themselves from the Parliament. In Cromwell's speeches before the newly-elected House, we find the truth of all his self-denial. Far from desiring a higher title, he even tried to release himself from that of Protector, which he had been forced to accept.

"The members of the Council, of the Commons, and of the army, who have debated," said he, "in my absence upon this Constitution, did not communicate their plan to me until it had been deliberately and ripely considered by them. I opposed repeated delays and refusals to their proposals. They showed me plainly that if I did not change the present government, all would be involved in confusion, ruin, and civil war; I was, therefore, obliged to consent, in spite of my great repugnance to assume a new title. All went well. I wished for no more, I was satisfied with my position. I possessed arbitrary power in the general command of the national army, and, I venture to say, with

the approbation of both army and people. I believe in all sincerity that I should have been more acceptable to them if I had remained as I was, and had declined this title of Protector. I call upon the members of this assembly, the officers of the army, and the people, to bear witness to my resistance, even to the point of doing violence to my own feelings. Let them speak, let them proclaim this. It has not been done in a corner, but in open day, and applauded by a large majority of the nation. I do not wish to be believed on my own word, to be my own witness; let the people of England be my testimonies! However, I swear to uphold this Constitution, and consent to be dragged upon a hurdle from my tomb, and buried in infamy, if I suffer it to be violated. We are lost in disputes carried on in the name of *the liberty of England!* This liberty God alone can give to us. Henceforward, none are privileged before God or man. The plenitude of legislative power belongs to us. I am bound to obey you if you do not listen to my remonstrances; I shall first remark upon your laws, and then I must submit."

He kept his word faithfully; he only reserved his inspiration as his sole prerogative; and as often as he saw the spirit of resistance, of faction, or of languor in his Houses of Commons, he did not hesitate to dissolve them, as he had dissolved their predecessor, the Long Parliament.

The confined space that the nature of this work imposes on the historian obliges us to pass over some of the less important acts of his administration. This interregnum added more strength and prosperity to England than the nation had ever experienced under her most illustrious monarchs. Factions had recognized the authority of the leader of factions. Nothing is more compliant or more servile than subjugated parties. As they are generally endowed with more insolence than strength, and more passion than patriotism, when the passion is exhausted within them, factions resemble balloons, which appear to

occupy a large space in the heavens, and are confounded with the stars when they ascend in their inflation; but when the gas evaporates, they fall collapsed to the ground, and a child may hold them in its hand. True patriotism and the real spirit of liberty were not annihilated even by the ten years' eclipse of Parliamentary factions.

The English nation, proud of having so long banished kings without being lowered in the eyes of Europe, and without internal divisions, only recalled their monarchs upon the understanding that those prerogatives and dignities of the people were secured which made England a true representative republic, with a royal and hereditary protector, the crowning glory of this free government. The idea was borrowed from Cromwell himself, as we have seen in his conference with his friends. He ruled as a patriot who only thought of the greatness and power of his country, and not as a king who would have been reduced to temporize with different parties or courts for the interests of his kingdom. He had, moreover, through the supreme power of the republic, the strength to accomplish that which was beyond the power of kings. Republics bring an increase of vigor to the nation. This increase multiplies the energy of the government by the collected energy of the people. They do not even find that impossible which has palsied the resolution of twenty monarchies. Anonymous and irresponsible, they accomplish by the hands of all, revolutions, changes, and enterprises such as no single royalty could ever venture to dream of.

It was thus that Cromwell had conquered a king, subjugated an aristocracy, put an end to religious war, crushed the Levelers, repressed the Parliament, established liberty of conscience, disciplined the army, formed the navy, triumphed by sea over Holland, Spain, and the Genoese, conquered Jamaica and those colonies since become empires in the New World; obtained possession of Dunkirk, counterbalanced the power of France, and obliged the ministers of the youthful Louis the Fourteenth to make

concessions and alliances with him; and finally, by his lieutenants or in person, annexed Ireland and Scotland to England so irrevocably, that he accomplished the union of the British empire by this federation of three discordant kingdoms, whose struggles, alliances, skirmishes, and quarrels contained the germ of eternal weakness, and threatened destruction to the whole fabric. The Revolution lent him its aid to put down despotism on the one hand and factions on the other, and to accomplish a complete nationality.

All this was accomplished in ten years, under the name of a Dictator; but, in reality, by the power of the republic, which, to effect these great works, had become concentrated, incarnated, and disciplined in his single person. This might have occurred in France in 1790, if the French Revolution had selected a dictator for life from one of the great revolutionists animated by fanaticism, such as Mirabeau, La Fayette, or Danton, instead of confiding to a soldier the task of forming a new empire upon the old foundations.

A domestic misfortune struck Cromwell to the heart at this exalted epoch of his life; and we are astonished to behold the man moved to tears who had witnessed with dry eyes the unfortunate Charles the First torn from his children's arms to perish on the scaffold. He lost his mother at the advanced age of ninety-four. This was the Elizabeth Stuart, a descendant of that race of kings which her son had dethroned. She was sincerely religious, mother of a numerous family, the source of their piety, and the nurse of their virtues; she inspired them with a lively passion for the liberty of conscience, which their sect upheld, and enjoyed, in the full possession of her faculties, the mortal fame, but, above all, the heavenly glory, of the greatest of her sons, the Maccabæus of her faith. Cromwell, in all his greatness, respected and regarded his mother as the root of his heart, his belief, and his destiny.

"The Lord Protector's mother" (wrote at this date, 1654,

the private secretary of Cromwell, Thurloe) "died last night, nearly a century old. At the moment when she was about to expire, she summoned her son to her bedside, and extending her hands to bless him, said, 'May the splendor of the Lord's countenance continually shine upon you, my son. May he sustain you in adversity, and render your strength equal to the great things which the Most Mighty has charged you to accomplish, to the glory of his holy name, and the welfare of his people. My dear son,' added she, dwelling on that name in which she gloried even in her dying moments, 'my dear son, I leave my spirit and my heart with you; farewell! farewell!' and she fell back," continued Thurloe, "uttering her last sigh." Cromwell burst into tears, like a man who had lost a portion of the light which illuminated his darkness. His mother, who loved him as a son, and respected him as the chosen instrument of God, lived with him at the palace of Whitehall, but in a retired and unadorned apartment, "not wishing," as she said, "to appropriate to herself and her other children that splendor which the Lord had conferred upon him alone," but which resembled only the furniture of a hotel, to which she did not desire to attach her heart, or to rely upon it for the future subsistence of her family. Anxious cares disturbed her days and nights in this regal palace, and she regretted her simple country farm in the principality of Wales.

The hatred of the Royalists, the jealousy of the Republicans, the anger of the Levelers, the sombre fanaticism of the Presbyterians, the vengeance of the Irish and Scotch, the plots of the Parliament, always present to her mind, showed her the poniard or the pistol of the assassin, aimed incessantly at the heart of her son. Although she had formerly been courageous, she could not latterly hear the report of fire-arms in the court without shuddering, and running to Cromwell's apartments to assure herself of his safety. Cromwell caused his mother to be buried with the funeral obsequies of a queen, more as a proof of his

filial piety than of his ostentation. She was interred in the midst of royal and illustrious dust, under the porch of Westminster Abbey, the St. Denis of British dynasties and departed heroism.

Cromwell had himself thought for some years that he should perish by assassination. He wore a cuirass under his clothes, and carried defensive arms within reach of his hand. He never slept long in the same room in the palace, continually changing his bed-chamber to mislead domestic treason and military plots. A despot, he suffered the punishment of tyranny. The unseen weight of the hatred which he had accumulated weighed upon his imagination and disturbed his sleep. The least murmuring in the army appeared to him like the presage of a rebellion against his power. Sometimes he punished, sometimes he caressed those of his lieutenants who he suspected would revolt. He encouraged Warwick, flattered Fairfax, subdued Ireton, with much difficulty reconciled the Republican Fleetwood, who had married one of his daughters, also a Republican, and as strongly opposed to the dictator as her husband; he banished Monk; he trembled before the intriguing spirit and popularity of Lambert, a general who one moment sought to join the Royalists, the next the Republicans, and, finally, the malcontents of the army. He feared to wound or alienate the military section by dealing harshly with this ambitious soldier. He compensated for the command he took from him by a pocketful of money, which secured his obedience through the powerful bonds of corruption. But parties were too much divided in England to combine in a mortal conspiracy against the dictator, as in the case of the Roman senate against Cæsar. The one was a check and spy upon the other. Cromwell was permitted to live, because none felt certain that they should profit by his death. Nevertheless, he was conscious of his unpopularity; his modest ambition, and his ten speeches to the different Parliaments during the interregnum, attest the efforts, sometimes hu-

miliating, to which he descended to obtain pardon for having seized the supreme power. We should be incapable of understanding the man if we were not acquainted with his style. The soul speaks in the tongue. We comprehend a few sentences in this deluge of phraseology. The meaning seems confounded in a mass of verbiage, alternately cringing and imperious. We see throughout the farmer promoted to the throne, and the sectarian converting the tribune into a pulpit to preach to his congregations after he has subdued them. "What had become," said he, in his first speech to the united representatives of the three kingdoms, after the dissolution of the Long Parliament, "what had become, before our time, of those fundamental privileges of England, liberty of conscience and liberty of citizenship? two possessions for which it is as honorable and just to contend, as for any of the benefits which God has vouchsafed to us on earth. Formerly the Bible could not be printed without the permission of a magistrate! Was not that placing the free faith of the people at the mercy of the legislative authority? Was it not denying civil and religious liberty to this nation, who have received those unalienable rights with their blood? Who now shall dare to impose such restrictions on the public conscience?" He fulminated more in the tone of a prophet than a statesman against the "Fifth Monarchy men," a religious and political sect who announced the immediate reign of Christ upon earth, returning in person to govern his chosen people. It was even asserted that he had already appeared in the flesh in the person of a young adventurer, who had caused himself to be worshiped under the sacred name of Jesus. Then suddenly he passed, without preparation, to his joy at seeing before him a Parliament freely elected. "Yes," declared he, with warm satisfaction, "I see before me a free Parliament! Let us now discuss a little the state of public affairs." He then proceeded to detail the progress and success of his operations in Holland, France, Spain, and Portugal. Finally,

he dismissed them with a paternal air, declaring that he should pray for them, and enjoining every man to return quickly to his own abode, and reflect on the excellent management of public affairs which he was going to submit for their consideration.

In the following speech he dwells bitterly on the heavy yoke which the public safety imposes on him, so contrary to his own desire. "I declare to you," he said, "in the candor of my soul, that I love not the post in which I am placed. I have said this already in my previous interviews with you. Yes, I have said to you, I have but one desire, namely, to enjoy the same liberty with others, to retire into private life, to be relieved from my charge. I have demanded this again and again! And let God judge between me and my fellow-men if I have uttered falsehood in saying so! Many here can attest that I lie not! But if I speak falsely in telling you what you are slow to believe, if I utter a lie or act the hypocrite, may heavenly wrath condemn me! Let men without charity, who judge of others by themselves, say and think what they please, I repeat to you that I utter the truth. But alas! I can not obtain what I so ardently desire, what my soul yearns to accomplish! Others have decided that I could not abandon my post without a crime; I am, however, unworthy of this power which you force me to retain in my hands; I am a miserable sinner!" He then rambled into an incoherent digression on the state of affairs. "At last," he concluded, "we have been raised up for the welfare of this nation! We enjoy peace at home and peace abroad!"

His fourth speech comprises a vehement reproach against this same Parliament, which he said had suffered itself to become corrupted by the old factions, and which he suddenly dissolved, after having balanced for two hours between caresses and maledictions, according to the suggestions of the Spirit which soothed and the words which crushed.

The fifth, delivered before the new Parliament, is a rambling jumble of incoherency, which lasted for four hours; at this distance of time it is totally incomprehensible, and finishes by the recitation of a psalm. "I confess," says Cromwell, "that I have been diffuse; I know that I have tired you; but one word more: Yesterday I read a psalm, which it will not be out of place to introduce. It is the sixty-sixth, and truly a most instructive and applicable one in our particular circumstances. I call upon you to peruse it at leisure—it commences thus: 'Lord, thou wert merciful to man; thou hast redeemed us from the captivity of Jacob; thou hast remitted all our sins.'" He then recited the entire psalm to his auditory, and closing his Bible, added, "Verily, I desire that this psalm may be engraved on our hearts more legibly than it is printed in this book, and that we may all cry with David, 'It is thou, Lord, alone, who hast done this!' Let us to the work, my friends, with courage!" continued he, addressing the whole House, "and if we do so, we shall joyfully sing this additional psalm: 'In the name of the Lord, our enemies shall be confounded.' No! we shall fear neither the Pope, nor the Spaniards, nor the devil himself! No! we shall not tremble, even though the plains should be lifted above the mountains, and the mountains should be precipitated into the ocean! God is with us! I have finished! I have finished!" he exclaimed at last; "I have said all that I had to say to you. Get you gone together, and in peace, to your own dwellings!"

These speeches, of which we have given only a few textual lines, lasted for hours; it is very difficult to follow their meaning. In the same voice we recognize Tiberius, Mohammed, a soldier, a tyrant, a patriot, a priest, and a madman. We perceive the laborious inspiration of a triple soul, which seeks its own idea in the dark, finds it, loses it, finds it again, and keeps its auditors floating to satiety, between terror, weariness, and compassion. When the

language of tyranny is no longer brief, like the stroke of its will, it becomes ridiculous. It resembles the letters from Capreæ to the Roman senate, or the appeals of Bonaparte vanquished to the French legislative body in 1813. The absolutism which seeks to make itself understood, or to enter into explanations with venal sénates or enslaved citizens, becomes embarrassed in its own sophisms, mounts into the clouds, or creeps into nothingness. Silence is the true eloquence of power, because it admits of no reply.

Never did these peculiar characteristics of Cromwell's oratory display themselves more than in his answers to the Parliament, which thrice offered him the crown in 1658. The first time it was merely a deputation, who came to apprise him in his own private apartment of the intended proposal. The answer and the interview are equally familiar to us. He desired not the title of king, because his political inspiration told him that instead of increasing his actual strength it would tend to destroy it. On the other hand, he dared not reject the offer with too peremptory a refusal, because his generals, more ambitious than himself, would insist on his acceptance of the throne, to compromise beyond recall his greatness, and that of his family, with their own fortunes. He dreaded lest, in discontent for his denial, they might offer the sovereignty to some other leader in the army, more daring and less scrupulous than himself. His embarrassment may be construed in his words. It took him eight days and a thousand circumlocutions before he could explain himself.

"Gentlemen," replied he, on the first day, to the confidential deputation of the Parliament, "I have passed the greater part of my life in fire (if I may so speak), and surrounded by commotions; but all that has happened to me since I have meddled with public affairs for the general good, if it could be gathered into a single heap, and placed before me in one view, would fail to strike me with the terror and respect for God's will which I undergo at the thought of this thing you now mention, and this title you

offer me! But I have drawn confidence and tranquillity in every crisis of my past life from the conviction that the heaviest burdens I have borne have been imposed upon me by His hand without my own participation. Often have I felt that I should have given way under these weighty loads, if it had not entered into the views, the plans, and the great bounty of the Lord, to assist me in sustaining them. If, then, I should suffer myself to deliver you an answer on this matter, so suddenly and unexpectedly brought under my consideration, without feeling that this answer is suggested to my heart and lips by Him who has ever been my oracle and guide, I should therein exhibit to you a slender evidence of my wisdom. To accept or refuse your offer in one word, from desires or feelings of personal interest, would savor too much of the flesh and of human appetite. To elevate myself to this height by motives of ambition or vainglory would be to bring down a curse upon myself, upon my family, and upon the whole empire. Better would it be that I had never been born. Leave me, then, to seek counsel at my leisure of God and my own conscience; and I hope neither the declamations of a light and thoughtless people, nor the selfish wishes of those who expect to become great in my greatness, may influence my decision, of which I shall communicate to you the result with as little delay as possible."

Three hours afterward, the Parliamentary committee returned to press for his answer. It was in many respects confused and unintelligible. We can fancy that we behold the embarrassed motion of Cæsar when he pushed aside the crown offered to him by Antony and the soldiers in the Circus. There was, as yet, no decision. After four days of urgent and repeated entreaty on the part of the Parliament, of polite but significant delays on that of the Protector, Cromwell finally explained himself in a deluge of words:

"Royalty," said he, "is composed of two matters, the title of king and the functions of monarchy. These func-

tions are so united by the very roots to an old form of legislation, that all our laws would fall to nothing, did we not retain in their appliance a portion of the kingly power. But as to the title of king, this distinction implies not only a supreme authority, but, I may venture to say, an authority partaking of the divine! I have assumed the place I now occupy to drive away the danger which threatened my country, and to prevent their recurrence. I shall not quibble between the titles of king or protector, for I am prepared to continue in your service as either of these, or even as a simple *constable*, if you so will it, the lowest officer in the land; for, in truth, I have often said to myself that I am, in fact, nothing more than a constable, maintaining the order and peace of the parish! I am therefore of opinion that it is unnecessary for you to offer, or for me to accept, the title of king, seeing that any other will equally answer the purpose!"

Then, with a frank confession, too humble not to be sincere, "Allow me," he added, "to lay open my heart here, aloud, and in your presence. At the moment when I was called to this great work, and preferred by God to so many others more worthy than myself, what was I? Nothing more than a simple captain of dragoons in a regiment of militia. My commanding officer was a dear friend, who possessed a noble nature, and whose memory I know you cherish as warmly as I do myself. This was Mr. Hampden. The first time I found myself under fire with him, I saw that our troops, newly levied, without discipline, and composed of men who loved not God, were beaten in every encounter. With the permission of Mr. Hampden, I introduced among them a new spirit—a spirit of zeal and piety; I taught them to fear God. From that day forward they were invariably victorious. To him be all the glory!

"It has ever been thus, it will ever continue to be thus, gentlemen, with the government. Zeal and piety will preserve us without a king! Understand me well; I

would willingly consent to become a victim for the salvation of all; but I do not think, no, truly, I do not believe that it is necessary this victim should bear the title of a king!"

Alas! he had unfortunately thought otherwise in the case of Charles the First. The blood of that monarch rose up too late and protested against his words. He had in him chosen an innocent victim, not for the people, but for the army!

Remorse began to weigh upon him. It has been said that to appease or encourage these sensations, while the debates in Parliament held the crown, as it were, suspended over his head, he descended into the vaults of Whitehall, where the body of the decapitated Charles the First had been temporarily placed. Did he go to seek in this spectacle an oracle to solve his doubts, or a lesson to regulate his ambition? Did he go to implore from the dead a pardon for the murder he had permitted, or forgiveness for the throne and life of which he had deprived him? We can not say; all that is certain is, that he raised the lid of the coffin which inclosed the embalmed body and head of the executed monarch; that he caused all witnesses to absent themselves, and that he remained for a long time alone, silently looking on the deceased—an interview of stoical firmness, if not of repentance; a solemn hour of reflection, from which he must have returned hardened or shaken. His attendants observed an unwonted paleness on his features, and a melancholy compression of his lips. Painting has often revived this strange scene. Some have recognized in it the triumph of ambition over its victim; we should prefer to recognize the agony of the remorseful murderer.

His private correspondence at this time expresses the weariness of aspirations which have sounded the depths of human grandeur, and which see nothing but emptiness in a destiny so apparently full. They breathe also a softening of the heart, which slackens the severity of govern-

ment. "Truly," says he, in a letter to Fleetwood, his son-in-law, and deputy in Scotland, "truly, my dear Charles, I have more than ever need of the help and prayers of my Christian friends. Each party wishes me to adopt their own views. The spirit of gentleness which I feel within me at present pleases none of them. I may say with sincerity, my life has been a voluntary sacrifice for the benefit of all. Persuade our friends who are with you to become very moderate. If the Lord's day approaches, as many maintain, our moderation ought so much the more to manifest itself. In my heaviness I am ready to exclaim, 'Why have I not the wings of a dove, that I might flee away?' But, I fear me, this is a most culpable impatience. I bless the Lord that I possess in my wife and children ties which attach me to life! Pardon me if I have discovered to you my inmost thoughts. Give my love to your dear wife, and my blessing, if it is worth any thing, to your infant child."

In the midst of these heavenly aspirations, he was anxious to leave independent fortunes to his sons and daughters. The large income allotted by Parliament to maintain the splendor of his rank, his hereditary estate, and the austere economy of his habits, had enabled him to acquire some private property. The list of his possessions is contained in his letters to his son Richard. They comprise twelve domains, producing an annual rent of about £300. "Of what consequence is this?" he said sometimes; "I leave to my family the favor of God, who has elevated me from nothing to the height on which I am placed." It would seem as if he anticipated his approaching end.

Those who came in contact with him were sensible of it themselves. The Quaker Fox, one of the founders of that pious and philosophic sect, who comprise all theology in charity, was in the habit of familiar intercourse with Cromwell. About this time he wrote to one of his friends as follows: "Yesterday I met Cromwell in the park of

Hampton Court; he was on horseback, attended by his guards. Before I approached him, I perceived that there came from him an odor of death. When we drew near to each other, I noticed the paleness of the grave upon his face. He stopped, and I spoke to him of the persecutions of the *Friends* (Quakers), using the words which the Lord suggested to my lips. He replied, 'Come and see me to-morrow.' On the following day I went to Hampton Court, and was informed that he was ill. From that day I never saw him more."

Hampton Court, the magnificent feudal residence of Henry the Eighth, was an abode which, by its melancholy and monastic grandeur, was well suited to the temperament of Cromwell. The chateau, flanked by large towers resembling the bastions of a fortress, was crowned with battlements, blackened incessantly by broods of rooks. It stood on the border of vast forests, luxurious produce of the soil, so dear to the Saxon race. The aged oaks of the extensive park appeared to assume the majesty of a royal vegetation, to accord with the Gothic architecture of the castle. Long avenues veiled in shadow and mist, terminated in a perspective of green meadow, silently traversed by herds of tame deer. Narrow, low portals, with pointed arches resembling the apertures of a cavern in the solid rock, gave admission to subterraneous apartments, guard-rooms, and vaulted fencing-schools, decorated with devices of ancient armor, escutcheons, and knightly banners. Every thing breathed that mistrustful superiority which creates a void round monarchs, either through respect or terror. Hampton Court was the favorite residence of Cromwell, but at the period of which we are writing he was detained there as much by pain as relaxation.

Providence, as often happens to exalted individuals, had determined to inflict the expiation of his prosperous fortunes through the medium of his own family. Several daughters had embellished his domestic hearth. The eld-

est was married to Lord Falconbridge, the second to Fleetwood, the third to Claypole, while the fourth and youngest was already, at seventeen, the widow of Lord Rich, grandson of the Earl of Warwick, an old companion in arms of the Protector. The grief of this young woman, the favorite of her mother, saddened the internal happiness of the circle at Hampton Court. Fleetwood, a moody Republican, ever divided between the ascendency of Cromwell, to which he submitted with a 'pang of conscience, and the pure democratical opinions which saw tyranny in the Protectorate, continually reproached his father-in-law with having absorbed the republic which he appeared to save. Between fanaticism and affection, he had drawn over his young wife to join in his discontented murmurs. Lady Fleetwood, like the second Brutus, experienced at the same time an invincible attachment and repugnance to her father, who had become the tyrant of his country. The ties of blood and the spirit of sectarianism divided her heart. She embittered the life of the Protector by incessant reproaches. Cromwell, surrounded by the cares of government, was at the same time beset by the invectives of his Republican daughter against his absolute measures, and trembled to discover the hand of Fleetwood and his wife in some hostile machinations. The deprecatory tone of his letters to Lady Fleetwood describe the anguish endured by this father, compelled to justify his actions to his own family, when England and all Europe trembled at his nod. But this child of Cromwell, perpetually agitated by remorse for ruined liberty, never remained long silent under his urgent remonstrances. It was necessary to convince her, for fear of being compelled to punish. She was, in truth, the Nemesis of her father.

His daughter Elizabeth, Lady Claypole, became his consoling spirit. This young and amiable female, in grace, in mind, in sentiment, was endowed with every quality which justifies the preference, or, we should rather say,

the admiration by which Cromwell distinguished her. The Royalist historian, Hume, who can scarcely be suspected of flattery, or even of justice, when speaking of the family of the murderer of his king, acknowledges that Lady Claypole possessed charms and virtue sufficient to excuse the admiration of the whole world. One of those cruel fatalities which resemble chance, but are, in fact, ordained chastisements of tyranny, had recently pierced the heart of this accomplished woman almost to death, and excited between her and her father a tragical family dissension, in which nature, torn by two conflicting feelings (like Camille,* divided between her country and her lover), is unable to renounce one without betraying the other. Death is the only issue of such an awful predicament. In one of the recent Royalist conspiracies against the authority of the Protector, a young *Cavalier* (the name commonly applied to the partisans of Charles the Second) had been condemned to death. Cromwell had the power of mercy, which he would have exercised if the guilty prisoner, for whom he was aware his daughter felt the warmest interest, would have afforded him the least pretext for clemency by even a qualified submission. But the intrepid Hewett (such was the name of the criminal) had defied the Protector on his trial, as he had braved the danger in the conspiracy. Cromwell, deaf for the first time to the supplications, the sobs, and despair of his daughter prostrated at his feet, imploring the life of a man who was dear to her, ordered the execution to proceed. Lady Claypole felt herself stricken mortally by the same blow. Cromwell had slain his daughter through the heart of one of his enemies. Elizabeth, sinking under a deadly weakness, returned to Hampton Court to receive the tender cares of her mother and sisters, and only roused herself from her stupor to reproach her father with the blood of his victim. Her lamentable imprecations, interrupted by the remorse and returning tenderness of her father, filled the palace with trouble, mys-

* In the *Horace* of Corneille.—Tr.

tery, and consternation. The life of Lady Claypole rapidly consumed itself in these sad alternations of tears and maledictions. Cromwell was consumed by anguish, fruitless supplication, and unavailing repentance. He felt that his cruelty had made him hated by the being whom he loved most on earth; and, to complete his agony, he himself had launched the bolt against his child. Thus, the republic that he had deceived on the one hand, and the royalty he had martyred on the other, seized on the fanaticism and feelings of his two daughters, to revenge on his own heart, and under his domestic roof, the ambition and inhumanity with which he had trampled on both. He presented a modern Atrides, apparently at the summit of prosperity, but, in fact, an object of compassion to his most implacable enemies. Lady Claypole died in his arms at Hampton Court toward the end of 1658. With her last words she forgave her father, but nature refused to ratify the pardon. From the day when he buried his beloved daughter, he languished toward his end, and his own hours were numbered.

Although he was robust in appearance, and his green maturity of fifty-nine, maintained by warlike exercises, sobriety, and chastity, had enabled him to preserve the activity and vigor of youth, disgust of life, that paralysis of the soul, inclosed a decayed heart in a healthy body. He seemed no longer to take any interest in the affairs of government or in the divisions of his own family His confidential friends endeavored to divert his thoughts from the grave of his daughter, by inducing him to change the scene and vary his occupations, so as to dissipate the depressing moral atmosphere which surrounded him. His secretary Thurloe, and others of his most trusted adherents, in concert with his wife, contrived, without his knowledge, reviews, hunting-parties, races, and avocations of duty or amusement to distract or occupy his attention. They took him back to London, but he found the city even more distasteful than the country. They thought to re-

animate his languor by repasts in the open air, brought by his servants from the house, and prepared on the grass, under the shadow of the finest trees, and in his favorite spots. His earliest taste, the love of rural nature, and of the animals of the field, was the last that remained in his closing hours. The gentleman farmer and trainer of cattle again broke forth under the master of an empire. The Bible and the patriarchal life, to which he constantly alluded, associated themselves in his mind with the remembrances of rural occupations, which he regretted, even in the splendors of a palace: he often exclaimed, as Danton did long afterward, "Happy is he who lives under a thatched roof, and cultivates his own field!"

One morning, when Thurloe and the attendants of Cromwell had spread his meal on the ground, under the shadow of a clump of magnificent oaks, more distant from the neighboring city, and thicker than at present, he felt his spirits lighter and more serene than usual, and expressed a wish to pass the remainder of the day in that delightful solitude. He ordered his grooms to bring out six fine bay horses, which the States of Holland had lately sent him as a present, to try them in harness in one of the avenues of the park. Two postillions mounted the leaders. Cromwell desired Thurloe to seat himself in the carriage, while he ascended the box, and took the reins in his own hands. The fiery and unbroken animals began to rear, threw their riders, and ran away with the light vehicle, which they dashed against a tree, and Cromwell was violently precipitated to the ground. In his fall, a loaded pistol went off, which he always carried concealed under his clothes. For a moment he was dragged along on the gravel, entangled with the broken carriage. Although he escaped without a wound, his fall, the explosion of the pistol, revealing to those about him his precautionary terrors, the sarcastic remarks to which this mishap gave rise, all appeared to him ominous of evil, and caused a sudden shock, which he concealed with difficulty. He

affected, notwithstanding, to laugh at the accident, and said to Thurloe, "It is easier to conduct a government than to drive a team of horses!"

He returned to Hampton Court, and the constant image of his cherished daughter appeared to people those halls, which her presence no longer animated, with remembrances less painful than oblivion. He was prayed for throughout the three kingdoms. By the Puritans, for their prophet; by the Republicans, for their champion; by the patriots, for the bulwark of their country. The antechambers resounded with the murmured supplications of preachers, chaplains, fanatics, personal friends, and members of his own family—all beseeching God to spare the life of their *saint*. Whitehall resembled more a sanctuary than a palace. The same spirit of mystical inspiration which had conducted him there, governed him in the last moments of his residence. He discoursed only of religion, and never alluded to politics, so much more was he occupied by the thoughts of eternal salvation than of prolonging his earthly power.

He had designated his son Richard as his successor (in a sealed paper which had since gone astray) on the same day when he had been named Protector. Those who now surrounded him wished him to renew this act, but he appeared either indifferent or unwilling to do so. At last, when he was asked in the presence of witnesses if it was not his will that his son Richard should succeed him, "Yes," he muttered, with a single affirmative motion of his head, and immediately changed the subject of conversation. It was evident that this man, impressed with the vicissitudes of government and the fickleness of the people, attached but little importance to the will of a dictator, and left in the hands of Providence the fate of his authority after his death. "God will govern by the instrument that he may please to select," said he; "it is He alone who has given me power over his people." He believed that he had left this document at Hampton Court,

where messengers were dispatched to seek it, but without success, and the topic was never again adverted to.

Richard, who resided usually in the country, in the paternal mansion of his wife, hastened to London, with his sisters and brothers-in-law, to attend the death-bed of the head of the family. He seemed as indifferent as his father to the hereditary succession of his office, for which he had neither the desire nor the ambition. The whole generation, left by the Protector in the mediocrity of private life, appeared ready to return to it, as actors quit the stage when the drama is over. They had neither acquired hatred nor envy by insolence or pride. Like the children of Sylla, who mixed unnoticed with the crowd, the tender affection of this united family, and their unfeigned tears, constituted the only funeral pomp which waited round the couch of the Protector.

A slow, intermittent fever seized him. He struggled with the first attack so successfully, that no one about him suspected he was seriously ill. The fever became tertian and more acute; his strength was rapidly giving way. The physicians, summoned from London, attributed the disease to the bad air engendered by the marshy and ill-drained banks of the Thames, which joined the gardens of Hampton Court. He was brought back to Whitehall, as if Providence had decreed that he should die before the same window of the same palace in front of which he had ordered to be constructed, ten years before, the scaffold of his royal victim.

Cromwell never rose again from the bed on which he was placed when he returned to London. His acts and words during his long agony have been widely misrepresented, according to the feelings of the different parties who sought revenge for his life or who gloried in his death. A new document, equally authentic and invaluable, notes taken without his knowledge, calculating every hour and every sigh, and preserved by the comptroller of his household, who watched him day and night, have

verified beyond dispute his thoughts and expressions. The sentiments expressed in these last moments speak the true secrets of the soul. Death unmasks every face, and hypocrisy disappears before the raised finger of God.

During the periods between the paroxysms of the fever, he occupied the time with listening to passages from the sacred volume, or by a resigned or despairing reference to the death of his daughter. "Read to me," he said to his wife, in one of those intervals, "the Epistle of St. Paul to the Philippians." She read these words: "I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: every where and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me." The reader paused. "That verse," said Cromwell, "once saved my life when the death of my eldest born, the infant Oliver, pierced my heart like the sharp blade of a poniard. Ah! St. Paul," he continued, "you are entitled to speak thus, for you answered to the call of grace! But I!"—he broke off, but after a short silence, resuming a tone of confidence, continued, "but He who was the Savior of Paul, is he not also mine?"

"Do not weep thus," said he to his wife and children, who were sobbing loudly in the chamber; "love not this vain world; I tell you from the brink of the grave, love not the things of earth!" There was a moment of weakness when he seemed anxious for life. "Is there no one here," he demanded, "who can deliver me from this danger?" All hesitated to answer. "Man is helpless," he continued; "God can do whatever he pleases. Are there none, then, who will pray with me?"

The silent motion of his lips was interrupted from time to time by indistinct and mystical murmurings which indicated inward supplication. "Lord, thou art my witness, that if I still desire to live, it is to glorify thy name, and to complete thy work!" "It is terrible, yea, it is very terrible," he muttered three times in succession, "to fall

into the hands of the living God!" "Do you think," said he to his chaplain, "that a man who has once been in a state of grace can ever perish eternally?" "No," replied the chaplain, "there is no possibility of such a relapse." "Then I am safe," replied Cromwell, "for at one time I am confident that I was chosen." All his inquiries tended toward futurity, none bore reference to the present life. "I am the most insignificant of mortals," continued he, after a momentary pause, "but I have loved God, praised be his name, or, rather, I am beloved by him!"

There was a moment when the dangerous symptoms of his malady were supposed to have subsided; he even adopted this notion himself. Whitehall and the churches resounded with thanksgivings. The respite was short, for the fever speedily redoubled. Several days and nights were passed in calm exhaustion or incoherent delirium. On the morning of the 30th of August, one of his officers, looking from the window, recognized the Republican Ludlow, banished from London, who happened to be crossing the square. Cromwell, informed of his presence, became anxious to know what motive could have induced Ludlow to have the audacity to show himself in the capital, and to pass under the very windows of his palace. He sent his son Richard to him, to endeavor, if possible, to fathom the secret views of his party. Ludlow assured Richard Cromwell that he came exclusively on private affairs, and was ignorant, when he arrived, of the illness of the Protector. He promised to depart from the capital on that same day. This is the Ludlow who, being proscribed among the regicides after the death of Cromwell, retired to grow old and die impenitently at Vevay, on the borders of Lake Leman, where his tomb is still exhibited.

Cromwell, satisfied as to the intentions of the Republicans, thought no longer but of making a religious end. The intendant of his chamber, who watched by him, heard him offer up his last prayers in detached sentences and in an audible tone. For his own satisfaction, he noted down

the words as they escaped from the lips of the dying potentate, and long afterward transmitted them to history.

"Lord, I am a miserable creature! But by thy grace I am in the truth, and I hope to appear before thee in behalf of this people. Thou hast selected me, although unworthy, to be the instrument of good here below, and to have rendered service to my brethren. Many of them have thought too favorably of my strength, while many others will rejoice that I am cut off. Continue, O Lord, to give thy help to all; endow them with constancy and a right understanding; render, through them, the name of our Savior Jesus Christ more and more honored upon earth; teach them who trust too much to thy instrument to rely on thee alone. Pardon those who are impatient to trample under their feet this worm of the earth, and grant me a night of peace, if it be thy good pleasure."

On the following day, the anniversary of the battles of Dunbar and Worcester, his two greatest victories, the sound of the military music by which they were celebrated penetrated to his dying chamber. "I could wish," he exclaimed, "to recall my life, to repeat once more those services for the nation; but my day is over. May God continue ever present with his children."

After a last restless night, he was asked if he wished to drink or sleep. "Neither," he replied, "but to pass quickly to my Father." By sunrise his voice failed, but he was still observed to pray in an inarticulate tone.

The equinoctial gale, which had commenced on the preceding day, now swelled into a storm, which swept over England with the effect of an earthquake. The carriages which conveyed to London the friends of the Protector, apprised of his extreme danger, were unable to stem the violence of the wind, and took refuge in the inns on the road. The lofty houses of London undulated like vessels tossed upon the ocean. Roofs were carried off, trees that had stood for centuries in Hyde Park were torn up by the roots, and prostrated on the ground like bundles of

straw. Cromwell expired at two o'clock in the afternoon, in the midst of this convulsion of nature. He departed as he was born, in a tempest. Popular superstition recognized a miracle in this coincidence, which seemed like the expiring efforts of the elements to tear from life and empire the single man who was capable of enduring the might of England's destiny, and whose decease created a void which none but himself could fill. Obedience had become so habitual, and fear so universally survived his power, that no opposing faction dared to raise its head in presence of his remains; his enemies, like those of Cæsar, were compelled to simulate mourning at his funeral. Several months elapsed before England felt thoroughly convinced that her master no longer existed, and ventured to exhibit a few faint throbs of liberty after such a memorable servitude. If at that time there had been found an Antony to place himself at the head of the army in London, and if a new Octavius had appeared in Richard Cromwell, the Lower Empire might have commenced in the British Islands. But Richard abdicated after a very short exercise of power. He had formerly, with tears, embraced his father's knees, imploring him to spare the head of Charles the First. His resignation cost him nothing, for he had examined too closely the price of supreme power. He became once more a simple and unostentatious citizen, enjoying, in the tranquillity of a country life, his obscurity and his innocence.

We have sought to describe the true character of Cromwell, rescued from romance and restored to history. This supposed actor of sixty becomes a veritable man. Formerly he was misapprehended, now he is correctly understood.

A great man is ever the personification of the spirit which breathes from time to time upon his age and country. The inspiration of Scripture predominated, in 1600, over the three kingdoms. Cromwell, more imbued than any other with this sentiment, was neither a politician,

nor an ambitious conqueror, nor an Octavius, nor a Cæsar. He was a JUDGE of the Old Testament; a sectarian of the greater power, in proportion as he was more superstitious, more strict and narrow in his doctrines, and more fanatical. If his genius had surpassed his epoch, he would have exercised less influence over the existing generation. His nature was less elevated than the part assigned to him; his religious bias constituted the half of his fortune. A true military Calvin, holding the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other, he aimed rather at salvation than temporal empire. Historians, hitherto ill-informed, have mistaken the principle of his ambition. It was the feature of the times. All the factions of that age were religious, as all those of the present day are political. In Switzerland, in Germany, in the North, in France, in Scotland, in Ireland, in England, all parties borrowed their convictions, their divided opinions, their opposing fierceness from the Bible, which had become the universal Oracle. Interpreted differently by the different sects, this oracle imparted to each exposition the bitterness of a schism, to each destiny the holiness of a revelation, to each leader the authority of a prophet, to each victim the heroism of a martyr, and to each conqueror the ferocity of an executioner offering up a sacrifice to the deity. A paroxysm of mystical phrensy had seized upon the whole Christian world, and the most impassioned trampled upon the rest. Danton has said, that in a revolution the greatest scoundrel must gain the victory. With equal justice it may be observed that in religious wars the most superstitious leader will win the day. When that leader is at the same time a soldier, and inspires his followers with his own enthusiasm, there is no longer a limit to his career of fortune. He subjects the people by the army, and the army by the superstitions of the people. If endowed with genius, he becomes a Mohammed; a Cromwell if gifted only with policy and fanaticism.

It becomes, therefore, impossible to deny that Cromwell

was sincere. Sincerity was the inciting motive of his elevation, and without excusing, completely explains his crimes. This quality, which constituted his virtue, impressed on his actions faith, devotedness, enthusiasm, consistency, patriotism, toleration, austerity of manners, application to war and business, coolness, modesty, piety, denial of personal ambition for his family, and all those patriarchal and romantic features of the first republic which characterized his life and the period of his reign. It also imparted to his nature the implacability of a religionist who believed that in striking his own enemies he was smiting the enemies of God. The massacres of the vanquished rebels in Ireland, and the cold-blooded murder of Charles the First, exhibit the contrasted extravagance of this false conscience. In Cromwell it was untempered by the natural clemency which palliates in the first Cæsar the barbarities of ambition. We recognize the *væ victis* of the sectarian, the demagogue, and the soldier, united in the same individual.

Thus, as it always happens, these two leading crimes, perpetuated without pity, rebounded back upon his cause and his memory. What did Cromwell desire? Assuredly not the throne, for we have seen that it was frequently within his grasp, and he rejected it, that Providence alone might reign. He wished to secure for his own party, the Independents, full religious liberty in matters of faith, guaranteed by a powerful representation of the people and the Parliament, and presided over by a monarchical form of government at the head of this republic of saints. This is the direct conclusion to be drawn from his entire life, his actions, and his words.

Now, in sparing the life of the vanquished sovereign, and in concluding, either with him or his sons, a national compact, a new Magna Charta, establishing religious and representative freedom throughout England, Cromwell would have left a head to the Republic, a king to the Royalists, an all-powerful Parliament to the people, and

a victorious independence to the conscience of the nation. By putting Charles to death and Ireland to the sword, he furnished a never-dying grievance to the supporters of the throne, martyrs to the persecuted faiths, with a long and certain reaction to absolute power, the established Protestantism of the state, and the followers of the Roman Catholic Church. He prepared the inevitable return of the last Stuarts, for dynasties are never extinguished in blood; they expire rather by absence. His severity, sooner or later, recoiled upon his cause, and tarnished his memory. This biblical Marius can never be absolved from his proscriptions. After much slaughter, that he governed well and wisely can not be disputed. He laid the foundations of the great power of England both by land and sea. But nations, who are often ungrateful for the virtue sacrificed in their cause, are doubly so for the crimes committed to promote their grandeur. Whatever the disciples of Machiavel and the Convention may say to the contrary, there are such things as national repentance and remorse, which perpetuate themselves with national history. Cromwell deeply wounded the conscience and humanity of England by his systematic cruelties. The stains of the royal and plebeian blood, which he shed without compunction, have indelibly imprinted themselves on his name. He has left a lofty but unpopular memory. His glory belongs to England, but England inclines to suppress it. Her historians, her orators, her patriots, seldom refer to his name, and evince no desire to have it paraded before them. They blush to be so deeply indebted to such a man. British patriotism, which can not historically ignore the reality of his services, profits by the basis of national power which Cromwell has established in Europe, but, at the same time, denies his personal claims; it acknowledges the work, but repudiates the workman. The name of Cromwell, in the acceptation of the English people, resembles one of those massive Druidical altars upon which their barbarous ances-

tors offered up sacrifices to their gods, and which, while they have been thrown in to assist in the foundations of later edifices, can never be disinterred or restored to light without disclosing the traces of the blood so profusely scattered by savage superstition.

HOMER.

TENTH CENTURY B.C.

ONE of the most natural and universal faculties of man is that of reproducing, internally by imagination and thought, and externally by art and speech, the material and moral universe in the midst of which he has been placed by Providence. Man is the reflecting mirror of nature. Every thing is recreated by him, and, through poetry, every thing is reanimated and receives new life. It is another state of existence, which God has permitted man to make, by multiplying external being in his thoughts and in his words—an inferior power, but not the less real —which truly creates, although it only does so from the elements, the images, and recollections of what nature has embodied before him—an imitation like the sport of a child, yet still the play of the mind upon the impressions which it receives from nature—a play in which we continually reiterate the fleeting image of the external and internal worlds, which expands, passes away, and renews itself unceasingly before us. Therefore doth poetry mean CREATION.

Memory is the first element of this creation, because it is by memory that we retrace upon our minds the image of things that have passed. The Muses, symbols of inspiration, were said by the ancients to be the daughters of Memory.

Imagination is the second; for imagination colors and animates the outline drawn by memory.

Sensitiveness is the third; because, on the sight or remembrance of past events presenting itself to the mind, sensitiveness causes us to receive physical or moral impressions almost as strong and intense as would be the im-

pression of the events themselves if actually occurring before our eyes.

Judgment is the fourth; for by it alone are we taught in what order, in what proportions, in what relations, and in what true harmony to combine and arrange these remembrances or phantasms—these historical or imaginary incidents or feelings—that we may make them conform as much as possible to nature, to probability, and to truth, so that they may produce upon ourselves and upon others an impression as complete as if the fiction were reality.

The fifth element necessary to this creation or to this poësy is the gift of expressing by language what we observe and feel internally—of producing outwardly what stirs us from within—to paint with words, to give to words, as we may say, the color, the impression, the movement, the pulsation, the life, the joy, or the grief felt by our own hearts at the sight of the object which we imagine. To this end two things are required: firstly, that the language should already be rich, strong, and possessing delicate gradations of expression, without which the palette of the painter-poet would be incomplete; secondly, that the poet himself should be a human instrument, very impressionable, very sensitive, and very complete in its sensations—that not one chord should be wanting to his imagination or to his heart—that he should be a living lyre vibrating with all its strings—a human scale, in compass equal to nature—so that every thing, grave or trivial, mournful or gay, painful or pleasing, may find its note returned. But this is not enough: the notes of this human lyre must be sonorous and powerful, in order to communicate their vibration to others, and this internal vibration must give birth on the lips to strong, graphic, and striking expressions, which stamp themselves upon the mind by the force of their utterance. It is simply the strength of the impression which creates the word, for the language is but the echo of the thought. If the thought be strong, the word is forcible; if the thought be mild, the language is

soft—weak, if the thought be weak. As is the blow, so is the sound. Such is the law of nature.

Lastly, the sixth element necessary to this creation, which we call poësy, is that the poet's ear should possess musical feeling; for he sings where others speak, and all song requires music to mark its melody, and to render it more sonorous and more voluptuous to our senses and to our mind. If you ask me, Why is song a necessary incident of poetical language? I answer, Because song is more beautiful than simple speech. But if you go a step farther, and inquire of me, Why is this so? I tell you I know not. Ask it of Him who made the senses and the ear of man to be more voluptuously impressed by the cadence, the symmetry, the measure, and the unison of sounds and words, than by discordant noises thrown out at random. I tell you that rhythm and harmony are the two mysterious laws of nature, which constitute the sovereign beauty and order of language. The spheres move to the measure of a divine melody; the stars have each their song, and God is not only the great architect, the great mechanist, and the great poet of the universe, but he is also the dispenser of music. He measured the rhythm of creation—He listens to its harmony.

But the poet, as I have described him, must not only be gifted with a vast memory, a copious imagination, a keen sensitiveness, a clear judgment, a strong power of expression, a musical feeling as well of time as of harmony—he must be a deep philosopher, for wisdom is the soul of his song; he must be a legislator, for he should understand the laws which control the relations of men to each other, which are to society and to nations what mortar is to buildings; he must have the warrior's spirit, for he has to sing of the battle-field and the storm of towns, the march and flight of armies; he must have the soul of a hero, for he relates the achievements and the devoted sacrifices of the great; he must be a historian, for his poems are narratives; he must be eloquent, for his characters must ha-

rangue and debate; he must have traveled, for he describes earth, sea, and mountains, the productions of nature, the monuments of men, and the manners of people; he must know animated and inorganic matter, geography, astronomy, navigation, agriculture, the arts, and even the common trades of his time, for his songs extend over heaven, earth, and ocean, and he draws his metaphors, his illustrations, and his comparisons from the motion of the stars, the handling of vessels, the forms and habits of the wildest and the tamest beasts — a seaman among sailors, a herdsman among graziers, a laborer among laborers, a smith among smiths, a workman among workmen, even a beggar among the beggars at the palace or the cottage gate. His mind should be simple as a child's; tender, compassionate, and pitiful as a woman's; firm and inflexible as that of a judge or of a patriarch; for he tells of the sports, the innocence, and the candor of childhood, the loves of men and beauteous maidens, the affections and the woes of the heart, and the sympathy of compassion with misery: he writes with tears; his master-piece is to make them flow. He should be able to inspire men with pity, the most beautiful, because the most unselfish of human sympathies. Lastly, he should be truly pious, filled with the presence and worship of the Almighty, for he speaks as much of heaven as of earth. His mission is to make men aspire to the invisible and superior world; to force all things, even though inanimate, to proclaim the name of the Most High, and to impress all the emotions he excites in the mind or in the heart with that immortal, infinite, and undefinable character which is, as it were, the atmosphere and invisible element of the Divinity.

Such should be the perfect poet; a living epitome of all the gifts, all the perceptions, all the endowments, all the wisdom, all the tenderness, all the virtuous and heroic instincts of the soul—a creature as perfect as our imperfect humanity will allow.

But even as soon as such a man appears upon earth,

excommunicated by his very superiority from the common mass, unbelief and envy follow him as his shadow. Fortune, ever jealous of the gifts of nature, shuns him; the vulgar, unable to understand him, scorn him as an unwelcome guest; childhood, youth, and woman secretly and stealthily listen to his song, for it awakens echoes in their still fresh and feeling hearts; maturer men shake their heads, as not liking that their wives and children be thus drawn from the cold realities of life, and treat as dreams the ideas and the feelings which genius excites in the heads and hearts of their companions; old men fear for their laws and customs; the great and powerful, for their position; courtiers, for their favors; rivals, for a sharer in their glory. Real or affected disdain stifles the renown of these inspired spirits, misery and want accompany them from town to town, exile scatters, and persecution vexes them; a child or a dog leads them, blind, infirm, and begging from door to door; or, a prison receives them, and their genius is called madness, that their jailers may be excused from pity.

It is not only the vulgar that thus treat these sons of memory. A philosopher, even Plato himself, proposed laws and proscriptions against poets! Yet Plato was right in his anathema against poetry; for if the blind Ionian had entered Athens, perchance the people might have dethroned the philosopher. There is more practical wisdom in one song of HOMER than in all the Utopian theories of Plato.

Homer is this ideal, this superhuman being, unappreciated and persecuted in his day, immortal after his disappearance from earth. Let us endeavor to present his history.

Some learned men have affirmed, and there are still those who maintain, that he never existed, and that his epics are rhapsodies or fragments of poetry strung together by the itinerant minstrels who wandered over Greece and Asia singing popular ballads. Such an opinion is in-

fidelity to genius. Its very absurdity refutes it. Would not a hundred Homers be more wonderful than one? Does not the unity and perfection of the work argue the unity of thought and perfection of hand of the workman? If the Minerva of Phidias had been broken up by the barbarians, and the limbs were brought to me one by one, mutilated and soiled, yet fitting accurately together, and all bearing the mark of the same chisel, from the toe to the tips of the hair, should I be likely to say, after examining these incomparable fragments, "This statue is not the work of one Phidias—it is the work of a thousand unknown sculptors, the fragments of whose labors have been accidentally combined into this master-piece of design and execution?" No! I should reason from the unity of design to the unity of the artist, and I should say it was Phidias, as all the world now says it is Homer. We may therefore pass over these skepticisms, remnants of the old envy which has pursued him even to late posterity, and tell the story of his life.

Homer was born 907 years* before the birth of Christ. He was of Greek origin, whether born at Chios, an island of the Archipelago between Greece and Asia Minor, or at Smyrna, an Asiatic town, but a Greek colony.

The Greeks were then in a state of transition from their primitive condition of herdsmen and warriors, laborers and seamen, to the period of intellectual and moral development; in that respect resembling the snows of their native Thessaly and Olympus, which roll down the hills in dark and troubled streams, before they subside, clear and still, in the valleys. This people, destined to occupy, for so small a country, so great a place in history, was a mixture of five or six races, some European, some African, and others Asiatic, which the close proximity of Europe, Asia, and Africa had commingled in this meeting point of the ancient world, this border-land of three continents. Their cradle was among the rocks of Macedon

* According to the chronology of the Parian marbles.

and Epirus, but the boldness of the mountaineer, the adventurous spirit of the seaman, the wildness of the Asiatic, the religion of the Egyptian, the thoughtfulness of the Indian, and the vivacity of the Persian, were so well blended in their physical appearance and in their varied genius, that their nation, by its beauty, its heroism, its grace, its adventurous and versatile character, was, as it were, the model of all nations. The forests of Europe gave the Greeks their fierce and heroic manners; Egypt, their priests and their gods; the Phœnicians, their alphabet; the Persians and Lydians, their arts and poetry; the Cretans, their Olympus and their laws; the Thracians, their arms; the Hellenes, their seamanship and their confederation as independent tribes; the Hindoos, their mysteries and religious allegories; so that their heaven was a colony of gods, just as their continent and their islands were a colony of men, drawn from all parts of the earth, with characteristics as varied as their derivations.

The Greek Archipelago, with its gulfs, and straits, and tortuous channels winding along its indented coasts, now sweeping round a bluff headland, now gliding past a fertile shore, seems meant to keep apart the two continents, almost meeting where Byzantium sits hesitating between them. Sails, numerous as the sea-birds, pass incessantly from isle to isle, from Africa to Asia, from Asia to Europe, like swarms from the same hive which mix in spring-time on a bank of flowers.

The climate of this mountainous and maritime country is as varied as its shape, and as mild as its latitude would indicate. From the eternal snows of Thessaly to the perpetual summer of the Lydian valleys, and the airy freshness of the isles, all the extremes and means of temperature meet or mingle among its mountains, plains, and estuaries. The sky is clear as that of Egypt, the earth fruitful as Syria, the sea occasionally calm, frequently stormy as in the tropics. The aspect and views of na-

ture are, within a limited distance, and near enough for contrast, vast, confined, sublime, graceful, alpine, maritime, circumscribed, or unlimited as the imagination of man. All its features are imposing, picturesque, and dazzling. Sometimes as a hymn, at others as a poem, now an elegy, then a song, and again a voluptuous measure—such is the land which more than all others addresses itself to the senses. The echoing rocks of the Peloponnesus, the thunder-stricken capes of the Taurus, the winding gulfs of Eubœa, the broad channel of the Bosporus, the gloomy bays of Asia, the blue and green islets scattered upon the waters like the buoys of a cable connecting shore with shore; Crete with its hundred cities; Rhodes, from whence the rose received its name, or which derived its appellation from the flower; Scyros, the queen of the Cyclades; Naxos; Hydra, the advanced guard of Continental Greece; Cyprus, vast enough for two kingdoms; Chalcis, joined to Europe by a bridge across the Euripus; Tenedos, the key of the Dardanelles; Lemnos, Mytilene, and Lesbos, which repeats on a smaller scale the mountains and valleys, the gorges and gulfs of the continent of Asia, which it flanks; Chios, which presents, as it were, on its opposite sides, a double terrace of flowers, turning its olive-trees to Europe and its oranges to Asia; Samos, with its deep havens and its peaks rivaling the height of Mycale, round whose base it sweeps; and many a group of isles besides, each with its people, its manner, its arts, its temples, its gods, its fables, its history, its name in Grecian story, but all of them already speaking the same tongue and singing the same verses—such was Greece when poetry became incarnate in the person of Homer. She wanted a historian, a national poet, one who should sing her gods, her heroes, and her exploits, to give her unity of thought and fame for the present and the future.

In his hymn to the Delian Apollo, the god of Greek inspiration, Homer himself has described in some geo-

graphical verses these groups of isles and continents which unite all the poetry of nature.

"Thou lovest," he says, "the peaks of the lofty mountains, the airy summits whence the sight pierces far, the rivers rolling to the sea, the headlands sloping to the waves, and the broad havens! . . . . . Yes! since the time when thy mother Latona, resting upon Cynthus, bore thee to the sound of the blue waves, which the roaring wind was driving on both shores, thou reignest over this land and those that dwell therein; over those of Crete and Attica; over those who inhabit Ægina and Eubœa, famous for its ships; Ægæa, Iræsia, and Peparethus by the sea; Athos and Samothrace, and the summits of Pelion; the wooded hills of Ida; Imbros, with houses spread along its coasts; the inaccessible Lemnos; Chios, fairest among the isles of the Ægæan; the steep Mimas, and the peaks of Corycum; Claros, that dazzles the seaman, and Æsacus, with its cloud-piercing summit; Samos, full of fountains, and Mycale, with its terraces of hills; Miletus and Cos, the abode of the Meropes; Cnidos, seat of tempests; Naxos and Paros, where the sea foams on the shoals. This Delos," he continues, "where Latona, seized with the pains of labor, clasps the palm-tree in her arms and presses the soft turf with her knees; the earth which bore her smiled. . . . . Then Delos gleams with gold, like a mountain covered with forests. This is the isle in which the Ionians (Smyrniotes) meet, in flowing garments, with their children and their chaste brides. Assembled in front of the temple, they appear like the immortals, free from age. The soul expands in beholding the beauty of the men, the majestic stature of the women, the swiftness of their galleys, and their marvelous wealth . . . . . ."

Then the poet turns back upon himself after this enumeration, and addresses the maidens of Delos. "If ever," he says in his last stanza, "if ever among mortals an unfortunate traveler lands, and asks you, 'Maidens, who is

the greatest of the singers who visit your isle, and whom love you best to hear?' answer then all of you, remembering me, 'The blind old man of Chios' rocky isle; and ever through the future shall his song surpass all other songs.'"

Such, in Homer's own language, were the country, the people, and the manners of Greece in his time.

We take the story of his life simply from the ancient and local traditions, which have been orally transmitted among those who were most interested in his memory, since he was their pre-eminent glory. Traditions, extraordinary as they appear, are the lore of nations; we believe more in them than in the learned, who come, centuries after, to dispute or deny them. In the absence of written books, the traditions of nations are the records of their races. What the father has told the son, and the son has repeated to his children, from age to age, is never without some real foundation. Retracing to their origin, through generation after generation, these family or national traditions, which are augmented by various fables in their transmission, is like following up the course of an unknown river. We at length reach a source, small, it is true, but still a source of truth. We shall therefore relate what was said concerning the most ancient and the most national genius of their race by the Greeks, who were either the contemporaries or the immediate followers of Homer.

In the city of Magnesia, a Greek colony of Asia Minor, separated by a chain of mountains from Smyrna, lived a Thessalian named Melanopus. He was poor, as those wanderers usually are who emigrate from a country with which they are not connected by hereditary lands or wealth. He quitted Magnesia for another city at a short distance, into which the Magnesian valley, already too thickly peopled, was throwing new offshoots. This city was called Cumæ. Melanopus there married a young Greek, as poor as himself, the daughter of his countryman

Omyrethes. She bore him an only daughter, named Critheïs, and shortly afterward died. He himself, feeling his death approaching, bequeathed his daughter, still an infant, to an Argive friend named Cleänax.

The orphan's beauty was a source of misfortune to herself, and of happiness to Greece and to the world. It seems as if the most wonderful among men had been predestined not to know his father, as though Providence had seen fit to throw a mystery over his birth, in order to increase the prestige which accompanied him even from his cradle.

Critheïs was beloved by a stranger, and allowed herself to be surprised or seduced. The family of Cleänax, having discovered her fault, was afraid to encounter the reproach of an illegitimate birth beneath its roof. The disgrace of Critheïs was concealed, and she was sent to another Greek colony, which was then forming at the head of the Hermæan Gulf, and was called Smyrna. Bearing within her him who was now her shame, but who was hereafter to render her name famous, she was sheltered at Smyrna by a relation of Cleänax, a Bœotian, who had migrated to this new colony. He was named Ismenias. It does not appear whether this man was acquainted with her state; she probably passed as a widow, or as having married at Cumæ. However this may be, the orphan girl, having accompanied the Smyrniote women to the banks of the Meles, where a festival in honor of the gods was held in the open air, was overtaken by the pains of labor. Under a plane-tree, on the grassy bank of the stream, her child saw the light, amid the singing of hymns, and the march of a procession in honor of those divinities of whose worship he was afterward to be the apostle.

The companions of Critheïs brought her back in their arms, with the new-born infant, to Smyrna, to the house of Ismenias. From that day forth, the little streamlet which glides among the cypresses and the reeds, past the suburbs of Smyrna, has borne a fame equal to that of

the great rivers of the earth. The glory of the child is reflected even on the blade of grass on which he fell from his mother's bosom. Traditions tell, and chroniclers have written, how Orpheus, the first of the Greek poets who sung in verse his hymns to the immortals, was torn to pieces by the women of Mount Rhodope, angry at his preaching of greater gods than theirs; and how his head, torn from his body, was thrown into the Hebrus, whose mouth is more than a hundred leagues from Smyrna. The river rolled the still tuneful head to the sea, and the blue waves carried it to the mouth of the Meles, landing it on the greensward of the meadow in which Critheis gave birth to her child, as though it had come of its own accord to transmit its soul and its inspiration to Homer. The nightingales, they say, sing nowhere so sweetly as on his tomb.*

Whether Ismenias was too poor to keep both mother and child, or whether the birth of this fatherless infant had left a stain on the honor of Critheïs, he dismissed her from his hearth. She went from door to door seeking protection and shelter for herself and her offspring.

At that time there dwelt in Smyrna a man, not rich, but good and kind of heart, as men frequently are who have been detached from things perishable by the study of things eternal. His name was Phemius. He kept a music school. Song was at that time the generic name for all that speaks to the imagination, the heart, and the senses; all to which we can give utterance — grammar, reading, writing, eloquence, verse, music; for what the ancients understood by music, addressed itself to the mind as much as to the ear. Poetry was sung; it was not spoken. This music was but the art of making the verse conform to the accent, and the accent to the verse. Therefore was the school of Phemius called a school of music—music of the mind as well as of the ear—music which absorbs the whole soul.

Phemius received, in return for the care that he bestow-

* M. de Marcellus, Episodes Littéraires en Orient, vol. ii.

ed on the youth under his charge, a payment, not in money, but in kind. The mountains which inclose the Gulf of Hermus, with Smyrna at its head, then formed, as they do now, a pastoral country, rich in flocks. The women spun the wool to make cloths, the ancient manufacture of Ionia. Each of the children, on coming to the school of Phemius, brought with him an entire fleece, or a handful of wool from his father's sheep. Phemius used to have them spun by his servants, and dyed ready for the loom, and then exchanged them for the necessaries of life. Critheïs, who had heard of the schoolmaster's kindness to children, and had, no doubt, intended trusting her own son to him when of proper age, led him by the hand to Phemius' door. His heart was touched at once by the girl's beauty and grief, and by the youth and destitution of the child; he received Critheïs into his house as a servant, allowing her to keep and bring up her child. He employed the young Magnesian in spinning the wool, the price of his lessons, and found her as modest as industrious, and as skillful as she was fair. He became attached to the child, whose precocious intelligence seemed already to augur glory to the house to which the gods had directed it, and he proposed to Critheis to marry her, thus giving a father to her infant. The hospitality and love of Phemius, and the advantage to the boy, induced her to become the wife of the schoolmaster, and the mistress of the house at the threshold of which she had stood but a few years before as a suppliant.

Phemius became more and more attached to the young Melesigenes. This name, given familiarly to Homer, means *child of Meles*—in remembrance of the brook on whose banks he was born. His adopted father loved him as well for his own as for his mother's sake. At once a teacher and a parent to the child, he opened to him his whole heart and all the treasures of his skill. Homer, whose affections were won by the gentleness of Phemius, and who was endowed by nature with an intelligence that grasped

every thing, and a memory which nothing escaped, amply repaid by his progress the care of the old man, and satisfied his mother's pride. He was looked upon as likely soon to be capable, despite his extreme youth, to teach in the school, and one day to become the successor of Phemius. The gods, unknown to him, had destined him less happiness and a different glory—the world to teach, and immortal honor for his reward. The child revered his master as a father, and, as a lasting recompense, gave the name of Phemius to the divine singer in his poems.

Phemius died, leaving the child his little property and his school. Critheïs, deprived of the support she had found in the affection of her kind host, who had made her mistress of his house and even of his heart, was afflicted even unto death, and followed the old man to the grave. Homer was left alone, a mere youth, in the house from which he had received every thing, and in which he had lost all. His wisdom supplied his want of years; he kept on the school of Phemius, and soon increased its celebrity, as Phemius himself had foretold on his death-bed. The future singer of the Iliad and the Odyssey, scarcely emerging from childhood, teaching music to children, speaking and singing an inspired tongue, seemed to the inhabitants of Smyrna a miracle which verified the prodigy of his divine birth on the banks of their own Meles. Grown men, matrons, and even the old, went to admire and to weep at his lessons. The merchants of corn and wool, strangers whom commerce or curiosity drew from all the isles of Greece and the maritime cities of Ionia, in their vessels to the crowded roads of Smyrna, heard of this wonder. When they had shipped their cargoes, they would not return home without hearing one of his lessons. They carried the fame of the young schoolmaster into their own countries.

One of these strangers was called Mentes, and was both owner and master of his vessel. He had come to fetch wheat from Lydia, to carry it to Leucadia, in the mount-

ainous isle of Lesbos. Fonder of divine poetry than the other seamen who were in the roads, he sought not less for wisdom and knowledge than for wealth in the lands which he visited. Struck with the genius and superiority of Homer over all whom he had heard in the schools and temples of Greece and Ionia, he sought the friendship of the young Melesigenes. He talked to him of the lands, the isles, the seas, the religions, the cities, and the ports of the various shores to which his trade in corn had taken him, and he convinced him that the living and infinite book of nature was the real school of all truth, of all poetry, of all wisdom. He excited in the youth's mind the desire of reading with his own eyes in this book of God. Homer, to whom were wanting the images and types necessary to render intelligible the inexhaustible conceptions of his mind, nobly gave up the fortune and domestic renown which smiled upon him at Smyrna, that he might enrich his imagination, improve his mind, and bring away recollections and observations from all parts of the earth. He closed his school, and sold the house and the wool of Phemius; then, making the vessel of Mentes his home, he paid him the rent of this wandering abode for several years in advance.

Homer, accompanied by his friend and pilot, Mentes, wandered over the ocean for many a year. By turns, or at once, traveler, merchant, sailor, and singer, he visited Egypt—then the source of civilization, and the original country of all the Pagan gods—Spain, Italy, the shores of the Adriatic and the Peloponnesus; the isles, the rocks, and the continents; conversing with all, learning from the wise, and collecting, in notes which have since been lost, the descriptions, the recollections, the stories, and the types, from which he afterward composed his poems. He was coming back, poor in purse, but rich in the stores of memory, to rest at length in his own country, again to work for his bread, when a disease of the eyes, brought on by exposure to the sun, by study, and mental labor,

obliged him to remain in Ithaca, where the commerce of Mentes had induced him to land.

Mentes, obliged to take his freight to Lesbos, left his sick friend to the care of an Ithacan named Mentor, the son of Alcinoüs, rich, compassionate, and an admirer of poets. Mentor gave the divine singer the consolations of medicine and the comforts of hospitality. Homer, who repaid by glory the debts of kindness, soon afterward immortalized Mentor and Alcinoüs, by making the one the oracle of all wisdom, and the other the model of the happiness of a man absorbed, after a stormy life, in the cultivation of his gardens. He made Ithaca the scene of his poem of the Odyssey. In Ithaca he found the traditions of his hero, Ulysses; he fixed them in his memory, and he gave to this little isle a gigantic renown.

His rest in the grounds of Alcinoüs, the care of Mentor, and the balsams of the Ithacan physicians, whom he described as *those divine men who heal the wounds of mortals*, restored his health and sight.

Mentes, faithful to his promise, crossed the Ægæan to convey him home from Ithaca. Homer again sailed several years with him. Seized once more with blindness in the port of Colophon, Mentes left him there to recover, as he had done before at Ithaca. Neither his staying ashore, nor the physician's skill, could prevail against the will of the gods: he became blind, and the aspect of nature, which he so loved to look upon, was completely effaced from his eyes. But the picture was all the more brightly colored, the stronger, and the deeper in his mind. What he no longer saw without, he still could perceive within: memory supplied it all. Even his regret for the gladness of day, and the joyous face of nature and of man, that he no longer saw, imparted a more piercing tone and a more touching melancholy to this recollection of a world which had passed from his gaze. He turned his eyes back on himself, and he described the better what he mourned that he could not behold.

The first idea which presents itself to the mind, when all hope of cure is lost, is the idea of home. The wounded bird flies to its native cover. Homer had himself led back to Smyrna, to the house of Phemius, and near his mother's tomb. He reopened his school; but during his long absence the citizens had forgotten his name and his art: others had filled his place. His blindness seemed a mark of the anger of the gods. The people could not understand that a man deprived of the most useful of the senses could teach the most sublime of the arts. His voice re-echoed in the empty hall; his school was deserted; his old friends had forgotten him. Poverty obliged him to sing ballads from door to door, to draw from the cold indifference of his fellow-countrymen the bread necessary for his support, and for the child who guided his steps. Always noble and majestic in expression and movement, despite the humiliating character of a sightless mendicant, he resembled one of the gods of his own fables, conscious of his own superiority, even while asking alms of mortals. Ulysses in the beggar's rags, as described in the Odyssey, is a reminiscence of this period of the poet's life.

Whether it was that his fellow-citizens were deaf to his song, or that the feeling of shame, which drives the unfortunate from the scenes of their happier days, made Homer's stay at Smyrna more bitter than hunger, he departed to seek in other towns a kinder audience. He crossed on foot the plain of the Hermus, intending first to go to Cumæ, the home of his mother and of his grandfather, doubtless hoping that he should there find some traces of them in the remembrance of the old friends of her family. Fatigue stopped him at Neontichos, a little rising town, a colony of Cumæ, built at the foot of Sedenus, and on the banks of the Hermus. As is the custom with beggars, who oftener seek conversation with the humble laborer than with the rich, because the one works in the open air, while the other enjoys the shelter of his house or gar-

den, Homer entered the work-shop of a poor currier, who was dressing a hide, and poured forth his first verses to the Cumæan:

"O thou that dwellest in the town on the hill-side, below the forest-covered top of Sedenus, and that drinkest of the cool waters of the foaming Hermus, pity the homeless wanderer, and admit him to the hospitality of thy threshold and thy hearth." The currier, moved with compassion, and touched by this poetical appeal, brought him in, and offered him a seat in his work-shop and a home in his house. The marvel of this beggar who spoke the language of the gods, spread through the town, and a crowd collected round the currier's door. The chief men of the place came into the shop, and, sitting round the blind man, kept questioning him and listening to his verses far into the night. He recited a heroic poem on the fall of Thebes, and sang hymns to the immortal gods, which filled his hearers with patriotism and religious fervor; for the ideas of their country and their God are the two impressions that tell mostly on an assembled multitude. The conversation between Homer and the sages of the town continued, and turned upon the beautiful poems which Orpheus and his disciples had handed down for the remembrance of men. He discussed and praised them with the tone of one who could equal them, showing that he possessed the consummate skill of the artist as well as the power of the inspired poet. His hearers begged of him to honor their town with a long stay: they envied the currier the credit of having been the first host of the unknown stranger, to whom they sent presents, in order that they might have their share in the hospitality extended by the leather-dresser to the singer of the gods.

He lived for some time by his lyre at Neontichos. In the time of Herodotus the place was still pointed out where he used to sit to recite his verses, as well as the old poplars, whose first leaves had fallen on his brow.

Having exhausted the wonder and admiration of the inhabitants, he feared lest they might tire of his longer sojourn, and he left them as poor as he came, having received from them nothing but a bare subsistence. He turned his steps to Cumæ, and composed on the road some verses in honor of the Cumæans, to insure a good reception. He passed through Larissa. At the request of the citizens, he gave them an inscription in verse for a column they had raised to the memory of a king whom they loved. These verses still exist. When he reached the gates of Cumæ, he made himself known, and was recognized as a descendant of the Cumæans. Brought before an assembly of the elders, he enchanted them with his poems. Delighted at finding men so fond of the lyre, he engaged to remain among them and to immortalize their name, provided the city would secure him a home and the means of subsistence. The old men persuaded him to appear before the senate, to ratify the agreement between himself and the citizens. A crowd of his admirers escorted him. He appeared before the senators, repeated his demand, and withdrew, after his song was finished, to await the decision of the rulers. They were all inclined to maintain Homer, in return for the fame and glory that he would confer upon the town. But there arose one of those morose beings, who think themselves wiser than the multitude, because they share neither its enthusiasm nor its feeling. He warned them that if the city thus undertook to receive and maintain all the blind beggars wandering through Ionia, it would ruin the public treasury. The senate, unwilling to appear less wise, or less sparing of the public money than this member, changed its opinion, and refused Homer the hospitality of their city. The chief of the senate was charged with the communication of this harsh decision to the poet. He sat down on a stone by his side, and tried to soften the refusal by explaining the considerations of prudence and public interest which had influenced the determination of the

council. Homer, grieved and indignant at the harshness of his fellow-citizens, burst into lamentations and reproaches before the pitying crowd around him.

"To what miserable fate," he sung, amid his tears, "have the gods abandoned me? Cradled in the lap of a tender mother, I drew her milk in this town, whose shores are beaten by the waves of the sea, and whose gardens are watered by the Meles, henceforth a sacred stream. Tracked by misfortune, and shut out from the light of day, I was coming here, to the country of my mother, bringing with me the Muses, the sweet daughters of Jove, to insure eternal fame to Cumæ. And do its citizens refuse to hear their divine voices? May they be disinherited of memory, and may they reap the reward of those who insult misery and drive away the needy! But as for me," he continued, "I can bear unmoved the destiny, whatever it may be, which the gods marked out for me when they cursed me with life. Already my impatient feet are drawing me away from this ungrateful town."

He departed, praying the gods that Cumæ might never give birth to a singer capable of giving renown to his birth-place.

He dragged his weary steps to Phocæa, another Greek colony of Ionia, whence sprung the founders of Marseilles. The gulf, surrounded with rocks, and overshadowed by plane-trees, seems to be a haven made by nature expressly to draw round it a seafaring nation. Poetry flourished at Phocæa more than elsewhere, for the sea naturally excites meditation and song. There was a celebrated school of music in the town, kept by an eloquent, but jealous and astute man, who was acquainted with Homer's genius through the accounts of merchants from Smyrna, which was not far from Phocæa. His name was Thestorides. On hearing of the arrival of the poor blind man, Thestorides pretended to feel a generous pity. He went to meet him, and offered him board and lodging at

his school, on the condition that Homer should commit to writing the poems that he had sung during his travels, and all those with which he might afterward be inspired by the Muses. Homer, under the pressure of misery and blindness, yielded to the stringent requirements of Thestorides, and sold his talent to purchase life.

Here it was that he wrote the most perfect of his poems, the "Iliad," a work both national and religious, in which the manners of the Greeks, the exploits of their heroes, and the fables of their gods, are sung in melody never equaled in any language.

Thestorides, having enriched his memory with a great number of verses purchased of his guest, and fearful that the theft might be too easily discovered if he recited them as his own at Phocæa, went and established a school in the isle of Chios. There he grew rich by singing and selling the spoil of Homer, while the real author was himself languishing and begging at Phocæa. But this was not all. He was not only robbed of his glory, but he was even accused of himself pillaging from Thestorides. Some sailors returning from Chios, where they had heard this poetry, hearing Homer recite the same verses on the quay at Phocæa, declared that the song was that of a poet at Chios. At this last blow, Homer, who until then had borne all with patience, grew indignant at the insults of Fortune. He determined to confront his calumniator at Chios. He begged some sailors, who were proceeding to that island, to take him on board, promising to pay his passage by verses, of which the Greeks, even of the humblest callings, were passionately fond. The sailors suffered him to embark, out of compassion, as a pledge of the protection of the gods. He sang to them all day. They landed him at night upon a rock on the island, at which they themselves did not intend to stop. He slept near the shore under a pine-tree, from which a cone, shaken by the wind, fell on his head. This pine reminded him of the woods of Cumæ, his country, and of the ingratitude

of the town under the shadow of which he had in vain sought a refuge for his life. He speaks of it with bitterness in some verses which he addressed to the tree. At length he rose, and endeavored to grope his way to the town. He followed the bleating of a herd of goats, in the hopes of meeting with a shepherd. The watch-dogs flew at his rags. The shepherd, named Glaucus, called them off, and ran to the traveler to save him from injury. He felt pity for his condition, and could not understand how a blind man had been able to climb those steep cliffs alone. He took Homer by the hand, led him into his cabin, lit the fire, prepared a simple meal, and made the poet sit down to it with him, the dogs barking at their feet, expecting their share.

Homer, in some extempore verses, counseled the shepherds how to control these watchful guardians of the flocks. He subsequently remembered this adventure, and described it in the Odyssey, in the episode of the dog of Ulysses, first growling at, and then recognizing him. The imagination is little else than fragments of memory.*

After the meal, Homer conversed with the shepherd of the places, the things, and the men he had seen in his long travels, and sung to him the most beautiful parts of his poems which are descriptive of pastoral or nautical life. The shepherd, fascinated by the knowledge, wisdom, and poetry of his guest, forgot that the hours of the night were passing away. They at last lay down to rest on the same leaves.

Before dawn, the shepherd, leaving Homer asleep in his cottage, went to the neighboring town and told his master how he had met with this divine old man, and had entertained him hospitably. The master blamed him for his imprudence in trusting so easily the word of a stranger.

* M. De Lamartine, quoting, no doubt, from memory, appears to have confounded the two episodes of Ulysses attacked by the dogs of Eumæus (Odyssey, b. xiv., lines 29–36) and of Ulysses recognized by his own dog Argus (b. xvii., lines 291–327).—Tr.

He, however, told Glaucus to bring his guest to Bolissus, that he might judge for himself. Homer accompanied the shepherd, and delighted the master with his conversation and his verses. He was intrusted with the education of the children of the family. Thestorides, hearing of his arrival at Chios, and afraid of being discovered and unmasked by the appearance of the man whom he had robbed of his glory, fled from the island, and went elsewhere to hide himself and his disgrace.

After having educated the children of Glaucus' master at Bolissus, Homer, becoming more and more celebrated, founded a public school in the maritime city of Chios, the capital of the island. He obtained in this foreign land the popular favor he could never find in Smyrna, his own country. The youth of the island crowded to hear his lessons, and he became rich enough, by the gifts of their parents, to gather round him a family of his own. He married a native girl, who was able to forget his blindness in her admiration for his divine genius. His love for her may be estimated from the delicious pictures of conjugal affection so frequent in his poems. Two daughters were the offspring of this late marriage. One died in her youth; the other married at Chios, and perpetuated his race in this isle, the adopted country of his old age.

It was while in easy circumstances, and in the sweet leisure of his wedded life at Chios, that he wrote the Odyssey, the poem of his old age, a summary of his travels, his observations, his misfortunes, and his happiness; and in which he introduces both as actors and speakers, under names dear to his memory, himself and all the persons whose kindness had made a lasting impression on his heart:

Phemius, "his dear master and his second father, who excels all mortals in the art of song, and pressing with his finger the strings of his lyre, strikes the prelude of his sweet hymns."

Mentes, his friend and his pilot from sea to sea, of

whom he says, "I boast the name of Mentes, son of the noble Anchialus; I command the Taphians, skillful to navigate ships upon the waves."

PENELOPE, under whose name he celebrates "the beauty and fidelity of the chaste spouse, whom neither the seductions nor the gold of the young suitors, nor the rumors of the death of Ulysses, nor the absence, the adversity, nor the rags of her husband, could move from her love or from her fidelity to his bed."

TYCHIUS, the tanner, his first host at Neontichos, whose name he has immortalized in a passing allusion, in connection with the shield of Ajax. "Ajax approached bearing a brazen buckler with seven folds of hide, strong as a tower, the work of Tychius, the tanner, who dwelt in his home of Hylè, by far the best of all makers of shields."

He did not even forget his slaves; and the faithful EUMÆUS is no doubt the poetical reminiscence of one of those old servants whom attachment and years identify with a family, and who wait on its prosperity and decay, as the shadow of the tree on the lawn grows and diminishes on the threshold, as each succeeding spring and autumn returns.

The fame of his renown spread late, but wide, with his verses, from isle to isle, from port to port, through Ionia and throughout Greece. Every vessel that left Chios carried away a scrap of his poems in the memory of its sailors or its warriors. Each sail, as it neared the island he had made his resting-place, brought him admirers and disciples. He grew older in glory than in years. The historian as well as the poet of Greece, each town, each colony, every family of the continent or of the isles begged him to immortalize their names, their deeds, or their legends. He was, like Minos, the judge over the living and the dead; he held the keys of the future: he was the high-priest of posterity, that divinity to which all great minds are devoted. Never on earth, until the time of the prophets, had poetry exercised such power. Genius had become greater

than a king—it had made itself the arbiter of human immortality.

Each land of Greece now desired to feel the footsteps of the blind old man whom each had repulsed a few short years before. Messengers and deputations of citizens came to him in their vessels to beg him to visit Greece, already full of his name.

At a late period of his life he yielded to the importunities of his country. He had, doubtless, lost the companion of his life, who, had she been alive, would have detained him in the home of his happy days, from which the old man should not wander far, lest his tomb might be elsewhere. He departed for the last time to visit Greece, the country of his verses and of his fame. He first sailed for the mountain-isle of Samos, and landed on a day when they were celebrating a festival of the gods. Recognized, at the moment of his landing, by one of the islanders who had seen him at Chios, the rumor of the poet's arrival spread at once through the city; the Samians crowded round him, and begged him to enhance their ceremony by his presence. He accompanied the procession to the temple, and reaching its threshold just as they had lighted the holy fire, he sang, in verses inspired by the glare of the sacred flames, "O Samians, whose children are the delight of their parents, whose towers are the honor of the city, whose coursers adorn the meadows as they bound along the turf, whose vessels are the pride of the sea, and whose riches are the glory of its great houses! Thy chiefs and ancients seated on their thrones in the great square afford one of the most majestic sights that the eye of man can witness; but there is nothing on earth more noble and more holy than the dwelling-place of a family illumined by the flame from its hearth."

The Samians, proud of the honor done to their island by such a guest, gave him the first place in their festival, and led him back in pomp to the house that had been prepared for him.

On the morrow, while he was walking over the island, and having its towns and remarkable places described to him, so that he might again behold in spirit what years ago he had seen with his eyes, he passed a kiln, where some potters were moulding jars and baking their earthenware. The workmen recognized him and crowded round him, praying him to stop for a moment at their work-shop, and to sing some verses to the honor of their art; and they offered him, as his reward, the finest that they had made. Homer smiled, and taking his seat on the bottom of a jar, sang these verses, since well known among the potters by the title of "the Furnace:"

"Ho! ye moulders of clay, who offer me a cup as the reward of my verses, hearken ye to the voice of my song!

"Thee I invoke, O Minerva, goddess of industry! Come down, I pray thee, among these men, and lend thy skillful hand to their work. May the vessels which come from this kiln, and especially those which are for the altars of the gods, be uniformly colored by the hot breath of the furnace! Let them harden gradually by the well-moderated heat of the fire, and be sought after, for their beauty and strength, through all the streets and markets of Greece, that their price may bring wealth to the workmen, and bear out the praises of the poet.

"But if you intend to deceive the blind man, and not to give me the cup you have promised, may the scourge of the immortal gods fall upon your furnace! May the fire destroy your pottery, and the oven give out a noise like a mad horse grinding his teeth! May the potter behold with tears the ruins of his kiln, and he that stoops to look into the fire, may his face be seared by the recoil of the flame that shall consume your vases!"

He remained all the winter at Samos. Though no longer obliged by want to sell his songs for bread, he would still, from time to time, out of gratitude to the hospitable inhabitants of the island, sing verses adapted to the fortunes or conditions of the houses which he visited

in the calm leisure of his latter days. A child guided him through the streets of the towns and along the paths in the country. Samian tradition has handed down from father to son some of these blessings of the blind poet of Chios, even as coins which we find here and there in the sand of the Samian shores.

In remembrance of his former wanderings, Homer bore in his hand, like the beggars of old, a leafy bough. "We have now come," he would sing to his guide, "to the portal of the vast mansion of a wealthy citizen, echoing incessantly to the tread of servants and retainers. May its gates open to let Fortune in, and with her, serenity and leisure. Let there never be a store jar empty in this happy dwelling, and may its granary always be full of fine flour. May the young bride of its heir leave it in her chariot every time she goes out, and let the hard-footed mules bring her home in safety, that with her feet resting on a stool adorned with amber, she may embroider a costly tissue with her needle. As for me, I shall return to this roof like the swallow with each revolving year!"

The children of Samos used for a long while to sing these verses from door to door, while collecting for the religious festivals consecrated to benevolence or charity.

At the return of spring, when the waves are calm and the breezes mild, he sailed again for the Gulf of Attica. The vessel which bore him being detained by a storm in the roadstead of the little island of Ios, Homer felt that life was leaving him. He had himself brought ashore, that he might die in peace on its sunny sands. His companions had made a bed for him under the sail, close to the sea. The rich people of the neighboring town, which was built away from the coast, hearing of his arrival and his sickness, came down the hill to offer him their houses, to bring him relief, to make him presents, and to show their respect. The shepherds, the fishermen, and the sailors of the coast crowded round him, expecting oracles, as though he were the mouth-piece of the gods upon earth.

He continued speaking his inspired language with the learned, and conversing, even to his last breath, with the simple men, of whom he had so often described in his poems the manners, the labors, and the afflictions. His mind had passed into theirs with his song, and in giving up his soul to the gods, he did not snatch it from earth; it had become the soul of Greece.

And here it was that he expired, a shipwreck of life, by the shore of the sounding sea. The sailors and the child who guided his footsteps, with the inhabitants of the town, and the fishers of the coast, dug him a grave in the sand, on the spot where he chose to die. They rolled a rock upon it, with these words engraved with a chisel: "This stone covers the sacred head of the divine Homer." Ios ever retained the ashes of him to whom she had given the last hospitality. The tomb of Homer gave to this hitherto obscure isle an interest far greater than would have done his birth, for which seven cities still contended. The recollection of the exact cove in which the blind old man was buried became lost in the course of time and the changing fortunes of the isle. No rivalry of funerals, of monuments, or of vain observances troubled his last long rest. The memory of man was his burial-place; his own verses were his monument.

In the isle of Chios, near the town, they still show a ridge of stone, of circular form, shaded by a plane-tree, which has existed, being renewed by offshoots, for more than three thousand years They call it the School of Homer. There, say they, the old blind man used to be led by his daughters, to whom he used to sing and teach his poems. Thence can be seen the two seas, the capes of Ionia, the snow-capped peaks of Olympus, and the golden shores of the isles, with the sails now shaking as they turn into the bays, now filling as they glide into the open sea. His daughters could look on this view, of which the magnificence and variety would have disturbed his inspirations. It would seem that nature, cruel, but, at the same

time, compassionate, had intended to concentrate his whole soul on his internal perceptions, by throwing this veil over his sight.

From that time, they say, in the isles of the Archipelago, to blindness has been attributed the gift of inspiring song, and therefore do the cruel shepherds destroy the eyes of the nightingales, that they may strengthen the instinct of melody in the poor bird's brain and note.

Such is the story of Homer—simple as nature, sorrowful as life. It consists of suffering and song; and such is usually the fate of poets. Strings that are not strained can yield but little sound. Poetry is a cry of pain. None can give utterance to its piercing tones save he that is wounded to the heart. Job cried to the Lord from his dung-heap and his anguish. In our days, as in the olden time, men gifted with this power must choose between their genius and their happiness, between life and immortality.

And now, is poetry worth this sacrifice? What influence had Homer upon civilization, and how did he contribute to its extension?

To answer this inquiry, it is sufficient to read.

Suppose, in the infancy or youth of the world, that a half-savage man, endowed only with the elementary, gross, and ferocious instincts, which are the foundation of our animal nature, before society, religion, and art have moulded, softened, spiritualized, and sanctified the human heart—suppose that to such a man, alone in the depths of the forests, and engrossed by sensual appetites, a heavenly spirit were to teach the art of reading characters traced upon papyrus, and then to disappear, leaving with him only the works of Homer. The savage reads, and as he turns page after page, a new world opens before his eyes. He feels expand within him thousands of thoughts, ideas, and feelings unknown before; a mere sensual being when he began to read, he has become an intellectual, and will soon be a moral creature. Homer reveals to him, in the

first place, the superior world, the immortality of the soul, the judgment after death, sovereign justice, the expiation, rewards according to our virtues or our crimes, Heaven, and Hell; disguised, no doubt, by fables and allegories, but still visible and apparent through these symbols, as the figure beneath the drapery which covers while it shows it. He next tells him of glory, that passion for mutual esteem and eternal honor, which has been given to men as the instinct most nearly allied to virtue. He teaches him patriotism, in the exploits of the heroes who leave their ancestral realms, tearing themselves from the arms of wives and mothers, to shed their blood in national expeditions, like the Trojan war, to give honor to their native land. He tells him of the calamities of war by describing the burning of Troy, and the combats beneath the walls. He teaches friendship by the example of Achilles and Patroclus; wisdom, by that of Mentor; conjugal fidelity, by Andromache; consideration for age, by the old King Priamus, to whom Achilles gives up with tears the corpse of his son; disgust for outrage to the dead, by the body of Hector dragged seven times around the walls of his own capital; compassion, for Astyanax led into slavery by the Greeks, while still a child in his mother's arms; the vengeance of the gods, in the early death of Achilles; the consequences of infidelity, in Helen; scorn for the breach of domestic ties, in Menelaus; the sacredness of laws, the utility of trades, the invention and the beauty of the arts —every where, in short, the interpretation of the language of nature, always pervaded by a moral significance, revealed in each of its phenomena in earth, sea, and sky; as it were, a cipher of correspondence between God and man, given so completely and so exactly in the verses of Homer, that the unseen and the material world, reflected each in the other like stars in a lake, seem to be but a single thought, and to speak with but one harmonious tongue to the gifted intelligence of the sightless poet. And yet this language is marked by such a melodious

rhythm in its measure, and is full of such music in its expressions, that each thought seems to enter the mind through the ears, not only as an intelligent idea, but also as a sensuous delight!

Is it not clear that, after a long and familiar intercourse with this volume, the brutal and ferocious instincts would disappear, and the moral and intellectual nature expand in the savage to whom Homer would have been thus taught by Heaven?

What such a process would have done for a single man, Homer effected for an entire nation. Scarcely had death interrupted his heavenly song, before the Rhapsodists, or Homeric bards, wandering minstrels, their ears and memories still ringing with his verses, passed from isle to isle, and through all the towns of Greece, each boasting the exclusive knowledge of some mutilated fragment of his poems, and reciting it year after year, through one generation after another, in public festivals and religious solemnities, in the halls of the palaces and by the cottage hearths, as well as in the schools of the children, so that an entire nation became the living and imperishable repository of this universal volume of classical antiquity. In the time of Ptolemy Philopator, the Smyrnæans built him temples. The Argives, also, paid him divine honors. For two thousand years one soul breathed its spirit over this portion of the world. In the year 884 B.C. Lycurgus brought Homer's verses to Sparta, to train the minds of its citizens. Then came Solon, the founder of the democracy of Athens, and who, a greater statesman than Plato, understood the influence of genius on civilization, and had these scattered fragments collected into one book, as in later days the Romans collected the sacred pages of the Sibyl. Then came Alexander the Great, anxious above all things for immortal renown, and well knowing that the key of the future is in the hands of the poets; he had a casket of marvelous richness made to contain the songs of Homer, and always put them under his pillow, that he might enjoy

heavenly dreams. Then came the Romans, who esteemed none of their conquests in Greece equal to the possession of these poems; and all the poetry of their nation was but the lengthened echo of this voice from the rocks of Chios. Then followed the darkness of the Middle Ages of barbaric invasion, which for nearly a thousand years sank the West in ignorance, and which was scarcely beginning to break, before the manuscripts of Homer, rediscovered among the ruins of paganism, again became the study, and the source of inspiration and enthusiasm to the minds of men. Thus the ancient world, with its history and poetry, its arts and trades, its civilization, manners, and religion, is all contained in Homer; and even the literature of the modern world owes its existence in so great a measure to him, that, before this noblest of inspired writers, no man, be he who he may, could without blushing take the title of poet. To ask whether such a man may be ranked among the benefactors of the human race is to ask whether genius sheds light or darkness over the world; it is to renew the blasphemy of Plato; it is to expel poetry from civilization; it is to deprive humanity of its most glorious attribute, its perception of the infinite; it is to fling back to the Almighty the highest faculties with which he has endowed us, lest jealous minds be offended, and the material world appear poor and little, as compared with the splendor of imagination and the magnificence of nature.

GUTENBERG,

THE INVENTOR OF PRINTING.

A.D. 1400.

PRINTING is the telescope of the soul; for as the optical instrument called a telescope brings near to the eye and magnifies all the objects of creation, and even the minute and distant stars of the firmament, so printing draws together and places the mind of the isolated individual in immediate, continuous, and perpetual communication with all the ideas of the invisible world, in the past, the present, and the future. It has been said that railways and steam have annihilated space. It may be said that printing has annihilated time. Thanks to this art, we are all contemporaries. I hold converse with Homer and Cicero, and the Homers and Ciceros of future ages will converse with us, so that we may raise a doubt whether the *press* is not as truly an intellectual *sense*, revealed to man by Gutenberg, as a material machine. Doubtless its produce consists of paper, ink, characters, figures, and letters, which fall under the notice of the senses, but it at the same time gives birth to poetry, sentiment, morality, religion, or, as we may say, a portion of the human mind.

Before mentioning the inventor, let us discuss the phenomenon.

What constitutes man is not simply the senses; for the brute beasts have senses like our own, and some of them infinitely more delicate, stronger, and more unerring than ours. What especially constitutes man is thought. But so long as this thought does not exhibit itself either to us or to others by language, it is as if it were not. Language is not thought, but its necessary and co-ordinate manifesta-

tion. So long as a man has not been able to say "I think," he has not thought; he has dreamed; he has possessed instinct, not ideas. There has been intellect, doubtless, but intellect imprisoned and sleeping in the lethargy and night of the senses, like the fire hidden in powder, which does not appear until the spark coming near it makes it burst forth to life, light, and liberty. The spark which gives to thought its fire, its light, its liberty, its living power in man and in the human race, is Language—the WORD, as it was called by the ancients, who supposed the existence, under the name of this truly divine faculty, of something intermediate between God and man.

They were right. Language is the revelation of soul to soul. Who else than God could reveal to the soul his own mysterious creation, this revelation of itself?

We are, moreover, inclined to think that language was not born of itself on the lips of the primitive man, chattering by accident, and attaching, as centuries rolled on, some vague meaning to inarticulate noises, and giving to others lessons which he had not received himself on the sound, the sequence, and the meaning of these human bleatings. To pass from these bleatings to speech, from speech to the unanimous agreement as to the meaning of words, from the meaning of a few words to the verb and the phrase, from the verb and phrase to logical syntax, from this logical syntax to the language of Moses, of David, of Cicero, of Confucius, and Racine, we must allow to the human race more centuries of existence on this ball of mud than there are stars visible or invisible in the Milky Way. We must also suppose centuries without number of brutishness, during which the race of man (a being essentially moral and intellectual) must have vainly sought, like the animals, an instrument of morality and intelligence, without being able to discover it until after the lapse of numberless generations, without speech, and consequently without intelligence and without morality. The human race deaf and dumb for a hundred thousand years! I should

think it blasphemy to believe in such an incredible mystery!

I prefer the other alternative, the paternal mystery of the Creator himself inspiring into the lips of his infant creature, speech, words, language, and that natural expression which affixes to things, at first sight, names appropriate to their form and character; for giving things their real names is in fact creating them anew. Yes, indeed! He must have taught the first word and the first language; He who has made intellect and feeling to be communicated from man to man, the breast to serve as a sounding-board to the tense and trembling strings of our heart, like a musical scale, always complete, which we carry within us; He who made the tongue to articulate, the lips to pronounce, the voice to carry out the echo of the soul. The wreck of this first and perfect language, decomposed by intellectual decay, must have been remodeled into other various and imperfect languages, as the stones of a ruined temple are slowly built up in the desert to form a shelter for the caravan.

When language had been given, found, or invented, there were still many centuries to elapse before reaching the other phenomenon, of confining invisible and immaterial thought in visible and material signs, engraven on a palpable substance. This phenomenon is the art of writing. Writing transfers thought from one sense to another. Speech communicates the thought from the mouth to the ear, through the medium of sound; writing seizes the impalpable sound on its passage, transforms it into signs or letters, and thus communicates thought from the hand to the eyes. The eyes communicate it to the mind by that ever mysterious relation which exists between our intellect and our senses, and behold, speech becomes visible and palpable, instead of invisible and immaterial, as it was before! Is any miracle comparable to this?

It is not really known who invented writing. All that is almost divine is anonymous. It is not given to a man

to affix his individual name to a discovery which is evidently collective, and belongs to all humanity; but here we may incontestably trace the action of men, not of God. When once speech was recognized and made, it only remained to transpose it from the ear to the eyes. That was a difficult work, but still it was a work for man. By writing, language acquired two inseparable qualities, which it did not possess so long as it was only spoken, and fugitive as the sound. Written language acquired permanency and the faculty of transmission, thus becoming eternal and universal. It might be retained forever, and be heard every where.

Thus, from the day when language became written, the human race, in perpetual communion with itself, in spite of distance, and in spite of death, made immense and almost uninterrupted strides in civilization. It became, like God, present to all time. It enriched itself with the past, cultivated the present, and laid up store for the future. It recorded its ideas, its songs, its histories, its laws, its sciences, its arts, its religions, its earth, and its heaven. It fixed, so to speak, its fugitive ideas, and it wrote institutes. The civilization of any particular country of the earth was included every where in a single manifestation, THE BOOK. The world was nothing but BIBLES. Zoroaster, Moses, Confucius, Mohammed, had each their BOOK—each their own civilization, their moral code, their legislation, their philosophy, their creed, their theology, each in turn ruling the world, or fighting for its possession. And now the world belongs to the most holy and most universal of books.

A million hands grasped the reed of the Egyptian, the pen of the Greek, the *stylus* of the Roman, the papyrus, the palm-tree bark, the parchment of the Middle Ages, the paper of the modern European, and hastened to transfer to all tongues the written word, an object of faith for the mind, an instrument for art and commerce, and a means of occupation for the industrious. Manuscripts were pro-

duced in incredible numbers over all the earth. China, our precursor in all inventions, alone possessed, with a language three times as perfect as ours, a species of stereotype or printing, which spread among its innumerable population ideas, morality, laws, and religion.

Every where else the unaided hand of man was the interpreter of the mind. The business of a transcriber was one of the most numerous, most honorable, and most lucrative occupations. Booksellers kept thousands of scribes, sold their copies, paid them their wages, and made a profit upon thought. In Rome, and in the large towns of Greece and Asia, there were particular quarters for this trade in written ideas and language. Rich men kept chosen slaves, bought at a higher price and treated more familiarly than other slaves, and who were specially occupied in copying the celebrated works of antiquity and of their own time for their libraries. The government kept a great number for its decrees, and the orators for their discourses. Later, in the times of the Lower Empire, it was the eunuchs, a degraded, and, at the same time, a privileged class, who copied the master-pieces of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew antiquity at Byzantium.

Lastly, there were the monks, voluntary transcribers, who, in the silence of their monasteries, devoted themselves to this multiplying of holy writ or profane history, by copying and recopying millions of manuscripts of the Bible and Testament, and of the illustrious authors of antiquity, on the revival of literature. Like the slaves and eunuchs, these monks, lodged, fed, and clothed gratuitously, in monasteries founded and endowed by the munificence of kings, land-owners, or wealthy believers, could publish works of genius at a very moderate price. They needed no pay, because their order, enriched by the gifts and endowments of their religion, provided for all their wants.

These manuscripts, the leisure occupation of the monks, and the manual labor and commercial profit of laymen

and *clerks*, soon became objects for artistic embellishment, giving rise to master-pieces of patience, caligraphy, miniature, and designs drawn with the pen, and colored with the hair-pencil. The art of printing, however perfect it may now be in the hands of the Didots, the Bodonis, the Bentleys, and other great leaders of the press, has not yet equaled, and perhaps will never equal, some of these manuscripts, the pages of which, like the temples of Jerusalem, Rome, or Cologne, have employed thousands of hands, and employed successive generations of monks and artists.

Nevertheless, there were always two points in which this mode of reproducing writing was immensely inferior to printing. It was slow, and it was expensive. It did not produce a sufficient number of copies to meet the requirements of an unlimited number of readers, and rich men alone could have libraries. The enlightenment of the mind was the privilege of the clergy, of princes and courts, and of the great men of the earth: it did not descend to the lower classes of the people. The head of society was in the sunshine, its feet in shadow.

Another power was also wanting in the manuscript system—rapidity. The newspaper, which spreads ideas with the speed of light, in a few hours, and in a small compass, from one extremity of an empire to the other, could not then exist. Language formed a book, never a sheet. It was not coined so as to pass from hand to hand over the whole universe, like the common penny; there were vast vacancies, and long periods of silence in the intercommunication of the human mind. The progress of truth, of science, of letters, of art, of political knowledge, was slow and uncertain for long ages.

Such was, in the year 1400, the state of human language. It required a revolution in machinery to prepare the innumerable revolutions in ideas, of which Providence reserved the accomplishment for the human race by the hand of an obscure mechanic; and what is more remark-

able is, that this mechanic, as if he had been prophetically inspired by Providence, did not work out this wonder by chance or from greediness of gain, as so many inventors have done; no, he worked it out from piety, and with the holy passion and conscientious prescience of what he was to accomplish. He had said to himself from his earliest years, "God suffers in the multitude of souls whom his Holy Word can not reach. Religious truth is imprisoned in a small number of manuscript books, which confine instead of spreading the public treasure. Let us break the seal which seals up holy things, and give wings to truth, in order that she may go and win every soul that comes into this world by her word, no longer written at great expense by a hand easily palsied, but multiplied like the wind by an untiring machine."

The man who addressed this noble sentiment to himself, and who set himself this problem, either to solve it, or to perish at the task, was GUTENBERG.

Hans Gensfleich Gutenberg von Sorgeloch was a young patrician, born at Mayence, a free and wealthy city on the banks of the Rhine, in the year 1400. His father, Friel Gensfleich, married Else von Gutenberg, who gave her name to her second son John.

It is probable that if Mayence, his country, had not been a free city, this young gentleman would have been unable to conceive or to carry into execution his invention. Despotism and superstition equally insist upon silence; they would have stifled the universal and resistless echo which genius was about to create for written words. Printing and liberty were both to spring from the same soil and the same climate.

Mayence, Strasburg, Wörms, and other mnnicipal towns on the Rhine, then governed themselves, under the suzerainty of the empire, as small federal republics, like Florence, Genoa, Venice, and the other states of Italy. The nobility warlike, the burgesses increasing in importance, and the laboring population vacillating between these two

classes, who alternately oppressed and courted it, and from time to time, here as every where, fought for supremacy. Outbursts of civil war, excited by vanity or interest, and in which the victory remained sometimes with the patricians, sometimes with the burgesses, and at others with the artisans, made them alternately victors, conquered, and proscribed. This is the history of all cities, of all republics, and of all empires. Mayence was a miniature of Rome or Athens, only the proscribed party had not the sea to cross to escape from their country; they went outside the walls, and crossed the Rhine; those of Strasburg going to Mayence, and those of Mayence to Strasburg, to wait until their party recovered power, or until they were recalled by their fellow-citizens.

In these intestine struggles of Mayence, the young Gutenberg, himself a gentleman, and naturally fighting for the cause most holy in a son's eyes—that of his father—was defeated by the burgesses, and banished, with all the knights of his family, from the territory of Mayence. His mother and sisters alone remained there in possession of their property, as innocent victims on whom the faults of the nobility should not be visited. His first banishment was short, and peace was ratified by the return of the refugees. A vain quarrel about precedence in the public ceremonies on the occasion of the solemn entry of the Emperor Robert, accompanied by the Archbishop Conrad, into Mayence, refreshed the animosity of the two classes in 1420, and young Gutenberg, at the age of nineteen, underwent his second exile.

The free city of Frankfort now offered itself as a mediator between the nobles and plebeians of Mayence, and procured their recall on condition of the governing magistracy being equally shared between the high classes and the burgesses. But Gutenberg, whether his valor in the civil war had rendered him more obnoxious and more hostile to the burgesses; whether his pride, fostered by the traditions of his race, could not submit patiently to an

equality with plebeians; or whether, more probably, ten years of exile and study at Strasburg had already turned the bent of his thoughts to a nobler object than the vain honors of a free city, refused to return to his country. His mother, who watched over her son's interest at Mayence, petitioned the republic to allow him to receive as a pension a small portion of the revenues of his confiscated possessions. The republic replied that the young patrician's refusal to return to his country was a declaration of war, and that the republic did not pay its enemies. Gutenberg, persisting in his voluntary exile and in his disdain, lived on the secret remittances of his mother.

But at Strasburg he already enjoyed so great a popularity for his disposition and his acquirements, that one day, when the chief magistrate of Mayence was passing the territory of Strasburg, he was arrested by the friends of Gutenberg, shut up in a castle, and did not recover his liberty until the city of Mayence had signed a treaty which restored the exile his patrimony. Thus this youth, the great tribune of the human mind, whose invention was destined to destroy forever the prejudices of race, and to restore, in after times, liberty and civil equality to all the plebeians of the world, began his life, as yet unrecognized, at the head of the patrician party of his country, in these struggles between the privileged castes and the people. Fortune seemed to delight in the contrast. But Gutenberg's wisdom, increasing with his age, was afterward destined to reunite the people and nobility, who looked on each other as enemies.

The restoration of his goods allowed young Gutenberg to satisfy his literary, religious, and artistic tastes by traveling from town to town to study monuments, and visit men of all conditions celebrated for their science, their art, or even their trade. The artisans of Germany then held nearly the same rank as the artists. It was at the time when the trades, scarcely known, were confused with the arts, and when the most humble professions produced

their earliest master-pieces, which, on account of their novelty, were looked upon as prodigies. Gutenberg traveled alone, on foot, carrying a knapsack containing books and clothes, like a mere student visiting the schools, or a journeyman looking for a master. He thus went through the Rhenish provinces, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and, lastly, Holland, not without an object, like a man who lets his imagination wander at the caprice of his footsteps, but carrying every where with him a fixed idea, an unchanging will led by a presentiment. This guiding star was the thought of spreading the word of God and the Bible among a vaster number of souls.

Thus it was religion which, in this young wandering apostle, was seeking the soil wherein to sow a single seed, of which the fruit hereafter was to be a thousand various grains. It is the glory of printing that it was given to the world by religion, not by industry. Religious enthusiasm was alone worthy to give birth to the instrument of truth.

What mechanical processes Gutenberg may until then have revolved in his mind, remains unknown. Whatever they were, chance effaced them all, and brought him at once upon his great discovery. One day at Haarlem, in Holland, the verger of the Cathedral, named Lawrence Koster, with whom he had established friendly relations, showed him in the sacristy a Latin grammar, curiously wrought in engraved letters on a wooden board, for the instruction of the seminarists. Chance, that gratuitous teacher, had produced this approach to printing.

The poor and youthful sacristan of Haarlem was in love. He used to walk in holydays in the spring outside the town, and sit under the willows by the canals, to indulge in his day-dreams. His heart full of the image of his bride, he used to amuse himself, in true lover's fashion, by engraving with his knife the initials of his mistress and himself, interlaced, as an emblem of the union of their hearts and of their interwoven destinies. But, instead of

cutting these ciphers on the bark, and leaving them to grow with the tree, like the mysterious ciphers so often seen on the trees in the forests and by the brooks, he engraved them on little blocks of willow stripped of their bark, and still reeking with the moisture of their sap; and he used to carry them, as a remembrance of his dreams and a pledge of affection, to his lady-love.

One day, having thus cut some letters on the green wood, probably with more care and perfection than usual, he wrapped up his little work in a piece of parchment, and brought it with him to Haarlem. On opening it the next day to look at his letters, he was astonished to see the cipher perfectly reproduced in brown on the parchment by the relieved portion of the letters, the sap having oozed out during the night and imprinted its image on the envelope. This was a discovery. He engraved other letters on a large platter, replaced the sap by a black liquid, and thus obtained the first proof ever printed. But it would only print a single page. The movable variety, and endless combinations of characters infinitely multiplied, to meet the vast requirements of literature, were wanting. The invention of the poor sacristan would have covered the surface of the earth with plates engraved or sculptured in relief, but would not have been a substitute for a single case of movable type. Nevertheless, the principle of the art was developed in the sacristy of Haarlem, and we might hesitate whether to attribute the honor of it to Koster or Gutenberg, if its invention had not been with one the mere accidental discovery of love and chance, and, in the other, the well-earned victory of patience and genius.

At the sight of this coarse plank, the lightning from heaven flashed before the eyes of Gutenberg. He looked at the plank, and, in his imagination, analyzed it, decomposed it, put it together again, changed it, undid it, readjusted it, reversed it, smeared it with ink, placed the parchment on it, and pressed it with a screw. The sa-

cristan, wondering at his long silence, was unwittingly present at this development of an idea, over which his visitor had brooded in vain for the last ten years. When Gutenberg retired, he carried a new art with him.

On the morrow, like a man who possesses a treasure, and knows neither rest nor sleep until he has hidden it safely, Gutenberg left Haarlem, hastened up the Rhine until he reached Strasburg, shut himself up in his work-room, fashioned his own tools, tried, broke, planned, rejected, returned to his plans, and again rejected them, only to return to them again, and ended by secretly executing a fortunate proof upon parchment with movable wooden types, bored through the side with a small hole, strung together and kept close by a thread, like square beads on a chaplet, each with a letter of the alphabet cut in relief on one side—the first printer's alphabet, coarse, but wonderful—the first company of twenty-four letters, which multiplied like the herds of the patriarch, until at last they covered the whole earth with written characters, in which a new and immaterial element—human thought—became incarnate!

The enthusiasm of success took possession of him. He slept ill the following night. In his short and troubled sleep he had a dream, which he afterward related to his friends. This dream was so prophetic and so near the truth, that we may almost question, in reading it, whether it is not rather the prescient reflection of waking genius than the fevered imagination of a sleeping workman.

Here is the account or recital of this dream, as it is preserved in the library of the Aulic Counselor Beck:

"In a cell of the cloister of Arbogast, a man with a pale face, a long beard, and steadfast look sat before a table, with his head leaning on his hand. That man was called John Gutenberg. Sometimes he raised his head, and his eyes gleamed as if reflecting a light from within: then he would pass his fingers through his beard

with a quick movement of joy. It was because the hermit of the cell was working a problem of which he already half perceived the solution. Suddenly Gutenberg arose, and a cry burst from him like the relief of a thought long repressed. He ran to a chest, opened it, and took out a cutting tool; then, with convulsive efforts, he began working a piece of wood, all his movements evincing joy and anxiety, as if he feared lest his idea should escape him, and that he should lose the diamond he wished to shape and set for posterity. He worked hard and with feverish anxiety, the perspiration streaming down his forehead, while his eyes ardently watched the progress of his labor. He worked for a long time; but the time seemed short. At last he dipped the wood into a black liquid, placed it on the parchment, and throwing all the weight of his body on his hand for want of a press, he printed the first letter he had cut out. He looked, and a second cry, full of the ecstasy of successful genius, burst from him. He closed his eyes with a look of happiness, such as the saints of Paradise might envy, and fell exhausted on a bench. When sleep overtook him he was murmuring, 'I am immortal.'"

Then he had a dream which troubled his mind:

"I heard two voices," he says, "two unknown voices of different tones, which spoke alternately in my soul. One said to me, 'Rejoice, John; thou art immortal! Henceforth, by thy means, shall all knowledge be spread over the world. Nations which dwell thousands of miles from thee, strangers to the ideas of thy country, shall read and understand thoughts yet silent, but hereafter to be spread and multiplied like the reflection of fire, by thee, and by thy hand!

"'Rejoice, John; thou art immortal; for thou art the interpreter whom the nations await before holding converse with each other. Thou art immortal, for thy discovery will give everlasting life to genius which would

have been stillborn without thee, and whose gratitude will in return proclaim the immortality of him who has made it immortal!'

"The voice was still, and left me full of the joyous madness of glory. I heard another voice, which said,

"'Yes, John, thou art immortal! but at what a cost! Are then the thoughts of thy fellow-men always so holy and so pure as to merit being given to the eyes and ears of the human race? Are not many of them, and perhaps the greater part, such as would a thousand times rather deserve to be stifled and annihilated, than repeated and multiplied over the world?

"'Man is oftener perverse than wise and good. He will profane thy gift; he will abuse the new sense with which thou hast endowed him. Many a century shall give thee a curse instead of a blessing!

"'Men will arise of powerful and attractive minds, but of proud and corrupt hearts. Without thee, they would have remained in darkness, and confined to a narrow circle, doing evil only to their neighbors and in their own time. By thy means they will bring madness, misfortune, and crime upon all men and all ages!

"'See the thousands of souls polluted by the corruption of one! Youths perverted by books from whose pages distills the venom of the spirit! Young girls become immodest, unbelieving, and harsh to the poor, owing to the pages which poison their hearts! See the mothers weeping over their sons, and the fathers blushing for their daughters!

"'John! the immortality which costs such tears and anguish, is it not too dear? Wilt thou purchase glory at such a price? Fearest thou not the responsibility which will weigh upon thy soul?

"'Believe me, John, live as though thy discovery had not been. Look upon thine invention as an attractive but fatal dream, of which the realization would be useful and holy only if man were good. But man is evil, and,

lending arms to the wicked, is it not sharing in their guilt?'

"I awoke in an agony of doubt. I hesitated for a moment, but I reflected that the gifts of God, though sometimes dangerous, were never evil, and that giving another instrument to reason, and to the glorious liberty of man, was opening a wider field to intellect and virtue, both divine! I pursued my discovery."

Gutenberg, perceiving at the first glance the immense social and industrial bearing of his invention, felt that his weak hand, short life, and moderate property would be spent in vain on such a work. He experienced two opposite wants—the necessity of associating with himself persons to assist in meeting the expenses and in executing the mechanical labor, and the necessity of concealing from his assistants the secret and real object of their labors, for fear lest his invention might be divulged and pirated, and the glory and merit of his discovery taken from him. He cast his eyes on the nobility and rich gentry of his acquaintance at Strasburg and Mayence. He probably met with rebuffs from all quarters, on account of the prejudice then prevailing that handicrafts were derogatory to a gentleman. He was, therefore, obliged boldly to sink his rank, become a workman, associate with artisans, and mix with the people, in order to raise the people to the high level of morality and intelligence.

Under the pretense of working together at *a new and marvelous craft*, such as jewelery, clock-making, and grinding and setting precious stones, he entered into a deed of partnership with two wealthy inhabitants of Strasburg, Andrew Dritzehen and Hans Riffe, bailiff of Lichtenau; and afterward with Faust, a goldsmith and banker of Mayence, whose name, confounded with that of Faustus, the wondrous sorcerer of German fable, the master of mystery, and the friend of the Evil One, caused the invention of printing to be attributed to magic; and, lastly, with

Heilmann, whose brother had just established the first paper-mill at Strasburg.

In order the more effectually to conceal from his partners the real object of his pursuit, Gutenberg joined them in several artistic and secondary enterprises. Continuing in secret his mechanical researches on printing, he employed himself publicly in these other occupations. He taught Dritzehen the art of cutting precious stones. He himself polished Venetian glass for mirrors, or cut pieces of it into facets, setting them in copper frames ornamented with wooden figurines representing personages from history or fable, from the Bible or the Testament. These articles, which found sale at the fair of Aix-la-Chapelle, kept up the funds of the association, and assisted Gutenberg in the secret expenses reserved for accomplishing and perfecting his design.

To conceal it the better also from the restless curiosity of the public, who began to circulate a suspicion of witchcraft against him, Gutenberg left the town, and established his work-shop in the ruins of an old deserted monastery, called the convent of St. Arbogast. The solitude of the place, only inhabited by the houseless poor of the suburbs, covered his first attempts.

In a corner of one of the vast cloisters of the monastery, occupied by his partners for their less secret labors, Gutenberg had reserved for himself a cell, always closed with lock and bolt, and to which none but himself ever had access. He was supposed to go there to draw the designs, arabesques, and figurines for his jewelery and the frames of his glasses; but he passed his days and sleepless nights there, wearing himself out in the pursuit of his invention. There it was that he engraved his movable types in wood, and projected casting them in metal, and studied hard to find the means of inclosing them in *forms*, whether of wood or of iron, to make the types into words, phrases, and lines, and to leave spaces on the paper. There it was that he invented colored mediums, oleaginous and

yet drying, to reproduce these characters, brushes and dabbers to spread the ink on the letters, boards to hold them, and screws and weights to compress them. Months and years were spent, as well as his own fortune and the funds of the firm, in these persevering experiments, with alternate success and disappointment.

At length, having made a model of a press, which seemed to him to combine all the requirements of printing, according to his ideas at that time, he concealed it under his cloak, and walking to the town, went to a skillful turner in wood and metal, named Conrad Saspach, who lived in the Mercer's Lane, asking him to make the machine of full size. He requested the workman to keep it secret, merely telling him that it was a machine by the help of which he proposed to produce some master-pieces of art and mechanism, of which the marvels should be known in due time.

The turner, taking the model in his hands, and turning it backward and forward with the smile of contempt that a skillful artist usually puts on when looking at a rough specimen, said somewhat scornfully, "But it is just simply a press that you are asking me for, Master Hans!"

"Yes," replied Gutenberg, with a grave and enthusiastic tone, "it is a press, certainly, but a press from which shall soon flow in inexhaustible streams the most abundant and most marvelous liquor that has ever flowed to relieve the thirst of men! Through it, God will spread his Word. A spring of pure truth shall flow from it: like a new star, it shall scatter the darkness of ignorance, and cause a light heretofore unknown to shine among men." He retired. The turner, who understood not these words, made the machine, and delivered it at the monastery of Arbogast.

This was the first printing-press.

On giving it into Gutenberg's hands, the turner began to think there was some mystery about it, and said to Gutenberg, "I see clearly, Master Hans, that you are really

in communication with celestial spirits. Henceforward, therefore, I will obey you as I would a spirit!"

As soon as he was in possession of his press, Gutenberg began printing. Little is known of the first works which he sent out; but the strongly religious disposition of the inventor leaves no doubt concerning the nature of the labors to which he devoted the first-fruits of his art. They were, to a certainty, religious books. The art invented for the sake of God, and by his inspiration, began with his worship. His later publications at Mayence are a proof of it; the divine songs of the Psalmist, and the celebrated Latin Bible, were the first works issued at Mayence from the machine invented by Gutenberg, and applied to the use of the most sacred powers of man, lyrical praise of his Maker, and lamentation for the woes of earth. Under the hands of this pious and unfortunate man, praise and prayer were the first voices of the press. The press ought ever to be proud of it.

No particulars are known, even at Strasburg or Mayence, where we have looked for them, concerning these first authentic impressions, because, whether from humility or pride, Gutenberg did not print his name on any of his publications. Some think that he abstained from signing them from a feeling of Christian modesty, which would not give to the name of a man the glory which belonged entirely to the divine inspirer of his invention; others think that he did not sign them because these printed works were in his time considered servile, and work for artisans, which would have disgraced his family and his noble descent, and degraded him from his rank in his country.

We only know by a deed of gift to his sister Ebel, a nun of the convent of St. Clara, at Mayence, that he gave her the religious works he had printed at Strasburg, and engaged to send her copies of all that should thereafter issue from his press.

But great tribulation awaited him after his triumph.

We have seen that the necessity of procuring funds obliged him to take partners. The necessity that subsequently arose of getting assistance for the multifarious labor of a great printing establishment obliged him to confide his occupation, and even the secret of his process, to his partners and to a number of workmen. His partners, tired of supplying funds to an enterprise which, for want of perfection, was not then remunerative, refused to persevere in the ungrateful occupation. Gutenberg begged them not to abandon him at the very moment that fortune and glory were within his grasp. They consented to make fresh advances, but only on condition of sharing completely his secret, his profits, his property, and his fame.

He sold his fame to procure success to his work. The name of Gutenberg disappeared. The firm absorbed the inventor, who soon became a mere workman in his own work-shop. It was a parallel to the case of Christopher Columbus brought back in irons on board his own vessel by a crew to whom he had opened a new world.

This was not all. The heirs of one of the partners brought an action against him to contest his invention, his property, and his right of carrying on the work. They compelled him to appear before the judges at Strasburg, to make him submit to some more complete and more legal spoliation than the voluntary abandonment he had himself acknowledged. His perplexity before the court was extreme. To justify himself, it was necessary to enter into all the technical details of his art, which he did not as yet wish to make completely public, reserving to himself at least the secret of his hopes. The judges, being inquisitive, pressed him with insidious questions, the answers to which would have exposed the secret of all his processes. He evaded them, preferring an adverse decision to the publication of his art. To succeed in penetrating the secret of the discovery which filled people's imaginations, the judges summoned his most confidential workmen, and required them to give evidence of what

they knew. These men, simple minded, yet faithful, and strongly attached to Gutenberg, refused to reveal any thing. Their master's secret was safer in their hearts than in the breasts of his more grasping associates. None of the great mysteries of the art transpired. Gutenberg, ruined, condemned, perhaps banished, retired alone and in poverty to Mayence, his native place, to recommence his labors and begin his life and fame anew.

He was still young, and the report of his lawsuit at Strasburg had made his fame known all over Germany, but he returned a workman to a city which he had quitted as a knight. Humiliation, poverty, and glory contended with each other in his fate and in the behavior of his fellow-citizens. Love alone recognized him for what he had been, and for what he was one day to become.

This is what local tradition says on the subject, and is attested by two authentic records in the archives of Strasburg Cathedral, of the year 1437, one of them stating that Dame Annette of the Iron Gate, wife of Gutenberg, made a gift to the Cathedral in order to acquire the right of inscribing her name on the list of benefactors, and thus assuring prayers for the repose of her soul and for those of her descendants, the other mentioning her decease.

Gutenberg, proscribed a second time by the plebeians conquering the nobility, was loved by a young lady, like himself of noble birth, of Strasburg. She was named Annette of the Iron Gate, the name of her house being doubtless taken from some feudal castle on the rocks of the Rhine. He himself loved her with the burning, sincere, and chivalrous affection of those days of faithful attachment. They were betrothed to each other by written engagement. Annette of the Iron Gate did not consider herself relieved from her plighted faith by the poverty and misfortunes of her lover; she reserved for him her youth, her beauty, and her heart. Gutenberg, on returning to the territory of Mayence, was to have claimed the fulfill-

ment of her pledge, and complied with the terms of his own engagement. He did not do so. Whether from a fear of involving Annette, a girl of honor and of noble birth, in the humiliation and indigence into which he had himself fallen, or whether the feeling of having by his mechanical labors fallen from the feudal honor of his house, and rendered himself in his own eyes unworthy of aspiring to a noble alliance, Gutenberg did not claim her hand, or redeem his own pledge. He awaited a return of fortune or of better days before asking the woman he loved to share his lot. His humility and his scruples resisted the most pressing suggestions of his betrothed, and could only be overcome by a legal process in the courts of Strasburg, to compel him to keep the promise of marriage which he had formerly made.

This citation of her lover by Annette of the Iron Gate still exists, and forms the only authentic record of her marriage. Gutenberg at length yielded to the generous compulsion of love, and espoused Annette. None of their children lived.

The inheritance of great men is their invention; their heirs are the human race.

After the decision of the lawsuit in 1439, which left Gutenberg in possession of his secret, merely compelling him to indemnify the heirs of Andrew Dritzehen, he gave up the cloisters of the monastery of St. Arbogast, and removed into the city of Strasburg. He then lived in the Thiergarten Haus, and established his first printing-office there.

It may be worthy of remark that the site of this house is now the site of the Lyceum, as if the spot had been marked out by destiny for a great design, and that, after having given fixity of character to the sciences by typography, it was afterward to propagate them by instruction.

When Gutenberg was compelled to quit Strasburg in 1446, he left behind him the traditions of his art among his partners and his workmen, who were initiated into his

discovery and his processes. We find Mentel or Metelin, a notary public, who was only admitted a burgess of Strasburg in 1447, and Von Eckstein, a prebendary of the Cathedral, who, assisted by funds supplied by the convent of the Charter House (Chartreux), and without having themselves ever worked at this art, then so little known, set up as printers, and proceed at once to print off quickly, and publish, a German Bible. Several other works followed in succession from the press of Mentel, who made a rapid fortune, while the unfortunate Gutenberg, driven away by extreme poverty, was obliged to escape to Mayence.

Wealth had increased Mentel's influence; and the rivalry which existed between the independent cities of Mayence and Strasburg favored his ambition to supplant Gutenberg. He succeeded so completely in this, that in a few years Gutenberg was forgotten, or induced to keep himself aloof, and Mentel was proclaimed, at Strasburg, the inventor of the divine art, and feasts instituted in his honor.

On his return to Mayence, and being relieved from degradation and ruin by the woman he loved, as Mohammed was by his first wife, Gutenberg gave himself entirely up to his art, entered into partnership with Faust and Schœffer, Faust's son-in-law, established offices at Mayence, and published, still under the name of the firm, Bibles and Psalters, of remarkable perfection of type.

Schœffer had for a long time carried on the business of a scrivener, and a trade in manuscripts in Paris. His travels, and his intimacy with the artists of that town, had made him acquainted with mechanical processes for working in metals, which he adapted, on his return to Mayence, to the art of printing. These new means enabled him to cast movable leaden types in a copper matrix, with greater precision than before, and thus to give great neatness to the letters. It was by this new process that the Psalter, the first book bearing a date, was printed in 1457. Soon afterward the Mayence Bible, recognized as a master-piece

of art, was produced under the direction of Gutenberg, from types founded by Peter Schœffer's process.

The tendency of the new art, which began by cheapening sacred books, under the auspices of the Church alone, escaped, during the first years of its existence, the notice of the Roman court, which saw an auxiliary in what it afterward considered as an opponent.

"Among the number of blessings which we ought to praise God for having vouchsafed during your pontificate," says a dedication in the time of Paul II., "is this invention, which enables the poorest to procure libraries at a low price. Is it not a great glory to your Holiness that volumes which used to cost *one hundred pieces of gold* are now to be bought for four, or even less, and that the fruits of genius, heretofore the prey of the worms and buried in dust, begin under your reign to arise from the dead, and to multiply profusely over all the earth?"

The city of Venice soon gave up its presses to religious controversy, and the works of John Huss were printed in Sclavonic in 1490, scarcely twenty years after Gutenberg's death.

But already, in 1480, France had encouraged the German printers to establish themselves in Paris. Louis the Eleventh was especially remarkable for his enlightened patronage of printing, and for the generous encouragement he bestowed on the new art.

A suit was brought in Paris against Faust for having sold printed Bibles, adorned with vignettes, as manuscripts, at exorbitant prices, and there still exists a receipt signed by him in Paris in 1468 for a copy of a work of St. Thomas Aquinas, sold at the enormous cost of fifteen golden crowns. The Parliament of Paris, at the instance of Louis the Eleventh, acquitted him on this charge, on consideration of these books being produced by a new invention until then unknown in Paris.

The king even gave up his right of escheat on the death of Herman Statters, who sold at Paris the books printed

by Schœffer, and which, by the laws of that day, became the property of the crown by the death of a foreigner. "Considering," the order runs, "the utility arisen and to arise to the commonwealth from the art of printing, for the advancement of science, and for divers other good reasons, &c., &c., we of our sovereign liberality have been graciously pleased to order the restitution to the heirs of the sum of 2428 crowns and 3 *sols, tournois*," &c.

Cicero was the first book printed after the sacred volumes. It was not until the time of Leo the Tenth—that is to say, until a century after the invention of printing, that regulations and restrictions on the press were thought of.

Meanwhile, Faust the banker, and Schœffer the workman, Gutenberg's new partners, were not long in giving way, like Mentel or Metelin at Strasburg, to the temptation of absorbing by degrees Gutenberg's glory, the most tempting of all possessions, because of its immortality. Like many others, they hoped to deceive posterity, if not their own contemporaries. After recognizing, in the Epistle Dedicatory prefixed to the German translation of Livy, printed by Hans Schœffer, and addressed to the Emperor Maximilian, "that the art of printing was invented at Mayence by that sublime mechanician Hans von Gutenberg," they forget this confession, and, seven years later, assume to themselves all the merit and honor of the discovery.

A short time afterward, the Emperor Maximilian, erecting the printers and compositors into a species of intellectual priesthood, relieved them by the nobility of their occupation from all degradation of rank. He ennobled the art and the artists together; he authorized them to wear robes embroidered with gold and silver, which nobles only had a right to wear, and gave them for armorial bearings an eagle with his wings spread over a globe, a symbol of the flight of written thoughts, and of its conquest of the world.

But Gutenberg was no longer upon earth to enjoy the

possession of that intellectual world, religious and political, of which he had only had a glimpse, like Moses, in the vision of his dream in the monastery of St. Arbogast. Despoiled by his partners of his property and of his fame; expelled again and for the last time from his country by poverty, his only consolation being that he was followed by his wife, who remained faithful through all his troubles; deprived by death of all his children; advanced in years, without bread, and soon afterward, by his wife's decease, a widower, he was received by the Elector of Nassau, the generous Adolphus. The Elector created him his counselor of state and chamberlain, in order to enjoy in an honorable familiarity the conversation of his surpassing genius, who was afterward to hold converse with all times and all places. This shelter afforded to Gutenberg sheds everlasting lustre on Nassau and its prince. We meet in history with instances where a generous hospitality has given happiness and immortal fame to the most insignificant potentates and to the smallest of states.

Gutenberg continued printing with his own hands, at Nassau, under the eyes of his Mæcenas, the Elector, during several years of peace and quiet. He died at the age of sixty-nine, leaving his sister no inheritance, but bequeathing to the world the empire of the human mind, discovered and achieved by a workman.

"I bequeath," he says in his will, "to my sister, all the books which I printed at the monastery of St. Arbogast." The poor inventor's only legacy to his surviving relative was the common property of almost all inventors like himself—wasted youth, a persecuted life, a name aspersed, toil, watchings, and the oblivion of his contemporaries.

Such was the life and death of this great man. His art did not expire with him. Printing spread with the rapidity of an explosion. In a few years there were *presses* in all the capitals of Europe. It was the definite date of returning civilization. France (in the reign of Louis XI.), England, Holland, Germany, Venice, Geneva, Rome,

Poland, vied with each other in securing the new invention for multiplying copies of their sacred and profane literature.

The new art was carried into the East by some Jewish refugees at Constantinople, who printed several works of rabbinical literature in 1500. But the Mussulmans themselves only adopted it about the eighteenth century.

Lastly, in 1580, Russia, with the help of some workmen from Magdeburg, established a press at Moscow, under the inspection of the Metropolitan.

It seems fated that there is to be no progress of humanity that is not purchased with tears: suffering seems the fatal concomitant of all great beginnings. Printing had its apostles, and it had also its martyrs. Of all these, Stephen Dolet was the most illustrious, by the brilliancy of his talent, the purity of his life, and the atrocity of his death. He was born at Lyons in 1509, at the time of the revival of science and letters, and when religious controversy was just beginning its first struggles: he was a learned man, like William Budé, a poet like Marot, and perhaps also a philosopher like Rabelais, without, however, mingling with his philosophy the licentious skepticism of the parish priest of Meudon. This may be the more readily believed, considering that this fiery and impetuous man—who never compromised his opinions, and who had taken for his significant crest, and for the emblem of the effect of printing, an axe or bill felling a knotty tree—protested against the doctrines of Luther, notwithstanding that he was afterward condemned as an Atheist. It appears to have been the reasoning and the man that his opponents struck at, in seeking his destruction, rather than his creed.

At this period of violent manners and passions, the life of one who devoted his energies to the development of human intellect was a long struggle, in which, sooner or later, he must fall. First a student at Paris, afterward at Padua, then secretary of John de Lauzeac, the embassador

of the King of France to the Venetian Republic, afterward a student at law at the University of Toulouse, Stephen Dolet had scarcely attained his twenty-fourth year, when, as an ultimate argument in their discussions, his enemies had him cast into a dungeon. The intercession of John Pinus, bishop of Rieux, soon got him out; but hired assassins began a series of attempts on his life, and as, despite his dangers, this courageous youth would not quit Toulouse, a decree of the Parliament was at last (in 1533) obtained, banishing him from the town.

Dolet then returned to Lyons, where, after long efforts, he obtained (in 1535) a privilege for printing his *Commentaries on the Latin Language*, a work of immense erudition, which places him beside Bembo, Scaliger, and Erasmus, and made him occupy a prominent place in the great literary tournament that then took place in relation to Cicero. These glorious studies were troubled by a new attempt to assassinate Dolet, who, however, bravely killed his aggressor. But this served as a pretext for his persevering enemies, and he was imprisoned as an assassin. To release him from prison, it required nothing less than the absolute will of Francis the First, interested in Dolet partly by his talent, and also, as it would appear, by the influence of the Queen of Navarre. The royal munificence then (in 1537) conferred on the persecuted scholar the most liberal patent that could at that time be granted, to carry on his printing as a just compensation for his unmerited sufferings.

Dolet's press successively issued, after this date, the works of Marot and Rabelais: he also published every year some of his own works, and selections from the most celebrated books of antiquity. In 1542, new persecutions interrupted his labors. Vague accusations of heresy caused his detention for fifteen months in the Conciergerie at Paris. Francis the First was no longer young: his glorious protection of literature was waning. A splendid book, or a work of art, no longer sufficed to protect an art-

ist from his fanatical advisers. Robert Etienne and Marot had quitted France. Confident in his faith, and always of an adventurous spirit, Dolet refused to follow their example. It was in vain that the Parliament of Paris burned his books, after having been compelled to release his person in consequence of the evident absurdity of the charges brought against him. He did not shrink from the struggle, and the writer avenged the wrongs of the publisher. On his return to Lyons, he published poems on his captivity, and a translation of Plato's dialogues. This activity was at last fatal to him. In 1544 he was again imprisoned. This time, fearing the partiality of the judges, he succeeded in escaping, and took refuge in Piedmont. But his love for his art soon brought him back to the snare in which he was to be caught. He had addressed to the king some poetical epistles to implore a protection which had saved him on previous occasions. He could not resist the temptation of superintending their publication himself. He returned secretly to Lyons; but his enemies were watching their prey. He was arrested and brought before the Board of Theology in Paris, who condemned him as a *relapsed Atheist* for passages in his books which he *three several times protested that he had never written.*

Dolet was put to the torture, and to the *extraordinary question, as a lesson to his companions,* to use the words of his sentence. He was then hung, and burned in the Place Maubert: his body and his books were reduced to ashes, and his property confiscated. Dolet died, at the age of thirty-seven, as courageously as he had lived, leaving a widow and child in poverty.

But the impulse was given, and all these persecutions could only throw lustre on the new invention, without stopping it for a single hour. Sovereigns themselves took pride in engraving and printing with their own hands the recently-discovered works of ancient literature, as if this participation in the mechanical reproduction of these master-pieces of genius could imbue them with a portion of

the genius itself. Intellect became royal, and reigned over kings. Mary de' Medici, the consort of Henry the Fourth, used to draw and print cuts for the royal editions. A figure of a young girl, engraved with her own hand, was given by this queen to Philip of Champagne. Louis the Fifteenth, in his youth, pursuing this art as an instructive curiosity, printed in his own palace a treatise on the geography of Europe. The great printers of the sixteenth century were also artists, learned men, and writers. They dug up the whole literature of antiquity, and in exhuming its master-pieces, they commented on them, and explained and interpreted them to the modern world. History owes its second birth to printing.

From Gutenberg's time to our own day, there have been *schools*, *traditions*, and *families* of celebrated printers, as there have been schools of painting, sculpture, and philosophy. Typographers, justly honored with the name of *compositors*, shared the glory which their editions of the Greek and Latin authors restored to the poets, historians, and orators of antiquity; they, as it were, entered into the family of these men of genius; they became a power, by turns honored, feared, rewarded, or persecuted by the governments, accordingly as these governments were the children of light or of darkness. The editions of the *Aldi*, *Morell*, *Turnebus*, and the *Elzevirs*, made these great names of the press familiar to the literary world by the neatness of their type, the correctness of their text, and the great number of works with which they filled the libraries of Europe.

The family of the Etiennes,* at Paris, for a century and a half held the first rank in the art. Protected by the crown, and especially by Francis the First—persecuted by the University (as jealous a guardian of its ignorance as of its knowledge)—imprisoned by the Church for an edition of the Bible alleged to contain errors — refugees at

* Better known to classical students by their Latinized name of Stephanus.—Tr.

Geneva, and again imprisoned in that metropolis of Calvinism for printing works adverse to the reformed religion —recalled to France, and again banished—removing their presses to and fro, from Geneva to Paris, and from Paris to Geneva—the history of this race of printers would be, as M. Didot remarks, the history of the human mind during the revival of letters.

But throughout these five centuries, mechanical improvements and machinery had given as great an impetus to the art of printing as science had to literature. In the Bodonis at Parma and the Didots in Paris, this art found a Phidias to mould for the eye, as we may say, the material envelope of thought into characters and ornamental embellishments. In 1753, one of the Didots invented the single-action press. Another wrote a poem on the progress of his art, and printed his poem himself. A third brought over from England Lord Stanhope's metallic press, and the cylindrical printing machine, a sort of perpetual reproduction of characters, which throws out unceasing floods of printed language like a torrent of human intellect, for newspapers and reports. Lastly, in our own day, a fourth of the name, M. Ambroise Firmin Didot, has written and published, under the modest title of an *Essay on Typography*, a most erudite and complete history of the art, of which he is at the same time the master and the historian.

The elementary instruction of the masses gives an unlimited supply of readers to the press. The railways open roads for it, steam lends it wings, the optical telegraph gives it signals, and, lastly, the recent invention of the electric telegraph makes its communications as instantaneous as the thunderbolt. More truly than in the celebrated motto of Franklin, "*Eripuit Cœlo fulmen!*" it has snatched the lightning from heaven. Yet a few years, and a word uttered or repeated in any spot on the globe may enlighten or blast the universe. By the perfection of Gutenberg's invention, language will have become, by

means of matter, as free from material bonds as it was while it remained mere thought, while thought will become universal as it springs from the intellect or the will of man. The mind is unable to realize the future consequences of these inventions, and the approaching reign of intellect by means of language. Gutenberg has given the world a soul.

Long has his name been unrecognized! Long has his honor been denied him! But we must remember that human glory was not his aim. His object was a higher one; and may he enjoy it! It is the lot of the discoverer, in philosophy as well as in physics, that his name is lost, but the good service is found by its results, among the secret causes of human changes, and God knows to whom it ought to be attributed. If the Almighty Judge forgets not, what matters the oblivion or ingratitude of man?

FÉNELON.

A.D. 1631.

Of all modern men, Fénelon bears the strongest resemblance to the sages of antiquity. His countenance is beautiful as that portrayed by Raphael when he represents St. John slumbering upon the bosom of his Divine Master. His conversation while traversing the gardens of Versailles resembles that of Plato amid the shades of Academus. He holds the lyre of Homer, and sings, like one inspired, the sacred records of the past; he inhabits the dwelling of a monarch illustrious as Cyrus or Sesostris, where he gives lessons of wisdom, heroism, and divine morality to the young prince. He walks, clothed in the sacred robe of the temple, through the corridors of a palace. He passes from the court to the altar, from solitude to the encounter of wit with politicians and learned men, to the society of courtiers and favorites of his royal master. We behold him as a legislator and a poet, a statesman and a pontiff, desirous of associating Christian love and charity with the councils of government, and of seeing, as in ancient Egypt, religious and civil law hand in hand with the politics of empire. In the antechamber of despotic power, he meditates upon the institutions of liberty. He penetrates, as it were, from the sublime height of his piety, the perfections and chimeras of that political code, which became the germ and sometimes the snare of those philosophic legislators, the parents of the French Revolution. His lamentations over the condition of the people, and the lessons he inculcates in his youthful pupil, disquiet the king, who, fearing to see the spirit of royalty degenerate in his heir, from that exaggerated virtue which,

desirous of changing an empire into a Utopia, opens (though with good intent) a yawning gulf of destruction, banishes Fénelon from the seat of government. The philosopher retires weeping over the destiny of his country and his prince; he seeks and finds the consolations of religion, and in his solitude shows an example of that virtue so difficult of attainment to men of genius—humility. Unable to improve the Legislature, he seeks but to govern and sanctify his own spirit, and dies in his retreat, the victim of inactivity and a holy sadness. His works and noble qualities expand and multiply from his tomb, as the liquid rushes from a vase, broken and crushed beneath the feet of its destroyers; while his name becomes the type of poetry, of political wisdom, and of all goodness during two centuries.

Such is Fénelon. Shall he not be called the Pythagoras or Plato of France? Let us now trace this life, one of the most beautiful of the latter ages.

Fénelon was a descendant of a noble military family of Perigord, who, living sometimes in the camp, sometimes in the retirement of their native province, and surrounded only by rustics, were untainted by the air of courts. His father, Pons de Salignac, comte de Fénelon, retired from the army, and married Isabella d'Esparbès, by whom he had several children. A widower and somewhat advanced in years, he entered into a second alliance with Louise de Saint-Abre, the daughter of a noble house in the same province. This union was the cause of much annoyance to his children, who murmured against the conduct of their father. They feared that the probable increase of family would so diminish the inheritance of each as to cause their decline from the high rank they had hitherto held in the country.

Antoine de Fénelon, the uncle of these young people, having been informed of their complaints, wrote to his nephews, rebuking their opposition in a letter preserved amid the archives.

"Learn," said he, "to bow with deference and respect to the wishes of your father: Providence has ever its secret intentions, unfathomable to the eyes of men. Often the fortune and exaltation of a house proceed from causes opposed to the desires of our short-sighted wisdom."

It might have been said that this uncle, gifted with prophecy, foresaw in the child still unborn the lasting glory of their name.

The first offspring of this marriage was Francis Fénelon, archbishop of Cambray. The son of an old father and a youthful mother, he was endowed by nature with the mature wisdom of the one and the graces of the other. Cherished in the paternal mansion like a late and delicate fruit till the age of twelve years, he was brought up beneath the eyes of his parents. As he grew to maturity, the clear sense of his father and the sweet tenderness of his mother were impressed upon his mind, his conduct, and his writings. Under a domestic preceptor, the first food offered to his imagination was the study of sacred literature, with the Greek and Latin classics. His heart and reason, thus modeled upon all that was good and beautiful in antiquity, naturally took a noble form and coloring. It may be said that, though this child was born in France during the seventeenth century, his genius was conceived at Athens in the age of Pericles. His education was finished at the University of Cahors. The fame of his brilliant qualities, resounding from the precincts of his school, reached the ears of Antoine de Fénelon, the same uncle who had proved so true an augur before the infant's birth. This relative, having now attained a high rank in the army, invited his nephew to join him in Paris. The youth was destined to the priesthood, being looked upon as a burden on the family, which they were desirous of transferring to the Church. His philosophical and theological studies were pursued with increased success in the eminent schools of Paris. His natural and versatile genius developed itself more brilliantly there than at

Cahors, while his talents and graceful accomplishments gained the attachment of many eminent friends. The lustre of glory and admiration by which the young Fénelon was surrounded excited the apprehensions of his venerable uncle, who hastened to withdraw his nephew from the seductions of friendship and society by sending him to the seminary of St. Sulpice, where he was to enter on his novitiate.

While Fénelon pursued his sacred studies, his uncle, desirous of teaching his own son the rudiments of war, conducted him to the siege of Candia against the Turks. The young man fell in the first assault, struck by a ball, and expired in his father's arms. The old warrior returned to Paris, bringing with him the body of his son. He now only possessed a daughter, whom he bestowed in marriage upon the Marquis de Montmorency-Laval, of the illustrious house bearing the same name. The loss of his only son attached Antoine de Fénelon still more strongly to his nephew. Good and pious himself, he desired for the young neophyte no ecclesiastical honors, but only the reward of piety and virtue.

The ardent imagination of the young priest carried him to the point of enthusiasm in his profession. He formed the resolution of leaving the cloister to enroll himself among the missionaries who were endeavoring to convert Canada to Christianity, and of consecrating his life, like the first preachers of the Gospel, to the rescue of heathen souls in the forests of the New World. He was irresistibly attracted by the resemblance which the devotion and self-denial of these modern Thebaids bore to the apostles of old. His ardent imagination from early youth, and throughout his entire existence, mingled itself with all his dreams, and even with his virtues.

Thus one destined to improve courts and to instruct monarchs desired only to civilize savages in the solitude of a desert. The Governor of St. Sulpice, a wise and prudent man, informed M. Antoine de Fénelon of the

resolution taken by his young pupil. The uncle remonstrated affectionately with his nephew upon this mistaken vocation, which would extinguish in the forests of America a flame lighted by the Almighty to shed radiance upon an accomplished age. Fénelon was obstinate; his family insisted, and sent him to the house of another uncle, the Bishop of Sarlat, who solemnly forbade his embarking upon this perilous enterprise, and commanded him to return to St. Sulpice, complete his novitiate, and take the final vows of his sacred order. The young man obeyed, became a priest, and remained in Paris, where for three years he employed himself on Sundays and holidays in the vestry of the church of St. Sulpice by instructing the children of the poor. His uncle, the Bishop of Sarlat, summoned him to his diocese from these humble avocations, to offer himself as representative of the clergy of his province at the General Assembly. The youth of Fénelon defeated his uncle's ambition, and another ecclesiastic of high birth gained the necessary votes.

Fénelon, while at Sarlat, rivived his earnest desire of becoming an errant apostle for the conversion of the heathen. He wrote thus: "I meditate a great voyage. Greece opens to my footsteps; Mohammedanism recoils before them; the Peloponnesus becomes again free; the Church of Corinth flourishes once more, and the voice of the Apostles is heard within her walls. I behold myself transported to those glorious lands where, amid sacred ruins, I raise together the monuments and the spirit of the past. I visit the Areopagus where St. Paul announced to the sages of the world 'the unknown God.' But the profane follows the sacred, and I disdain not to descend to the Piræus, where Socrates formed the plan of his republic. I shall not forget thee, O blessed Patmos, isle consecrated by the visions of the beloved disciple! There will I kiss that earth which bore the traces of St. John's feet; and, like him, perchance I shall see heaven opened, and behold the East and West, so long divided, once more

united, and Asia, after her long night, awake to the light of day!"

This letter, written to the then young Bossuet (his friend in the beginning of life, but antagonist at the end), contained a dream never destined to realization. The Bishop of Sarlat appeared to consent, but turned the thoughts of his nephew to another channel by indirect means.

Fénelon, recalled to Paris by the archbishop, M. de Harlay, was nominated, despite his youth, superior of the new converts to Catholicism, whose number had rapidly increased through the persecutions of Louis the Fourteenth. Fénelon was then only twenty-seven years of age; but the austerity of his habits, the intensity of his faith, the power of his oratory, and the stern, upright bent of his mind, already bestowed upon him the dignity of age. Living in the Abbey of Saint-Germain des Prés (the home of his uncle, the Marquis Antoine de Fénelon, who had retired to the shade of the cloister); aided by the experience of the superior of St. Sulpice, M. Tronson; encouraged by Bossuet, his rival and friend; holding intercourse with the rigid Duke de Beauvilliers, and the most austere intimates of Louis the Fourteenth; his society sought by the archbishop of Paris, who beheld in this young ecclesiastic an ornament to his diocese, Fénelon governed the order committed to him with premature and consummate wisdom. Beneath the auspices of M. de Harlay, he might rapidly have aspired to the highest dignities of the Church; but he rather preferred the then sterile friendship of Bossuet, the pursuits of science, and the acquirement of theological eloquence. Instead of cultivating the favor of M. de Harlay, he became the disciple of Bossuet, estimating fame beyond preferment. M. de Harlay became jealous of Bossuet, and resented this negligence on the part of the young priest. "Monsieur l'Abbé," said he to him one day, after complaining of the little desire exhibited by Fénelon to please him, "you wish to be forgotten, and you shall be so!"

In truth, Fénelon was passed over in the distribution of all Church preferment, and his uncle, the Bishop of Sarlat, was compelled, in order to support his nephew in Paris, to bestow upon him the small living of Carénac, which belonged to his own diocese. A revenue of 3000 francs, which barely sufficed for the necessities of an ascetic life, constituted the sole income possessed by Fénelon until he had reached the age of forty-two. He passed some weeks in this rural priory, and distributed to the surrounding poor all that he could retrench from his own moderate expenses. He there composed verses which prove that the contemplation of nature increased his veneration for that mighty Creator whose presence filled his solitude. Like many great spirits of all ages—Solon, Cæsar, Cicero, Montesquieu, J. J. Rousseau, Chateaubriand—he sang before he thought. In man, the music of numbers is the forerunner of eloquence, as the emotions of the heart ever precede the exercise of the reasoning faculties. Fénelon's verses have all the tenderness and grace of youth, but do not display that true vigor of a poet, which, at the first step, surmounting all the difficulties of metrical composition, creates sentiments, words, and verses. He felt this himself, and after one or two attempts, resigned poetry to Racine, the Virgil of France. He next essayed prose, which he found a less laborious, less perfect, but a more complaisant alembic of his thoughts, and still continued to be the greatest poetical genius of his age.

Fénelon once more returned to Paris, and resumed for ten years the direction of the establishment which had been committed to his care, nourishing and ripening in the shade talents and virtues which were soon to be unveiled. He prepared himself by speaking and writing upon sacred subjects, and composed for the Duchess of Beauvilliers, the mother of a young and numerous family, a treatise upon the education of daughters. This work is far superior to the "Emile" of J. J. Rousseau: it displays no Utopian dream, but points out a practical and reasonable mode

of education, suited to the epoch at which Fénelon wrote. We see at once that the author writes not for fame, but for the true benefit of his fellow-beings. The labors and duties of his profession were lightened by a correspondence full of pious ardor and chastened happiness, which he carried on with his most intimate friends, of whom he now possessed an extensive circle; but the dearest and most constant of all was the young Abbé de Langeron, whose memory is well worthy of being associated with that of Fénelon. Bossuet was more than a friend — he was a preceptor also; but a master beloved as much as he was admired. This great man, then in his full vigor, and endowed with the authority which had increased with years, possessed at Germigny, near Paris, a country house, where he enjoyed ease and relaxation from his labors. Fénelon, the Abbé Fleury, the Abbé Langeron, and other chosen luminaries of the Church and of sacred literature, were admitted to the retreat of Bossuet. They there shared his severe leisure, listened in confidence to his sermons, his funeral orations, and his polemic discourses. They submitted to him their own essays, and enriched their minds by familiar intercourse with that exalted spirit, who was more sublime in private than in his pulpit simply because he was more natural. The association of such intellects ripened the ideas, enlarged the views, polished the style, and cemented the affections. As the river of knowledge had flowed through ancient Rome, so had a flood of genius, philosophy, and piety rolled into Germigny, with this difference, that the latter was superior both in its men and their objects. Thus passed the happiest years of the life of Fénelon, in the enjoyments of friendship and retirement. In this retreat, his fame no longer attracted the applause or envy of the world; his own renown had merged in the reputation of Bossuet, and his personal ambition in the friendship of these illustrious men; his genius became the sweeter to himself from being displayed only in private. How little did Fénelon imagine that the thun-

derbolt was soon to burst on him from this cherished banqueting hall, where hitherto he had breathed only peace, retirement, and happiness!

Religious warfare had scarcely been quelled in France, when the revocation of the Edict of Nantes struck a fatal blow at liberty of conscience by violating the treaty between opposing creeds solemnly accorded by Henry the Fourth. Three hundred thousand families were expelled, deprived of their children, and their property confiscated. Millions of others, in the Protestant provinces, were placed under constraint. Some were persuaded, others compelled by force, to renounce the religion of their fathers, and adopt that of the state. Bossuet approved of these internal crusades against the Reformation. In his eyes the end sanctified the means. Missionaries, supported by troops and officers of the law, scoured the provinces, compelling faith, converting the weak, strengthening the doubtful, and punishing the obstinate. That part of the kingdom where Protestantism had taken the deepest root, presented only the appearance of a vast battle-field after the victory, where ambulatory ecclesiastics, armed with the tongue and the sword, brought back all by zeal, by seduction, or by terror, into unity of faith. This was the work of Louis the Fourteenth, now become old and fanatical. He thought to gain heaven himself by offering to the Church this vast spoil of souls, crushed and terrified under his authority. Bossuet was the private counselor of this government, so absolute in the disposal of consciences. Uniting in himself the double character of a controversial priest and a statesman, he served with his whole heart and soul the Church for the king, and the king for the Church. His vast ambition, which he concealed from himself beneath the cloak of pious zeal, induced him to maintain an equal balance between the court of Rome and the pride of Louis the Fourteenth, swaying skillfully the alternate favor of these two powers, who mutually served while they feared each other. In the name of the king he reduced Protest-

ant France to Catholicism, but claimed in return from this French Catholicism some temporal advantages and immunities for the king almost verging upon the point of schism. A zealous, yet haughty servant, Bossuet commanded Rome by his services to the Church, Versailles by his ascendency at Rome, and the world by the sublimity of his genius. Without the title, he possessed all the patriarchal power in France. The court feared while it respected him. Madame de Maintenon, though forbearing to gratify the ambition of Bossuet (who aspired to the archbishopric of Paris and the cardinal's hat, but who, if raised to such an exalted position, might become too absolute, and possibly unmanageable), guided, in him, the oracle of the Church and the keeper of the king's conscience.

She who had been torn from her cradle by the persecutions of the Reformed faith (which her family professed), sought now, with all her influence, to imbue Louis with the same cruel spirit of intolerance. The authority of Heaven and that of the king united, sanctified, in her estimation and the opinion of the court, any severities used for the conversion of the multitude. A persecution, the horrors of which two centuries have been powerless to efface from the memory of the provinces, ravaged a portion of Languedoc and Vivarais. This excess of cruelty called aloud for vengeance. The cry of their victims became embarrassing to the court, who sought to silence them, not by restoring to the sufferers liberty of conscience, but by bestowing upon them more insinuating and humane ministers.

Bossuet cast his eyes upon Fénelon. No man was so capable of reassuring the terror-stricken people, of making the yoke imposed upon them appear light and easy, and of restoring amnesty of conscience in the provinces where persecution and preaching had so discreditably contended.

At the first presentation of Fénelon to Louis the Fourteenth by Bossuet, the sole favor he demanded of the king

was to disarm religion of all coercive power; to release Protestants from the terrors which petrified their souls, and to allow them once more to breathe; to banish troops from the provinces he was about to visit; and to let persuasion, charity, and mercy alone operate upon the minds he desired rather to enlighten than to subdue. Louis, who looked only to the end, cared little for the means that were adopted. He was charmed with the grace, modesty, and eloquence of the young ecclesiastic, and at once bestowed upon him the mission of Poitou. In this work Fénelon was aided by his two friends, the Abbé de Langeron and the Abbé Fleury, both of whom were animated by his own spirit. His presence, his mildness, and his preaching in the country soothed turbulent spirits, and gained numerous recantations. He allowed neither the king nor Bossuet to credit the sincerity of the forced abjurations which had preceded his ministry, and which had imposed a political faith upon the provinces. In his correspondence with the court, he courageously upheld the right and dignity of conviction; and when accused by the advocates of persecution of a lenity which allowed freedom of belief to all, Fénelon wrote thus to Bossuet: "If they desire the people to abjure Christianity and adopt the Koran, they need but to send them a troop of dragoons." Such language, addressed to Bossuet himself by a young minister aspiring to the dignities of his order, proved that he was at least two centuries in advance of his time.

"Continue," wrote he again to the king's ministers, "to supply corn; you can not adopt a more persuasive controversy. The people are only to be gained through conviction. Let them find as much advantage in remaining at home as peril in leaving the kingdom."

Nevertheless, we discover with regret, at a later period, in Fénelon's letters to Bossuet, some traces of weak concession to the merciless zeal of the pontiff, and a timid acquiescence in forcing people to heaven through the royal

authority. It must be remembered that no man escapes entirely from the prevailing opinions of his time, least of all one who belongs to a body which trains its members in the sentiments and passions of an epoch.

Upon his return from Poitou, Fénelon was recommended to Louis the Fourteenth by the Duke de Beauvilliers and Madame de Maintenon as an eligible preceptor for the Duke of Burgundy, the king's grandson. The Duke de Beauvilliers held the office of governor to the youthful heir to the throne. The choice reflected equal honor upon the king, the governor, and Madame de Maintenon. Fénelon seemed predestined by nature for this duty. His mind was essentially royal, and it needed but to transfuse his own spirit into that of the child born to a throne, to render him an accomplished monarch and the pastor of his people in the most ancient acceptation of the title. Fénelon never courted this elevation. Fortune herself had found him in the twilight where he had sought concealment. His associates rejoiced for him, but mourned for themselves; the court was about to deprive them of his society. When Bossuet heard of this appointment, respecting which he had certainly been consulted, he expressed his pleasure in a short letter to Madame de Montmorency-Laval, the cousin and friend of Fénelon.

"Yesterday, Madame," wrote he, "I was occupied with the cares of Church and state. To-day I have leisure to think of your happiness, in which I warmly participate. Your father (the Marquis Antoine de Fénelon), my kind and good friend, is with me in spirit. My imagination pictures his feelings upon this occasion—could he witness the public exaltation of a merit which sought so carefully to conceal itself. Do not think, Madame, that we lose our friend. You can still enjoy his intercourse, and I, though forced by my duties to quit Paris, can sometimes return and embrace him."

In this note the whole character of the man is displayed. The joy, untainted with envy, of a master who be-

holds his own triumph in that of his pupil; the memory of an old friendship with the head of the family, which refills his heart and would open the tomb to congratulate the dead; and the manly tenderness of a father who in his old age sometimes needs the presence of his son. Bossuet's heart was, at times, hardened by bigotry and inflated by pontifical authority, but naturally it was tender. Devoid of this sensibility, he would have been a mere rhetorician, but how could he have possessed true eloquence? from whence would have proceeded those accents which, penetrating the souls of men, drew from them cries and tears?

Fénelon's other friend, the Abbé Tronson, director of St. Sulpice, and his spiritual adviser, addressed him in a long congratulatory letter, anxious and affectionate, one in which joy and fear were mingled. "The portals of earthly grandeur are opened to you," said this holy man, "but beware lest they shut out the more solid greatness of heaven. Your friends, doubtless, felicitate you with the assurance of this post having been bestowed unsought, and this is truly a source of consolation; but do not plume yourself too highly upon it; we have often more to do with our own elevation than we like to believe. Unknown to ourselves, we assist in removing obstacles. We do not absolutely court those who can serve us, but we willingly display ourselves to them in the most favorable point of view. It is to these natural revealings, in which we suffer our merit to appear, that may be attributed the commencement of promotion. Thus no man can say he has not contributed to elevate himself."

It is easy to be seen that the scrupulous director of the conscience knew the secrets of his disciple's heart, and warned him against an ambition, created by the gift and desire of pleasing, which formed at once the charm and danger of Fénelon.

The first thoughts of Fénelon upon attaining his new honors were directed to friendship. He appointed the

Abbé Fleury and the Abbé de Beaumont (his nephew) sub-preceptors to the young prince; and to the Abbé de Langéron he assigned the office of reader. Thus he concentrated all his affections in his employment, and multiplied around his pupil the same spirit under different names. The Duke of Beauvilliers, his first patron, and on whom the management of the young prince depended, left his uncontrolled education to Fénelon, and retained merely the title of his appointment. Equally delicate and important were the duties of that office which comprised in the destiny of this child, confided to Fénelon, the future fate of a nation.

It is difficult at this remote period, when the overthrow of thrones and manners have still further increased the distance, to comprehend thoroughly the court of Louis the Fourteenth. It represented a sort of Christian monarchy of Olympus, in which the king was the Jupiter, around whom revolved inferior gods and goddesses, deified by the adulation of the great and the superstition of the ignorant. Their virtues and their vices were alike extravagantly displayed with an audacious superiority that seemed to place between the people and the throne the difference exhibited in the moral system of the gods as opposed to the moral system of men.

Louis the Fourteenth must be looked upon as an exception to every thing, even to humanity itself. This king must not be judged like other kings; he seems to have had a conscience, a virtue, a God, apart from the rest of mortals. It was a unique period in the history of the greatness of courts, the intoxication of courtiers, and the prostration of the people.

The lustre of the throne proceeded less from the sovereign who reigned, than from the events which that reign brought forth. Complete and absolute sovereignty was ripe at this epoch, and Louis had but to gather the fruit. Of two great ministers, Richelieu and Mazarin, the former had aided despotism by abating the power of the nobles;

the latter had obtained peace and obedience by lightening the yoke of the oppressed people, by winning the Parliaments, by purifying factions, by seducing the court, by corrupting princes, and by placing, through the power of his *smooth Machiavelism*, France, vanquished, bought, pardoned, and wearied, within the hands of a child. The energetic and dominant nature of the Gaul displayed by Richelieu, the Greek and Italian finesse of Mazarin, seemed to have been created in concert for the purpose of moulding the kingdom to servitude and tranquillity.

The entire reign of Louis the Fourteenth is contained in the lives of these two men; the one the terror, the other the attraction of royalty. Richelieu has been fully appreciated, and, it may be, somewhat too highly lauded; but history has not yet accorded to Mazarin his just meed. He was the Machiavel, unspotted with crime, of the French monarchy. After his death, Louis the Fourteenth had neither to struggle for power nor respect; he was only called upon to reign.

Owing to these two antecedents, he was not required to be a great man in order to become a great king.

It was sufficient to possess an exalted heart with an upright mind, and both dwelt in Louis; yet his intellect was irradiated, not by genius, but by good sense; his heart elevated, not by grandeur of soul, but by pride. Mazarin had taught him to despise men, and to believe in the divine character of his power. He did so believe, and therein lay his strength: the idolatry he bore toward himself served as an example for that incense which he expected to breathe, and commanded in his court. He had well learned from his first minister, the most penetrating of statesmen, to discern the true value of men. To reign well, for Louis the Fourteenth, was but to be served well. He seldom made a mistake in his selections for office; his kingdom represented nothing more than his house, the ministers his domestics, the state his family; in fact, the government was but a reflection of his own individual character.

This character, embellished upon the surface by a remnant of the chivalry of the race of Valois, which adorned egotism in the monarch and servility in his court, possessed nothing great beyond its personality. He thought only of himself; he was born a minister; he well understood the art of command; he was polished in manners, steady in all political relations, faithful to those who served him, capable of appreciating merit, and desirous of absorbing, in what he considered his own glory, the fame of all who were renowned either for great virtue or great talent.

Troubles of long continuance were appeased, civil wars extinguished, peace established, and literature revived: Nature, ever more productive after storms, assigned to this reign the date of French genius in literature and the fine arts. Louis, like a fortunate man, and one worthy of his fate, seized the advantages of his time, which he stimulated and encouraged by his munificence and condescension. He claimed every rising genius as a new subject. With regard to religion, he professed two faiths; the one exclusively political, which consisted of fulfilling literally, by force if necessary, his part of most Christian king, crowned son and lictor of the Church; the other was altogether private, an inheritance from his mother, brought from Spain—scrupulous in conscience, literal in practice, and superstitious in creed. Such a piety as this, up to advanced age exercised but little influence over his conduct; it had no true elevation, no independence of soul, no sublime view of the Creator. It was more that of a slave who trembles than of a king who prays. He accommodated it to all his inclinations, and profaned it by his many weaknesses. Devoted to love more by the senses than the intellect, his intrigues were numerous; nevertheless, they partook but little of a libertine character. A certain sincerity of admiration and constancy of regard invested them with comparative purity. It was less vice than passion; but such an Oriental passion resembled more the attachment of a sultan to his favorite

than the devotion of a lover to his idol: he flattered, he adored, he insisted upon the court, the army, and the people worshiping the object of his fancy, which he soon crushed to exalt another. Thus he lived, environing his wife with his mistresses, and never thinking himself sufficiently adored unless his weaknesses were included in the worship. At length came maturity, and remorse succeeded to voluptuousness. He sought to reconcile the necessity of a favorite with the demands of devotion. A woman, formed expressly by nature and art to fill such a position, attracted his regard; he cultivated her society; but when he sought to conquer, found he could do so only by marrying her. This woman was Madame de Maintenon. At the period when Fénelon was summoned to the court, Madame de Maintenon had reigned for several years. Her destiny was less the result of a fortunate chance than of an ably studied calculation.

Thus crafty though virtuous women make respect an auxiliary of intrigue, and adopt this eminent example as the saint and patron of ambition.

Men do not sympathize with her, as passion held no sway in her capitulation with the king. If she negotiated for a long time, it was but to sell herself at the highest price to a man whom she had never loved.

Descended from a family persecuted and ruined for their attachment to Protestantism, brought as a child from the colonies by a relation without a home, increasing with years in all those charms which expose a young girl so early to temptation, inspiring those who beheld her with an admiration increased by her misfortunes, educated amid the usages of an equivocal society, living in domestic familiarity with the most celebrated courtesan of the time, Ninon de l'Enclos, marrying finally the old, infirm, and burlesque poet Scarron, her chaste and melancholy beauty contrasting with the age and ill temper of her husband, her poverty so nobly endured, her strict and irreproachable conduct amid surrounding license and seductions, the se-

vere graces of her mind cultivated in the shade, a cheerful yet sincere piety, which formed at once the safeguard of her youth and the foundation of that respect which the world entertained for her—all these combining causes attracted toward her the attention of those who came from the court to relax themselves at the house of the Diogenes of the day. Having soon become the widow of Scarron, during the period of mourning she concealed herself in a convent from the injurious remarks of the world. Compelled to supplicate for the small pension to which she was entitled as surviving her husband, she approached the court, where she formed various connections, when a fortunate opportunity occurred. A sure and devoted confidante was required, to whom could be confided the Duke du Maine, the invalid child of Madame de Montespan. Upon the presentation of the young widow to the favorite, the latter became fascinated at once, and Madame de Maintenon received the young prince from the hands of the king and his mistress. She conducted him to the baths of the Pyrenees, in order to re-establish his health and commence his education. The correspondence she was obliged to carry on from thence with Madame de Montespan and the king dissipated any prejudice Louis had formed against her. She gained his confidence and won his interest. No woman of her time, or perhaps of any other, wrote in a style so simple, varied, and forcible; her pen displayed the solidity of her judgment and the capability of her mind. Good sense, clearness, and force were her muses; these were the qualities which accorded well with the rigid and precise spirit of Louis the Fourteenth, and were, at the same time, those which the favorite least dreaded in a confidante. The superiority of her own imagination, the brightness of her sallies, her strength of passion, the sparkling flow of her conversation, secured her from all rivalry. She possessed genius and the arts of seduction, and looked without alarm upon a simple esteem.

It was beneath the mask of this modest temperament and this humble assumption of the part of confidante that the widow insinuated herself more and more into the friendship of the favorite and the intimacy of the king. This accordance with a *liaison* which scandalized all Europe demanded concessions from the virtue of the confidante which were scarcely compatible with the rigor of her piety. But we have already said that the king was an exception to the recognized rules of morality. The new friend of Madame de Montespan and of the monarch satisfied her conscience by blaming in gentle words a guilty intercourse which she sanctioned by her actions. Her complaisance never extended absolutely to approbation or connivance, and in the interviews which her charge and her residence in the house of the favorite rendered frequent with the sovereign, she reproached him for his weakness, and urged him to repentance. Her ripened beauty, preserved in all its freshness by the coldness of her temperament, had at least as much effect in the king's conversion as the sternness of her language. When at length liberated by the death of the queen, he asked himself if a calm, sincere, and virtuous attachment to a woman at the same time attractive and sensible would not offer to his mind and his senses a felicity as superior as it would exceed in virtue the voluptuous love of his unreformed years. The charm augmented with every interview, and the jealousy and angry reproaches of Madame de Montespan served only to increase it. She accused the friend whom she had raised from so low a condition of ingratitude and domestic treachery, and declared she had but availed herself of her intimacy to suborn the heart of the king by pious seductions, and to gain the place of Esther in the royal bed, from whence she should be driven with opprobrium and infamy. The predictions of despairing love were fulfilled; the accusation of ingratitude proved only too just. Before many years had elapsed, Madame de Montespan was disgraced, and dragged out her sorrowing

existence in exile, while the widow of Scarron became queen. Still, the dignity of the throne and the pride of the monarch prevailed sufficiently over his love to prevent the public announcement of his slavery to this new wife. He was contented to satisfy the demands of the Church by obtaining the benediction of the Archbishop of Paris on the night of his marriage, in presence of a few trusty courtiers. The ceremony was secret, but the connection public. Madame de Maintenon occupied in the people's eyes the equivocal position of the king's revered favorite. The royal family, the court, the ministers, the clergy, the sovereign himself, all became subservient to her influence. Favorite, wife, arbitress of the Church, oracle of the council, she was at the same time the Richelieu and Mazarin of the king's old age; her clever humility bowed in outward appearance to the royal authority, and while her will became the king's law, she ever induced him to draw forth her opinions as if by compulsion. It was as though a monarch had espoused his prime minister.

Piety, which had succeeded to love, formed the lasting bond of this union. The court, inspired by the example of a religious woman—governed by a master alarmed for his salvation—domineered over by such stern bishops as Bossuet—reprimanded by confessors, sometimes terrible as Letellier, at others gentle as Lachaise—agitated by opposing factions—divided between ambition and mysticism, resembled more a synod than a government. Versailles at that period recalls to mind the palace of the Blacquernal at Byzantium, under the sway of the Greek rulers of the Lower Empire, where metaphysical quarrels distracted the court and the people, and left Constantinople open to the advance of destruction and the legions of her conquerors.

The king had a son, who bore the title of Monseigneur. This prince, who had been educated by Bossuet and Montausier, was gifted by nature with courage and intelligence; but the Eastern jealousy of Louis withdrew him from the

camp the moment he displayed ability, and banished him to Meudon, where he resided, with a single companion, almost in a state of indigence. The son ultimately consented to occupy this obscure position in order to remove from Louis the insupportable presence of an heir to the throne. The king trembled less before the shadow of death than before the knowledge that one day he must cease to reign. The Duke of Burgundy, the guidance of whose studies had been confided to Fénelon, was the son of Monseigneur, and grandson of the king, who, following the custom of grandfathers, preferred this child to his own son. His extreme youth removed all unpleasant feelings, as the great disparity of years placed a wide distance between the monarch's reign and that of this youthful successor. Some of the courtiers attached themselves to these different branches of the royal family. The greater number surrounded the king, and all paid homage to Madame de Maintenon. Such was the court of France when Fénelon entered upon his functions as preceptor to the Duke of Burgundy.

The disposition of this child inspired more fear than hope. "He was terrible from his birth," said St. Simon, the untaught but impressive Tacitus of the end of this reign. "In his earliest years he caused those about him to tremble; unfeeling, displaying the most violent passion, which extended toward inanimate objects; incapable of bearing the slightest contradiction, even from the hours or the elements, without giving way to a whirlwind of rage sufficient to break all the blood-vessels in his body—I speak of what I have often witnessed; opiniated to excess; absorbed in the pursuits of pleasure, fond of good living, following the chase with furious impetuosity, enjoying music with a sort of delirium, madly attached to play, but unable to bear loss, and when defeated, becoming positively dangerous; in fact, abandoned to all the evil passions, and transported by every corrupting pleasure; often savage, naturally cruel; bitter in raillery, rid-

iculing with a remerseless power, regarding all men (irrespective of merit), from his high position, but as atoms with whom he could have no affinity.

"Wit and powers of penetration shone through all he did or said, even in his paroxysms of extreme violence. His repartees were marvelous, his replies always just and profound. He but glanced superficially at the most abstruse points of learning; the extent and vivacity of his powers were so varied that they prevented his fixing upon any distinct branch of knowledge, and almost rendered him incapable of study. From this abyss came forth a prince," &c. This prince was the child confided to Fénelon to remodel. The king, Madame de Maintenon, and the Duke de Beauvilliers had been admirably guided, either by chance or discernment, in the selection of such a master for such a disciple. Fénelon had been endowed by nature with the two attributes most requisite in those who teach —the power of command and the gift of pleasing. Dignity and fascination emanated from his whole being—nature had traced in his lineaments the beauty of his soul. His countenance expressed his genius even in moments of silence. The pencil, the chisel, and the pen of his contemporaries, some of whom were his enemies, all agree in their delineation of Fénelon. D'Aguesseau and St. Simon have been his Vandyck and his Rubens. He lives, he speaks, and enchants in their hands. His figure was tall, elegant, and flexible in its proportions as that of Cicero. Nobility and modesty reigned in his air and governed his motions; the delicacy and paleness of his features added to their perfection. He borrowed none of his beauty from the carnation, owed none of it to color; it consisted entirely in the purity and grace of outline, and was altogether of a moral and intellectual cast. In moulding his expression, Nature had employed but little physical material. We feel, while contemplating this countenance, that the rare and delicate elements of which it was composed afforded no home to the more brutal and sensual passions.

They were shaped and moulded only to display a quick intelligence and to render the soul visible. His forehead was lofty, oval, rounded in the centre, depressed and throbbing toward the temples; surmounted by fine hair of an undecided color, which the involuntary breath of inspiration agitated like a gentle wind, as it curled around the cap that covered the top of his head. His eyes, of a liquid transparency, received, like water, the various reflections of light and shadow, thought and impression. It was said that their color reflected the texture of his mind. Eyebrows arched, round, and delicate, relieved them; long, veined, and transparent lids covered and unveiled them alternately with a rapid movement. His aquiline nose was marked by a slight prominence, which gave energy of expression to a profile more Greek than Roman. His mouth, the lips of which were partly unclosed, like those of a man who breathes from an open heart, had an expression, wavering between melancholy and playfulness, which revealed the freedom of a spirit controlled by the gravity of the thoughts. It seemed to incline equally to prayer or to smiles, and breathed at the same time of heaven and earth. Eloquence or familiar conversation flowed spontaneously from every fold; the cheeks were depressed, but unwrinkled, save at the two corners of the mouth, where benevolence had indented lines expressive of habitual graciousness. His chin, firm and somewhat prominent, gave a manly solidity to a countenance otherwise approaching to the feminine. His voice corresponded, in its sweet, grave, and winning resonance, with all the harmonious traits of his countenance. The tone conveyed as much as the words, and moved the listeners before the meaning was conveyed to them.

"This exterior," continues D'Aguesseau, "was rendered more imposing by a lustre of distinction which spread around his person, and by an indescribable expression at once sublime and simple, which impressed upon his character and his features an almost prophetic air. Without

effort he gave a new turn to all his conceptions, which made his hearers fancy that inspiration had rendered him master of every science, and that instead of acquiring he had invented them. He was always new, ever original, imitating none, and himself inimitable. The theatre in which he performed was not too great for so great an actor; he held no place there but that assigned to him by the public, and his position was worthy of his genius."

To these endowments of nature, Fénelon added all those which are bestowed by a natural power of pleasing, without an effort to beguile or flatter. The desire of being loved as he himself loved was his sole art of flattery and seduction; but in this also lay all his power. "This power," said his friends, "became an irresistible fascination in proportion as it was involuntary." This ardent inclination to please was no effort of his mind, it was simply his good fortune. Drawn toward all, by his love he drew all in turn to himself. Benevolence was so completely his essence, that in breathing he imparted it to others. The universal regard which he met with was but the rebound of that affection he displayed toward his fellow-creatures. This desire to please was no artifice; it was a spontaneous emotion. He did not, like the ambitious, exert it only where interest beckoned, toward those who by their friendship could aid his advancement or his schemes; it extended to all, without other distinction than deference to the great and condescension to the humble. Equally anxious, said St. Simon, to delight his superiors, his equals, and his inferiors, in this desire of reciprocal love he recognized no distinctions of great and small, high or low; he sought only to conquer hearts with his own; he neglected none, and noticed even the humblest domestics of the palace; nevertheless, this prodigality of regard had nothing vulgar or uniform in its expression which might have vulgarized or deteriorated its value. It was marked, distinctive, and proportioned, not in tenderness, but in familiarity of manner, according to the rank, the

worth, and the degree of the individual. To some respectfully affectionate, to others displaying ardent friendship; giving a smile here and a word there—a kindly glance, a natural benevolence, spontaneously governed all his motions: his guide was sentiment, not form. A faultless tact (that instinct of the mind) involuntarily prevented his evincing too much consideration for one person, or too little for another. The measure bestowed on each was correctly proportioned.

To all other charms he joined a marvelous grace—a grace the gift of nature, and to which good taste was added by gentle birth. Born within the ranks of the aristocracy, educated amid the distinguished, accustomed from infancy to move in a sphere above the crowd, his manners bore that undeniable stamp of superiority which raises by its condescension and flatters by its love. His politeness never seemed an attention to all, but a peculiar notice bestowed on each; it imparted its own character to his genius. He never sought to dazzle by display those who might have felt obscured or humiliated under the ascendency of his talents. He suited his discourse to the capacity of his associates, equaling always, but never trying to surpass them. The conversation which forms the true eloquence of friendship was supereminently his. Ever adapted to the man, the hour, and the subject, it was grave, flexible, luminous, sublime, or playful, but always noble and instructive. In his most unstudied flights there was something sweet, kind, and winning, which the most humble comprehended, and which compelled them to pardon his superiority.

"None," continues St. Simon (who dreaded his genius), "could leave, or deprive themselves of the charm of his society, without wishing to return to it again. His conversation left that impression on the soul which his voice left on the ear, and his features on the eyes—a new, powerful, and indelible stamp, which could never be effaced from the mind, the senses, or the heart. Some men have

been greater; none have been more adapted to humanity; and none have swayed more by the power of the affections."

Such was Fénelon when he appeared at court in his forty-second year. He speedily obtained dominion over all except only the envious, who could not endure superiority, and the king, who, in opposition to genius, possessed only the gift of plain common sense, and could not endure that any other man than himself should be an object of general regard. Madame de Maintenon, a woman of truly superior discernment wherever ambition did not obscure her faculties, recognized at once in Fénelon the dominating mind of this secondary court which surrounded the heir to the throne. His gentle, pure, and sincere piety prevented any danger from the universal influence he exercised. She drew him into intimacy, and even wished to render him the confidant of her thoughts in choosing him for her spiritual director. Such a confidence would have rendered the will of Fénelon the arbiter of the will of Madame de Maintenon, who herself ruled the disposition of the king. The oratory of a female would have become the oracle of an age. It is believed that the comparative youth of Fénelon, and the instinctive repugnance of the monarch to such an alarming superiority, deterred her from the fulfillment of this intention. She confided her conscience to another, but still bestowed all her favors upon Fénelon. No mind in the court so quickly understood, admired, and loved him. With the exception of Bossuet, all connected with the pious intercourse of Louis the Fourteenth and Madame de Maintenon were persons of middling capacity. The genius of Fénelon soared far above this circle; but we have already said that no man could so well adapt himself to those whom he could never raise to his own height. The greatest triumph of his genius consisted in forgetting itself. He confined himself, under the patronage of the Duke de Beauvilliers, and the intimacy of the Duke de Chevreuse, both rather his friends

than his superiors, to the delicate functions of his charge: the recital of those endeavors and successes by which the master achieved the transformation of his pupil belong rather to the studies of philosophy than the records of history. The first process adopted by Fénelon was the influence of his own character. He succeeded in persuading, because he had succeeded in making himself loved; and he became loved from having begun by bestowing love himself. In a few years he had remodeled this rude nature, at first sterile and unproductive, but afterward ductile and fruitful, into the Germanicus of France. This Germanicus, like he of Rome, can only be exhibited to the world for a moment; we shall meet him again on the borders of the grave.

It was in the midst of the studious leisure of this royal education, which forced upon Fénelon's mind the contemplation of the philosophy of societies, that he secretly composed, in a poetical form, his moral and political code of government. We speak of "Telemachus," which perpetuates the genius of Fénelon to all posterity. If he had merely been the lettered and elegant courtier of Madame de Maintenon's private circle, the exemplary and eloquent pontiff of Cambray, the tutor of a prince, carried off from his regal inheritance while yet under age, his name would already have been forgotten. But he has moulded his soul and genius into an imperishable poem. His mind is his immortal monument, and lives in this work.

The exact period and method adopted by the poet in the composition of "Telemachus" have been subjects of much discussion. Some have thought that the intentions of the writer never destined it to assume the form of a book, and that it was transcribed without forethought, a page at a time, to afford introductory subjects upon Greek and Latin studies to his pupil. The scope, the regularity, the conformity, and sublimity of the work, evidently composed from a sustained train of ideas, and breathed by continued inspiration, defeat these puerile suppositions.

They are no less falsified by the nature of the subjects which Fénelon discusses in Telemachus. Can any one suppose that a sensible instructor, a scrupulous guardian of the imagination of his pupil, would have bestowed upon him as the subject of his studies, and as an example of the best theories of government, the equivocal fables of the mythology, and the soft images of the amours of Eucharis? Such a conclusion is to calumniate the good sense and modesty of the poet. This book, which was, in truth, composed expressly for the young prince, was evidently written with the intention of fortifying his mind, when formed by manhood, against the doctrines of tyranny and the snares of voluptuousness; pictures which the master presented to his pupil, to arm him beforehand against the seductions of a throne and the allurements of his own heart. The truth of this hypothesis is, that the instructor detached from time to time a page of his manuscript suited to the age and faults of his pupil, and made him translate it, with the intention of presenting to him in this composition either the maxims he sought to inculcate, or the portraits of those vices he was desirous of counteracting by indirect lessons. But the entire poem, as a whole, formed the relaxation, the treasure, and the secret of the poet.

All the world are acquainted with this poem—Christian in its inspiration, pagan in its form. This original defect corresponds perfectly with the man and the period. Fénelon, like his book, possessed a pagan genius and a Christian spirit. Despite this vice of composition, which destroys the character of coexistence and nationality—which all truly monumental books ought to display, if they seek to be the living and eternal memorials of true and original thoughts—it is the most perfect treatise upon education and political economy that exists in modern times; and this treatise has the unusual merit of being, at the same time, a poem, a moral essay, and a narrative! It bears a threefold existence. it instructs, it interests, and it charms. It is true, it lacks the melody of verse. Fénelon never

possessed sufficient power of imagination to exercise over his ideas that force of composition which embodies them in rhythm, or, as we may say, blends together words and images by throwing them into the mould of poetry. But his prose was intrinsically poetical; and if it has not the perfection, the cadence, and harmony, it has, nevertheless, the full charm of measured numbers. It is always music, although of an uncertain sound, which flows softly and freely through the ear. This poetry may be less durable, but is also less fatiguing, than that of Homer or Virgil. If it possesses not the lasting quality of metal, neither is it encumbered with the weight. An ordinary comprehension can follow it with less effort. Fénelon and Chateaubriand are poets as much through sentiment as by the power of imagery. They possess that which forms the essence of poetry, and makes the greatest poets. The only distinction is, that they speak instead of singing their stanzas. The true imperfection of this beautiful book consists not in its being written in prose, but rather in its being a copy from the antique instead of a modern original. We can fancy ourselves reading a translation from Homer, or a continuation of the Odyssey, by a disciple equal to his master. The places, the names, the customs, the people, the events, the images, the fables, the deities, the men, the earth, the sea, and the heaven—all are Greek and pagan; there is nothing French and nothing Christian. The whole work is a caprice of genius—the disguise of a modern imagination beneath the fictions and vestments of the ancient mythology. We feel it to be a sublime imitation, but an imitation in every line. Fénelon is here like a second Homer, living amid another people and in another age, singing fables to a generation who no longer believe them. Herein lies the fault of the poem. This was also the vice of the period, which, not having yet created its own poetry or its own imagery, and finding itself surrounded, upon the revival of letters, by the monuments of Greek inspiration, thought nothing could be more beautiful than to copy

these vestiges, and thus original thought remained impotent from the force of admiration. But this error explained and excused, does not render the work of Fénelon less sublime. It seems the dictation of filial piety; we may almost say that it is a poem containing every virtuous and religious emotion belonging to man. The poet tells us that the young Telemachus, the son of Ulysses and Penelope, conducted by Wisdom, in the shape of an old man denominated Mentor, navigates the Eastern seas in search of his father, who has been driven for ten years, by the anger of the gods, from his kingdom, the small island of Ithaca. Telemachus, during this long voyage, sometimes auspicious, occasionally the reverse, landing or driven upon numerous coasts, is often present at different forms of civilization, explained to him by his attendant guardian, Mentor. He encounters many dangers, experiences many passions; is exposed to the snares of pride, of glory, of voluptuousness, and triumphs over all, through the assistance of that invisible wisdom which counsels and protects him. Matured by years and instructed by experience, he becomes an accomplished prince; and having encountered, in the countries he has traversed, sometimes good kings, sometimes tyrants, and occasionally republics, he reduces the lessons which he has been taught by example to the practical government of his own people.

Like Emile, the plebeian Telemachus of J. J. Rousseau, this poem is exclusively social and political. It is at once the critic and theorist of society and governments. It was intended to furnish the programme of a future reign, in which the Duke of Burgundy was to be the Telemachus, and Fénelon the Mentor. It is chiefly under this point of view that this book has exerted such a powerful influence over the mind of man. Fénelon was not only a poet, but also a political legislator; a modern Solon; a living date throughout all the revolutions of society which have agitated the world since the appearance of his poem. We may say, without romance or exaggeration, that all good

and all evil, all that is true, all that is false, all that is real and all that is chimerical in the great European revolution of opinions and institutions, of which we have been the instruments, the spectators, and the victims, during a century, has flowed from this book, as from the fountain of good and evil. Telemachus is at once the grand *revelation* and *Utopia* of all classes of society. When we follow the chain attentively, link by link, from the most frantic tribunes of the Convention to the Girondins, from the Girondins to Mirabeau, from Mirabeau to Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, from Bernardin de Saint-Pierre to J. J. Rousseau, from J. J. Rousseau to Turgot, from Turgot to Vauban, from Vauban to the preceptor of the Duke of Burgundy, we shall discover in Fénelon the first revolutionist, the first tribune of the people, the first reformer of kings, the first apostle of liberty, and in Telemachus we shall acknowledge the evangelist of the truths and errors of modern revolutions. The politics of Fénelon were virtuous, but chimerical. Hence the summits and precipices upon which this revolution rises, or down which it plunges lower and lower at each effort to become practical. The moral principles inculcated by Telemachus are admirable, but the ideas upon government are absurd. In Fénelon, the political transformation of the world possessed its prophet, but it was compelled to wait another century for its statesman. The good sense of Louis the Fourteenth, sharpened by the exercise of government, taught him at once the true estimate of the man and the book. "Fénelon," said he, "is the most chimerical individual in my kingdom." All his general maxims, healthy in theory, have been destroyed in practice by the imperfections inseparable from humanity. People ruled by their own wisdom; patrician and plebeian republics; royalties tempered by the sacerdotal or popular authority; representative government; triennial assemblies of the States-General of the nation; provincial administrations and assemblies; the election and deposition of princes; the sover-

eignty of the people in action; the suppression of hereditary succession to the throne and magisterial offices; liberty of conscience; perpetual concord between the people; fraternity and equality among the citizens; the destruction of individual wealth, under the pretext of advantage to the community; the arbitrary dictation of the state as to the fortunes of its subjects; the distribution of lands and professions by the government; public education enforcing equalizing principles, which all the children of the kingdom were compelled to undergo; the community of benefits; the condemnation of luxury; the sumptuary laws, operating upon houses, lodgings, food, and elementary trades, such as agriculture, where the toils of the lower orders met with the strongest incitement from the suppression of luxury and the arts; the *maximum* of price and of consumption in provisions; a system of political economy, by turns the best or the worst; truth, error, Utopias, inconsistencies, contradictions, illusions, possibility, impossibility, extended views, short-sighted systems, dreams, undefined ideas, aspirations devoid of any solid foundation, without aim or possibility of being reduced to action —all contribute to render the political code inculcated by Telemachus merely the *pastoral* of government. All is confused; we feel ourselves floating in an ocean of human imagination, without compass to direct us; tending toward neither pole, and without a coast to land upon. It resembles the *Contrat Social* of J. J. Rousseau, the *Utopia* of Plato, or that of Thomas More; and is, in fact, a *Pandemonium* of empty speculations. Every thing in it is a shadow, and nothing substantial. While contemplating these four books, the Republic of Plato, the Utopia of More, the Telemachus of Fénelon, and the Contrat Social of J. J. Rousseau, we can repeat with conviction the saying of Frederick the Great, "If I had an empire to punish, I would bestow the government of it upon the philosophers."

These philosophers, despite the grandeur of their genius,

the elevation of their views, and the virtue of their designs, plan systems for humanity at large which are suited only to an abstract portion. Minds without practical experience construct their imaginary institutions upon clouds, and the moment these clouds touch the earth, their institutions melt into vapor or fall to ruins. Fénelon, in "Telemachus," proves himself one of those philosophers who have created for the age which they imagine the most beautiful but the most mistaken perspectives; who equally mingle sound and unsound opinions, and who have confounded a passion for ameliorating the condition of humanity with a passion for attaining the impossible. It is against such practical impossibilities that inexperienced revolution (of whom they are the parent) wounds, struggles, and always destroys itself; and it is also from the anger created by the resistance which reality offers to chimera that spring the deceptions, the phrensies, the tyrannies, and the crimes of this very spirit of change. The visionary Utopiasts, who advocate a purely metaphysical form of government, and the annihilation of power, produced the crimes and anarchies of the Revolution of 1793. The Utopiasts of leveling property and social communism produced the panic, the disavowal, and the adjournment of the Revolution of 1848. These two dreams of Fénelon have been looked upon as serious practicalities by short-sighted reasoners. The saintly poet has unintentionally been the first radical and the first communist of his age.

The influence of this book in matters of political economy has been no less powerful and equally fatal, but its errors in this respect are more easily demonstrated. The declamations against art and luxury, the sumptuary laws to regulate the consumption of articles produced by labor, which are useless in our epoch, were applicable to the primitive condition of that antiquity from which Fénelon unfortunately drew his examples and imbibed his ideas. Upon the first establishment of any community strictly pastoral and agricultural, where the earth is cultivated

with difficulty, and scarcely supplies the necessary aliment of man, it becomes the enforced law and virtue of citizens to consume as little as possible, that their sobriety and abstemiousness may thus leave a larger portion to satisfy the wants of their brethren. The aim of such laws was to prevent scarcity, that scourge of new-born empires, whose existence depends upon abundance of provision. Under this view, temperance, which is now a virtue confined to ourselves, became a benefit conferred on society. Abstinence was an act of devotion—luxury a crime. We can thus comprehend the usefulness of sumptuary laws in the remote periods of antiquity; but when a community is firmly established, and has increased its productive powers by clearing land, by the acquisition of flocks and machinery, when it no longer fears scarcity, and supports its immense population by the wages paid for the various products of art, intellect, and industry; when the luxury of one class creates the riches of another; when each pleasure, each vanity, and each caprice of the rich, pays, voluntarily or involuntarily, a reward for the labor which has supplied it, the system of Fénelon, of Plato, and of J. J. Rousseau appears no longer a mere absurdity, but assumes the serious aspect of a ruinous injury to the people. Consumption then becomes a virtue, and luxury proportioned to fortune supplies the necessities of the rest of mankind. This error of "Telemachus" is one of those which produced the worst evils of the Revolution, and its impression is still uneffaced from the minds of the people, much as it has misguided and injured them. Such is "Telemachus"—virtuous in maxim, deplorable in application. But as this poem responds by anticipation to the most noble and most legitimate instincts of justice, equality, and purity in the government of empires—as it was inspired by a pious mind, and written by a poetical genius —we can imagine the effect such a book was likely to produce upon the world.

But "Telemachus" contained also the secret of Fénelon.

He wrote it in the palace of Louis the Fourteenth, and concealed it from the notice of the king and the courtiers until near the close of the reign. In this book there was a terrible accusation, which he reserved for the period when his pupil, the Duke of Burgundy, should have attained the years of maturity, and have approached more closely to the throne. It was a sealed confidence, to remain until then unbroken, between the master and the pupil. Perhaps this book was also destined, at the moment of the young prince's accession, to proclaim a new political system—to be, in fact, the programme of a Fénelonian government. It was also a sort of indirect aspiration to the post of first minister, for which Fénelon might have felt a presentiment, without even acknowledging it to himself. The ambition which his friend, the Abbé Tronson, had warned him against, as we have already seen—that species of ambition which dees not seek to aggrandize its possessor, but which is involuntarily created and revealed by intellectual ability—such was that of Fénelon. There are certain men whom Nature has endowed with distinct privileges. Their ambition, instead of being the offspring of passion, is the emanation of mental power. They do not aspire, but they mount by an irresistible force, as the aërostatic globe rises above an element heavier than itself by the sole superiority of specific ascendency. The very goodness of Fénelon caused him to desire some future elevation, where his benevolent spirit could shed itself with more effect upon all around him. But envy now began to penetrate into the shade where he had sought concealment. People began to be alarmed at the influence exercised by him not only in the capacity of master, but as a friend, over the mind of his pupil. The increasing interest daily evinced by Madame de Maintenon for the charms of his conversation had a powerful influence at court. The correspondence between her and Fénelon was as frequent as it was intimate. These letters display the boldness of those counsels which Fénelon gave to the

woman who in her turn counseled the king. He encouraged her to reign. "You have more resolution than you believe yourself to possess." (He wrote thus in obedience to an expressed wish of hers that he would speak the truth, no matter how severe.) "You distrust yourself, or, rather, you fear entering into discussions opposed to the inclination you have always felt for a life of tranquillity and retirement. . . . . As the king is guided much less by the force of principles than by the impulsion of those individuals who surround him, and upon whom he bestows his authority, it becomes essential that he should be influenced upon all occasions by truly good men, who, acting in concert with you, will induce the fulfillment, in their most extended view, of those duties which he never contemplates. Since he must be surrounded, the grand point is how to surround him; since he must be ruled, how to rule him. His welfare consists in his being influenced by those who are upright and disinterested. You must, then, apply yourself to the task. Give him views of peace; induce him to ameliorate the condition of the people; above all, to adopt principles of moderation and equity; to suppress all harsh and violent counsels, and to hold in abhorrence acts of arbitrary authority. . . . There are at court many people of virtuous and noble qualities, who merit your kindness and encouragement; but you must exercise great precaution, for thousands would become hypocrites to please you."

We see that Fénelon speaks of the errors of the king as a man who places himself entirely in the power of Madame de Maintenon, the future mistress of his confidences; we also see that, faithful to friendship, he sought to draw toward the virtuous section of the court, the Dukes de Chevreuse and Beauvilliers, all the favor of the sovereign ruler. We must not, however, forget that the cause of virtue was at the same time the cause of his friends and patrons.

This correspondence, and this pious intercourse between

Madame de Maintenon and Fénelon, gained more and more for the future author of "Telemachus" the regard and esteem of one who reigned with uncontrolled power: she frequently reverted with pleasure, in her advanced years, to the sentiments she had then experienced.

"I have often since wondered," writes she, "why I did not select the Abbé de Fénelon as the guide of my conscience, when his manners charmed me so much, and when his mind and virtues had so influenced me in his favor." She, more than any other woman in her position, required the society of a man in all points equally attractive and superior, surrounded as she was by commonplace spirits and by empty coldness. "Ah!" (she wrote at one period to her favorite niece), "alas that I can not give you my experience, that I could only show you the weariness of soul by which the great are devoured—the difficulty which they find in getting through their days! Do you not see how they die of sadness in the midst of that fortune which has been a burden to them? I have been young and beautiful; I have tasted many pleasures; I have been universally beloved. At a more advanced age, I have passed years in the intercourse of talent and wit, and I solemnly protest to you that all conditions leave a frightful void." This friendship of Madame de Maintenon for the most fascinating man in the kingdom inspired the monarch with the idea of recompensing Fénelon for his success in the education of his grandson by the gift of the Abbacy of Saint-Valery. The king in person announced to him his gracious intention, and made many excuses for bestowing upon his services so tardy and disproportionate a reward. All things seemed to smile upon Fénelon. The heart of Madame de Maintenon seemed to have gained for him the love of the entire court.

But a snare was upon his path, and this snare lay in himself, in his pure soul, and in his poetic imagination. He allowed himself to be seduced, not by his success, but by his piety.

We have already stated at the commencement of this narrative that the court of Louis the Fourteenth, in his advanced age, resembled rather a synod than a seat of government, and that the most subtle dogmas of orthodoxy and theology occupied the place of war and politics. We must now proceed to name the period when the fortune of this bright genius, and, perhaps, the destiny of France, were overthrown by the hallucinations of a woman and the anger of Bossuet.

About that epoch there resided at Paris a young, beautiful, and rich widow, Jeanne-Marie de Lamothe. She had been married to M. Guyon, the son of the constructor of the canal of Briare, whom she had lost at the early age of twenty-eight. Madame Guyon was gifted by nature with beauty of a dreamy and melancholy order, a passionate soul, and an imagination so exalted that earth could not satisfy it; but, seeking for love, it mounted to heaven. She had been acquainted in Paris, before her marriage, with a young Barnabite recluse of the name of Lacombe. The tender piety and mystic exaltation of this monk produced upon the heart and mind of the young neophyte one of those sudden impressions where grace and nature seem equally mingled, as in the friendship of St. François de Sales and Madame de Chantal, where it was impossible to discern whether admiration was most yielded to celestial virtue or human attraction. Madame Guyon, who had always kept up a correspondence with her religious instructor, no sooner became a widow than she retired to Gex, a little village of Bugey, on the declivity of the Jura, where Father Lacombe awaited her. The Bishop of Geneva, who held as a fief the small village of Gex, was acquainted with the name, the attractions, the talent, the fortune, and the already notorious sanctity of the young widow. He considered it as an added glory to his Church that a woman so endowed with natural and supernatural gifts should bury all in this solitude in order to consecrate them to the service of God. He therefore resolved to be-

stow upon Madame Guyon the direction of a convent of young girls, converted by his exertions from the schismatic doctrines of Calvin. Madame Guyon selected Father Lacombe for the superior of her convent. The intimacy of the widow and the monk, consecrated by the pious intercourse of their mutual residence, became exalted almost to a sort of ecstasy. The ardent imagination of the woman soon surpassed that of the man; the master changed places with the disciple, and received from the eyes and lips of his penitent inspirations and revelations as direct manifestations from heaven.

This mystic commerce appeared suspicious to the minds of the unsophisticated. The Bishop of Geneva, after having involuntarily favored it, became alarmed, and removed the monk in disgrace to Thonon, another small village in his diocese, upon the banks of the Lake of Geneva. Madame Guyon immediately followed her spiritual friend, and retired to an Ursuline convent at Thonon, where she constantly received Father Lacombe without restraint, and continued that ecstatic intercourse which gave her complete dominion over his feebler spirit, which it both subdued and charmed. From thence she went to Grenoble, to expand the fame of her heavenly love in conference with a small number of sectarians. The forests and rocks of the Grande-Chartreuse attracted her by their sublime grandeur, and she there seemed to resemble the Sibyl of the desert. Finally, hoping to find on the other side of the Alps the Italian imagination more susceptible of the fire of her new doctrines, she sent her disciple, Lacombe, to preach her faith at Verceil, in Piedmont. Thither she again followed him, and wandered about in his company for several years, from Gex to Thonon, from Thonon to Grenoble, from Verceil to Turin, from Turin to Lyons, leaving the world undecided between admiration and scandal. Admiration prevailed with all who examined closely the sincerity of her enthusiasm, the austerity of her life, and the purity of her habits. Upon her return from this long

pilgrimage, she published at Lyons an exposition of the Song of Solomon, and several other works upon meditation. The doctrines they inculcated were drawn from Plato, and the first Christian commentators, chiefly those belonging to Spain, that country of enthusiasm. Their object was to inculcate upon pious minds, as the type of true perfection, the love of the Deity for himself alone, devoid of all desire of reward or fear of punishment. She recommended also a profound and absorbing contemplation of God, wherein the soul, drowned in the ocean of the divine essence, would contract the sinlessness of a purely innocent spirit, and, becoming incapable of ascent or fall, would cast the body aside as a worn-out vestment, leaving it at liberty to fulfill its simply material functions, while the soul, exalted to heaven, would cease to be held responsible for its earthly tenement. It was, in fact, the virtue of Divinity transplanted into man by the indissoluble union of man to the Divinity; the dream of every soul upon earth, and the anticipated condition of heaven. These maxims contained sublimity and sanctity for saints, but they were replete with dangerous snares for vulgar minds.

The Church became alarmed at the rumor of such doctrines, and the Cardinal Lecamus, bishop of Grenoble, denounced them to M. de Harlay, archbishop of Paris, at court. Madame Guyon and Father Lacombe returned to the capital. The apostle and disciple were both arrested; the monk was interrogated, thrown into the Bastile, afterward confined in the Isle of Oléron, and ultimately incarcerated in the Castle of Lourdes, amid the roughest wilds of the Pyrenees, there to linger through many long and dreary years of expiation. Madame Guyon, confined in a convent in the street of Saint-Antoine, underwent the most strict examinations of the Church, and cleared herself triumphantly from all the accusations of scandal and impiety by which she had been assailed upon her return to Paris. She became the example, the worship, the delight, and the admiration of the convent which had been selected as

her prison. Madame de Miramion, a person at that time also celebrated for her fervent light and zeal in the cause of piety, heard of the female captive, sought an interview with her, and became fascinated. She interceded with Madame de Maintenon to obtain the liberty of a woman so unjustly persecuted. Madame de la Maisonfort, a relative of Madame de Maintenon, the Duchess of Béthune, daughter of the unfortunate Fouquet, and Madame de Beauvilliers herself, the daughter of Colbert, united their entreaties to those of Madame de Miramion; Madame de Maintenon granted liberty to the protégée of such irreproachable women. In the first moment of her freedom, Madame Guyon flew to express her gratitude to her liberator. Madame de Maintenon succumbed to the universal fascination; she felt drawn toward Madame Guyon as to the focus of piety, eloquence, and grace, which had been only obscured by the vapors of an effervescing imagination. She introduced her to Saint-Cyr, an establishment where she had assembled beneath her own inspection the élite of all the nobly born young girls in the kingdom, and engaged her to hold discourses there upon the mighty gifts of God, and to communicate her contemplative and pious thoughts upon divinity to the youthful residents. Madame de Maintenon stimulated this good work by her presence. She became the innocent accomplice of all the pious subtilties in which a mystical spirit indulged when rhapsodizing on divine love, and infected the sternest men about the court with the same degree of admiration, including the Duke de Beauvilliers and the Duke de Chevreuse; and she admitted Madame Guyon to a confidential intimacy inaccessible to others. It was in such a position, and beneath such auspices, that Fénelon encountered Madame Guyon. The resemblance in gentleness and elevation of these two spirits, equally pious, and guided by imaginations equally ardent, established at once between Fénelon and Madame Guyon a spiritual intercourse, in which there was no seduction but piety, and nothing to be seduced but enthusiasm.

The mystic recitals of Madame Guyon, while affording such ecstasy to Fénelon and Madame de Maintenon, appeared to them as the exhalations of a peculiar devotion, the exercise of which was suited only to the privacy of the sanctuary, and which must be carefully veiled from the gaze of the vulgar, as likely to produce only intoxication in the uneducated mind. The king, whose faith was as simple as his imagination, held a sterner opinion.

"I have read extracts from the works of our friend to the king," writes Madame de Maintenon, "but he tells me they are mere ravings; he is not yet sufficiently advanced in piety to appreciate their perfection." She adds, in another place: "The maxims of the Abbé Fénelon should not be published to those who can not understand them. As regards Madame Guyon, we must be content to monopolize her to ourselves. The Abbé Fénelon is right in advising that her works should be kept private, for they would preach of the liberty of the children of God to those who have not yet become his children."

We see that Fénelon opposed himself to the display of an ideal perfection likely to become a cause of offense to the weak-minded; his spiritual accordance with Madame Guyon was less complete than that of Madame de Maintenon and the court, and his admiration, held in check by prudence, though enthusiastic, never reached the point of fanaticism.

His strong attachment to these doctrines proceeded from his peculiar mental organization, and from a leaning to that mystical love of the Deity in which tenderness is mixed with subtilty. Let us listen to him speaking of St. Teresa, and we shall discover in his admiration the peculiar bent and natural source of his own devotion. We shall at the same time perceive the reserve, the judgment, and the prudence which ever pervaded his lofty mind.

"From the simple worship in which Teresa was at first absorbed, God elevated her mind to the most sublime height of contemplation. She entered into that union

where the virginal marriage of husband and wife commences, where she becomes all to him, he every thing to her. Revelations, the spirit of prophecy, visions which assumed no tangible form, raptures, ecstatic torments, as she herself said, in which the spirit is overwhelmed, and the body succumbs, and in which the presence of God is so realized that the soul sinks overwhelmed and consumed, unable to support its burden of sublime awe; in fact, every supernatural gift seemed poured upon her. Her directors were at first sight mistaken. They judged of her capability for the practice of virtue by the nature of her prayers, and by the remains of that weakness and imperfection which God left, in order to humiliate her. They concluded her to be under the influence of a dangerous illusion which they desired to exorcise. Alas! what trouble for a soul simply desirous of obedience, and influenced as that of St. Teresa was by terror, when she felt her mental powers completely overturned by her instructors. 'I was,' said she, 'like one in the midst of a river, on the point of being drowned without hope of succor.' She no longer recognized herself, nor knew what she said when praying. That which had formed her consolation for so many years now added bitterness to her distress. In order to obey, she tore herself from her inclination, but involuntarily returned without the power to abandon or resume it. Assailed by these doubts, she experienced all the horrors of despair. Every thing seemed confused and terrifying; every hope appeared to desert her. God himself, upon whom she had hitherto reposed with such confidence, had become to her as a dream; and in her agony she cried, like Mary Magdalen, 'They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.'

"Oh! ye anointed of the Lord, cease not to study, by incessant prayer and meditation, the most profound and mysterious operations of his grace, since ye are its dispensers! What does it not cost the souls that you instruct, when the coldness of your peculiar studies and

your ignorance of internal guides causes you to condemn all that has not come within the course of your experience! Happy are those who find men of God, as St. Teresa ultimately did—the holy Francis de Borgia and Peter of Alcantara, who smoothed the difficulties of her path. 'Till then,' said she, 'I felt more shame in declaring my revelations than I had ever experienced in the confession of my greatest sins.' And let us also shrink from speaking of these revelations in a century when incredulity is considered wisdom. Let us blush at the mention of praise for that grace which effected so much in the heart of St. Teresa. No, no; be silent, O century! in which even those who believe the truths of religion pride themselves upon rejecting without examination, as mere fables, all the miracles which God has displayed in his elected instruments.

"I know that these emotions must be experienced in order to feel that they come from God. God forbid that I should sanction a weak credulity in extravagant visions! But let me neither hesitate in faith where he directly sends the revelation! He who poured miraculous gifts in a stream from on high upon the first believers, has he not promised to shed his spirit upon all humanity? Has he not said, 'On my servants and on my handmaidens?' Although these latter times are less worthy than an earlier period of such celestial communications, must we therefore look upon them as impossible? Is their source exhausted? Is heaven closed against us? Is it not rather that the unworthiness of our age renders such mercies more necessary, to enlighten the faith and increase the charity now almost extinct?

"Ah! rather would I forget myself than forget the writings of Teresa. So simple, so earnest, so natural, that in the act of reading we forget that we read, and fancy ourselves listening to her voice. Oh! how wise and gentle are those counsels in which my soul has tasted of the hidden manna! with what ingenuousness does she re-

count facts! It is not a recital, but a picture. What a power does she possess of describing various conditions! I behold with ecstacy, that, like St. Paul, words fail to express all that she conceived. What a living faith! The heavens lay open before her. She comprehended all things, and discoursed as familiarly of the sublimest revelations as she did of the commonest occurrences. Imbued only with a spirit of obedience, she spoke incessantly of herself and her sublime gifts without pride or ostentation, without allusion to any personal superiority. Mighty soul, which estimates itself as nothing, and, beholding God in all things, abandons itself without fear to the instruction of others! Oh! how dear are these instructions to all who seek to serve God in prayer, and how highly have they been lauded by the voice of the Church! I dare not display them to the gaze of the profane. Away, away, haughty and prying spirit, seeking to read these works only to tempt God, and to despise the riches of his goodness! Where are ye, simple and meditative souls to whom they belong? . . . If ye fully comprehend the happiness of dwelling in God and seeking to dwell in him only, ye will taste the centuple promise of this life; your peace will flow on like a river, and your justice will be fathomless as the depths of the ocean."

Despite the intention of the Abbé Fénelon and Madame Guyon to keep the new doctrines which so kindled their ardent souls confined within the precincts of St. Cyr and Versailles, their fame transpired and reached the Archbishop of Paris, Bossuet, and the Bishop of Chartres, the spiritual director of Madame de Maintenon.

These three oracles of the Church united, and denounced Fénelon as a dangerous abettor of new and presumptuous opinions, whom it was necessary for the safety of that religion so lately re-established to remove from the king and his grandson.

Bourdaloue, a celebrated and venerated pulpit orator, consulted upon these doctrines, replied in a stern letter:

"Silence on these subjects is the best guardian of peace; they should only be mentioned in sacred confidence with spiritual directors." This private conspiracy of harsh condemnation against Fénelon smouldered for a long time before it burst into flame. Nothing up to this period indicated any plan on the part of Bossuet to lower his cherished disciple in the king's estimation; he displayed only the alarmed suspicions incidental to a believer in tradition who repels with contempt and pride all new opinions, and the anxious grief of a doctrinal instructor who beholds his pupil's faith wavering. The explosion of Bossuet's holy indignation was caused by the feelings we have described, and not by the impulse of petty jealousy—a passion which has no existence in a haughty mind. Bossuet was equally exalted in his nature and his pride; he envied not, he crushed at once. With the thunderbolt in hand, ambuscade is unnecessary. Bossuet likewise sought in the beginning of this quarrel rather to suppress than condemn. He treated the visions of Madame Guyon as the errors of a diseased mind. He consented to see this celebrated female, and listened with indulgence to her explanations, and expressions of regret for the troubles she had unintentionally caused. He invited her to participate in the solemnities of his private chapel, and counseled her to silence, obscurity, and absence from Paris and the court during some months. He undertook, in the mean time, to examine, personally and at his leisure, her writings, and to pronounce upon them a final decision, to which she should submit with voluntary deference. He fulfilled his promise, read, and censured the books of his fair penitent. He wrote to her, and pointed out with pious benevolence passages opposed to reason and dangerous to morality. He conversed confidentially with Fénelon upon the aberrations of his spiritual friend, and conjured him to join in their condemnation. Fénelon, convinced of Madame Guyon's orthodoxy, and distressed at the persecutions by which she was menaced, attempted, with more magna-

nimity than policy, to justify her in the estimation of Bossuet. He refused to condemn as a theologian that which he admired as a man, a poet, and a friend. He replied that God often chose the feeblest instruments for the manifestation of his glory; that the spirit was impelled according to his will; that the lofty eloquence of prophets and sibyls acknowledged not the laws which regulate the language of the schools; and that before pronouncing the sentence of madness upon those inspired by God, time should be allowed to prove their revelations. Bossuet was overwhelmed with grief.

The king, who meddled with theology, but comprehended only the discipline and infallible authority of the Church, now displayed his indignation. Madame de Maintenon, the introducer of all this scandal to St. Cyr, to the court, and the Church, trembled at the thought of appearing before his majesty as the accomplice and abettor of those who had alarmed the royal conscience. She immediately abandoned her friends and withdrew from them her countenance. She did not, however, at first unite with their persecutors, and continued to render in secret justice to their intentions and their innocence; but she pressed for the assembling of a doctrinal synod to judge the question, and to relieve her of a responsibility in this affair which had become too weighty.

"Yet another letter from Madame Guyon," she writes; "this woman is very troublesome; it is true she is also deeply unfortunate! She entreats of me to-day to procure the nomination of M. Tronson, a friend of Fénelon, as one of the judges. I am not certain that the king would like to offer such a mortification to the Archbishop of Paris . . . M. l'Abbé de Fénelon has too much piety not to feel that it is possible to love God for himself alone, and he has too great a mind to allow of his believing that we can associate this love with the most shameful vices. He is not solely the advocate of Madame Guyon. Although he is her friend, he is the defender of religion and Chris-

tian perfection. I repose upon his truth because I have known few men equally sincere, and I permit you to communicate this to him."

The conferences opened under the superintendence of Bossuet, who, a stranger to all subtilties, entreated of Fénelon again to initiate him into the mystic flights of various French, Spanish, and Italian works which the Church had tolerated, and which he, in his rude common sense, denominated amusing extravagances. Fénelon analyzed for Bossuet all the books which contained the source from whence Madame Guyon had drawn her peculiar enthusiasm, and the letter which he wrote upon them proves that he was still restrained by deference to the opinion of the Bishop of Meaux. "No longer feel anxiety on my account" (thus he writes when forwarding the volumes); "in your hands I am a mere child; these doctrines pass by me without leaving an impression; one form of belief appears to me as good as another. From the moment that you spoke, all has been effaced. When even what I have read appears to me as clear as that two and two make four, I behold it less distinctly than the necessity of rejecting the guidance of my own judgment, and of preferring to it that of such a pontiff as you are! . . . I hold too firmly by tradition ever to abandon that which in these days ought to be the chief column of our support."

Meantime the Archbishop of Paris, impatient of the length of these conferences, delivered privily his own opinion against Madame Guyon and her doctrines. Madame de Maintenon, fearing that Fénelon would be compromised in these denunciations of the Church of Paris, and torn from the court, where she wished to retain him, had recourse to the seduction of royal favor in order to detach him from Madame Guyon. The king appointed him Archbishop of Cambray. Under this title, Madame de Maintenon hoped to associate him with those bishops who were appointed as the judges of Madame Guyon, and to compel his condemnation as a pontiff of that which he had ad-

mired as a friend. The king at once entered into this well-meaning plot, and we see here mingled all the ability of a courtier and the affection of a warm adherent. She sought at the same time to reassure the king as to the soundness of Fénelon's doctrines, and to withdraw the latter from Madame Guyon, whom she abandoned to the bishops.

Fénelon, alarmed at the prospect of a dignity which would separate him from his pupil, represented to the king that the greatest honor, in his eyes, was the tender love subsisting between himself and his grandson, and that he would not voluntarily exchange it for any other. Louis the Fourteenth answered him with great kindness, "No; I intend that you shall still continue the preceptor of my grandson. The discipline of the Church only demands nine months' residence in your diocese. You will give the other three to your pupils here, and you will superintend at Cambray their education during the rest of the year as thoroughly as if you were at court."

Fénelon, transported by such favors, resigned, contrary to custom, an abbey which he possessed, and resisted with the most exemplary disinterestedness all the persuasions and examples which encouraged him to retain these ecclesiastical revenues. He desired to carry to his bishopric no portion of the income which he considered as belonging to others who were in necessity.

The world admired, but hesitated to imitate his example. The king, through the instigation of Madame de Maintenon, added him to the committee of bishops appointed to investigate the doctrines of Madame Guyon; but the conference was already dissolved, and Bossuet, sole reporter and exclusive dictator, privately arranged the decision. Fénelon, after having discussed and succeeded in modifying the terms so far as to exclude all personal censure of Madame Guyon, signed the exposition of the purely theological principles of this manifesto. Peace seemed so thoroughly cemented between these two oracles

of the faith in France, that Bossuet desired to preside in person, as consecrating pontiff, at the installation of his disciple and friend. The king, his son and his grandson, with the entire court, assembled in the chapel of St. Cyr, to witness the ceremony in which the genius of eloquence consecrated the genius of poetry.

But scarcely had this peace been re-established by the intervention of Madame de Maintenon, the forbearance of Bossuet, the humility of Fénelon, and the silence of Madame Guyon, than new causes of discussion sprang up between the bishops. Madame Guyon secretly evaded the offer made to her by Bossuet of a safe retreat in a convent at Meaux, the capital of his diocese. She had written to him that she would retire into solitude, far from the world and its storms; but she still lingered at Paris, concealed among her disciples, whose devotion daily became more fervent. In the number were included Fénelon and his two friends, the Duke de Beauvilliers and the Duke de Chevreuse. At this period the Archbishop of Paris expired. He was a man of worldly habits, whose demeanor disquieted the conscience of the king. A successor of exalted virtue was now sought for, to purify the see. The Church nominated Bossuet, the public selected Fénelon. Madame de Maintenon hesitated between the two; one was more dreaded, the other more loved; suspicions of a tendency to new doctrines clung to Fénelon, and apprehensions of tyranny were associated with Bossuet. Madame de Maintenon bestowed the see of Paris upon M. de Noailles, an exemplary pontiff, and one in favor at court. Bossuet resented the injury with dignity, and neither abased himself to solicit or refuse. "All things show," wrote he to his friends in Paris, "that God, as much from his mercy as his justice, designs to leave me where I am. When you desire that they should offer in order that I should refuse, you seek only the gratification of my vanity. It would be better to look for the increase of humility! there can no longer be a doubt that,

despite the empty disquisitions of men, and according to my own wishes, I shall be interred here at the feet of my saintly predecessors, and shall continue to work out the salvation of that flock which has been confided to me." The grandeur of this ambition lay in its frankness. Bossuet resented the indignity offered to his talents in the preference of M. de Noailles, but he condescended neither to murmur nor to regret. He did not even express a wish: he felt his vengeance in his superiority.

Nevertheless, whether from the humiliation he experienced in being weighed in the scale against the youth of Fénelon and the mediocrity of M. de Noailles, whether from any suspicion that the disloyal evasion of Madame Guyon and her continued residence in Paris was instigated by Fénelon, who thus betrayed the confidence he had placed in his disciple, the concealed resentment of his soul soon burst forth. He solicited from the king the arrest of Madame Guyon, who was consequently discovered in Paris, and incarcerated in a mad-house.

"How do you desire that she should be disposed of?" wrote Madame de Maintenon to the Archbishop of Paris; "and what are we to do with her friends and her papers?" "The king remains here all day; write to him directly." "I am delighted at this arrest," also wrote Bossuet to Madame de Maintenon; "this mystery concealed many injuries to the Church."

Fénelon, then at Cambray, heard with grief that his friend was to be conveyed to Vincennes. The Duke de Beauvilliers now began to fear that the education of the young Duke of Burgundy would be taken out of the hands of Fénelon.

"It is evident," wrote he, "that a powerful and determined intrigue exists against the Archbishop of Cambray. Madame de Maintenon obeys what has been suggested to her, and is ready to lend herself to any extreme measures in opposition to him. I behold him upon the verge of being torn from the princes, as a man suspected of inspiring

them with dangerous doctrines. If this plan should succeed, my turn will follow; but I feel no anxiety with regard to myself. As to M. de Fénelon, I should not counsel him, even if he wished it, to announce any formal condemnation of the books of Madame Guyon. It would afford the greatest joy to the libertines of the court, and, at the same time, confirm all the injurious reports which have been spread abroad to the prejudice of her sanctity. Would not such a step afford grounds of belief that he was an accomplice in all that they impute to this unfortunate woman, and that policy and fear of disgrace compelled his abjuration? I feel myself conscientiously forced on all occasions openly to declare whatever can justify M. de Fénelon; and when he is disgraced, I shall do it still more loudly, because it will then be even more evident that truth and justice alone compel my vindication."

After various examinations, Madame Guyon was transferred to the Convent of Vaugirard, under the superintendence of the Curé of St. Sulpice. "For this mild treatment," wrote Madame de Maintenon, "we have not the approbation of Bossuet, but for myself I feel it to be my duty as much as possible to turn aside all severities."

"They desire me to condemn the person of Madame Guyon," wrote Fénelon at the same time. "When the Church issues a decree against her doctrines, I shall be ready to sign it with my blood. Beyond that, I neither can nor ought to agree to any thing. I have closely examined a life which has infinitely edified me. Wherefore should they wish me to condemn her upon other points of which I know nothing? Would it be right that I should help to crush an individual whom others have united to destroy, and one to whom I have been a friend? . . . .

"As regards Bossuet, I shall only be too glad to adhere to the doctrines of his book, if he wishes it; but I can not honestly or in conscience join him in attacking a woman who appears to me innocent, and writings which I have

abandoned to condemnation without attaching to them my own censure. . . . . Bossuet is a holy pontiff, an affectionate and steadfast friend; but he seeks, by an excessive zeal for the Church and friendship for me, to carry me beyond due bounds. I believe Madame de Maintenon to be influenced by the same feelings. She condemns and pities me by turns, with every new impression that others convey to her. . . . . All, then, as regards myself, is reduced to this—I will not speak against my conscience, nor will I consent to insult a woman whom, from what I have personally observed, I have rewerenced as a saint." . . . .

"If I were capable," added he afterward, in another letter of tender reproach to Madame de Maintenon, who persecuted him from friendship, "if I were capable of approving of a woman who preached a new Gospel, I ought to be deposed and brought to the stake rather than supported as you sustain me. But I may very innocently have mistaken a person whom I believe to be devout. I have never felt any natural affection for her. I have never experienced any extraordinary personal emotion that could influence me in her favor; she is confident to excess; the proof of this is manifest, since he (Bossuet) has related to you as impieties the particulars which she confided to him. . . . . I count her pretended prophecies and her assumed revelations as nothing. . . . . I have never heard her use the blasphemous images which they attribute to her in her mystical disquisitions upon divine love; I would wager my head that all this has been exaggerated; but Bossuet is inexcusable for having repeated to you as one of Madame Guyon's doctrines what in effect was nothing more than a dream or figurative expression. . . . . All that has been said against her conduct is mere calumny. I feel so persuaded of her never having designed any thing evil, that I undertake to say on her part that she will give every satisfactory explanation and retractation. . . . . Perhaps you think I say this in order to obtain her liberty; but, so far from that, I promise that

she shall give her explanations without quitting her prison. I will not even see her; I will only write to her unsealed letters, which you and her accusers shall read. . . . After all that, leave her to die in prison; I am content that she should perish there—that we should never see her again, and never more hear her name mentioned.

"Wherefore then, madame, do you close your heart against us, as if our religion were different from yours? . . . . Fear not that I shall oppose Bossuet; I never even speak of him but as my master; I willingly look upon him as the conqueror, and as one who has brought me back from my wanderings; in all sincerity, I feel only deference and obedience toward him. . . . ."

Fénelon, thus placed by his own imprudence, and by the sternness of his judges, in such a position that his only alternative was the crime of condemning one he believed innocent, or the humiliation of condemning himself and drawing upon his own head the thunders of Bossuet, who then ruled the Church of France, retired in sadness, and foreboding the ruin of his cherished prospects, to the solitude of Cambray. There, in order to vindicate the purity of his faith, and to clear himself from the accusations of Bossuet, he composed his book, entitled "Maxims of the Saints." This was a justification, through extracts taken from the works and opinions promulgated by the very oracles of the Church, of the disinterested love of God, the transcendent doctrine of the mystics of all ages. He humbly submitted his manuscript, page by page, to M. de Noailles, who promised that it should only be inspected by his theologians, and not communicated to Bossuet. He corrected from their notes every passage with which they did not agree in the most minute point, and his friend the Duke de Chevreuse undertook to have the book published.

Bossuet, incensed at the rumor of the approaching appearance of a book which had been kept a profound secret from him, wrote as follows: "I feel sure that this work will be productive of enormous scandal. . . . . I can not

in conscience suffer it to go forth! God guides me to the knowledge that they thus wish to establish presumptuous opinions, which would lead to the overthrow of religion. . . . . This is the truth, for which I would sacrifice my life! . . . . They exclude me on this occasion, after having proffered so much submission in words, simply because they feel that God, on whom I rely, will give me the power of exploding their mine! . . . ."

The anger of Bossuet upon the appearance of this book was contagious. Fénelon's justification appeared a crime against the authority of the great oracle of the Church in France. The king adopted the cause of the episcopal leader. D'Aguesseau, an impartial and contemporary historian, attributed this manifestation of anxiety by Louis the Fourteenth to the bitter aversion he cherished against the superior qualities of Fénelon.

"Whether the king feared," says D'Aguesseau, "minds of a superior order; whether it was a refined singularity, a peculiar reserve in the manner and habits of Fénelon, which were displeasing to a prince whose ideas flowed in a simple and ordinary current; whether it was that Fénelon, from a profound policy, sought to absorb himself in his immediate functions, and abstained from any attempt to insinuate himself into the confidence and favor of the king, it is quite certain that Louis the Fourteenth never loved him, and felt no repugnance against sacrificing him to his enemies." Bossuet strengthened this disposition by the fears which he excited in the king's conscience. He accused himself "of a criminal complicity in not having sooner revealed to the king the fanaticism of his pupil." The court, being made aware of the king's secret antipathy, now universally joined in condemning the presumptuous arch-heretic.

"A natural temperament so happy," again said D'Aguesseau, "was perverted, like that of the first man, by the voice of a woman. His talents, his ambition, his fortune, even his reputation, were all sacrificed, not to an illusion

of the senses, but to a fascination of the mind. We behold this sublime genius, impelled to become the prophet and oracle of a sect, fertile in specious and seducing imagery. He seeks to be a philosopher, but we find him only an orator—a character which he has preserved in every work emanating from his pen to the close of his life."

Calumny went so far as to accuse Fénelon of having flattered the king's devotion in order to render it instrumental in the advancement of his fortune, and of having planned a junction of politics and mysticism, in order to establish, through the unseen ties of a secret language, a powerful cabal, at the head of which he would always reign by the force and mastery of his genius.

These imputations fell at once before the courage displayed by Fénelon in braving the anger of the king and opposing Bossuet, to support a persecuted woman and a calumniated doctrine.

He was universally abandoned. The dread of being involved in the disgrace into which he had voluntarily precipitated himself, caused every one to fear and avoid, not only any attempt in his justification, but also every emotion of pity; he remained as much isolated at Versailles as he had been at Cambray, while he awaited in daily expectation an order to exile himself from the court. It was in this crisis of mental distress that a fire consumed his episcopal palace of Cambray, with the furniture, books, and manuscripts, comprising all the wealth he had transported thither. He received this blow with his habitual serenity. "I had rather," said he to the Abbé Langeron, who hastened to inform him of this domestic calamity, "that the fire had seized my house than a poor man's cottage."

In the mean while Bossuet fulminated severe censures against Fénelon's book, but at the same time continued to display the feelings of old attachment. "It is hard," said he, "to speak thus of one accustomed till now to listen as readily to my voice as I listened to his in return. God,

before whom I now write, is aware of the agony which has demonstrated my deep grief, that a friend of so many years should judge me unworthy of his confidence—I, who have never even raised my voice in a whisper against him! the friend of my whole life! . . . a beloved adversary, whom, as God is my witness, I love and cherish in my inmost heart!"

At the moment when Bossuet wrote these lines, the king sent an order to Fénelon commanding him to quit Versailles, and repair to Cambray without pausing at Paris. He forbade his going to Rome to make any appeal to the Pope for his judgment upon his doctrines, fearing, doubtless, that his genius and virtue would exercise the same influence at Rome that it had done every where else; the king, at the same time, wrote to Rome to demand from the Sovereign Pontiff the condemnation of the Archbishop of Cambray, promising to carry it into execution by all the power of his royal authority. The separation between Fénelon and the Duke of Burgundy, his pupil, mutually lacerated their hearts. The tears of the Duke de Beauvilliers and the Duke de Chevreuse mingled with those of the young prince and his friend. The Duke of Burgundy in vain threw himself at the feet of the king his grandfather, imploring him to send a counter order, a reprieve, a pardon. "No, my son," replied the king; "I have no power as a master to make this a matter of clemency. It touches the safety of our faith; Bossuet is a better authority on this point than either you or I!"

Madame de Maintenon was deeply distressed, but continued the more inexorable from having been an accomplice, and refused to see Fénelon. The Duke de Beauvilliers, faithful to virtue as to friendship, unbosomed all his feelings to the dispenser of grace. "Sire," said he to the king, "I am the work of your majesty's hands; you have elevated, and you can abase me. In the commands of my sovereign I recognize the commands of God. I shall quit the court, sire, with regret for having displeased you,

but with the hope and prospect of a life of greater tranquillity." Fénelon conjured the Duke de Beauvilliers and his friends to adopt a different course, and not to involve themselves in his ruin.

"I am here overwhelmed by the opprobriums which all have cast upon me," he wrote to these friends; "but let me alone be sacrificed; in a short time all the unreal dreams of this life will vanish, and we shall be reunited forever in the kingdom of truth, where we shall encounter neither error, division, nor censure—where we shall be partakers of the peace of God! In the mean time, let us suffer, let us hold our peace, too happy if, by being trampled in the dust, our ignominy tends to his glory!"

Arrived at his diocese, Fénelon gave himself up entirely to study and to works of charity. From this solitude emanated thousands of pages breathing the literary genius of the purest works of antiquity and the modern inspiration of Christian benevolence. They treat of the Divinity with a lofty power of mind and language, and often display the tenderest enthusiasm. We feel that each word contains a prayer, or some incense of adoration, as heat pervades vitality. We may with truth say that Fénelon could not name God without a prayer.

We shall present to the reader a few pages extracted at hazard from the multiplicity of treatises and letters in which he poured forth his thoughts: they depict his mind with more fidelity than any expressions we could select of our own.

"Every thing in the universe bears the stamp of Divinity—the heavens, the earth, plants, animals, and, above all, the human race. All things demonstrate a consistent design, a chain of subordinate causes, connected and guided in order by one superior cause." . . . . "There is nothing left to criticise in this great work: the defects which we encounter proceed from the uncontrolled and disordered will of man, who produces them by his own blindness; or they are designed by that God who is always holy and

just, for the punishment of the unfaithful; and sometimes he uses the wicked as instruments to exercise and draw the good to perfection. Often that which appears to our contracted views an error, proves by its ultimate purpose to be a portion of the great universal design, the sublime whole which our finite intellects are incapable of comprehending. Does it not occur each day that certain portions of the works of men are hastily blamed? and does it not require a comprehensive mind to grasp the extent of their designs? This is continually evidenced in the productions of painters and architects. If the characters used in writing were of enormous size, when viewed closely one alone would occupy the whole vision of a man; it would be impossible for him to distinguish more than one at a time; he would be incapable of assembling them in a body, or of reading their collective sense. It is the same with the great features displayed by Providence in the entire guidance of the world during a long succession of centuries; only as a whole can it be intelligible, and the whole is too vast for a close inspection. Every event resembles a single character, too great for the insignificance of our organs, and conveying no meaning if separated from the rest. When, at the end of all time, we shall behold God truly as he is, and comprehend the sum of events which have fallen upon the human race from the first day of the universe to the last, and their proportionate aim in the designs of the Almighty, then we shall exclaim, 'Thou only, O Lord, art wise and just!'

"But, after all, the greatest defects in this creation are merely the blemishes left by God, in order to show us that he raised it from a void. There is nothing in the universe which does not and ought not to display these two opposite characteristics: on one side the sea of the Great Worker, and on the other the mark of that nothingness from which all has proceeded, and into which, at any moment, all may again be resolved. It is an incomprehensible mingling of baseness and grandeur, of frailty in ma-

terial, and art in construction. The hand of God shines through all gradations, down to the organization of an earth-worm, while nothingness reveals itself every where, even in the sublimest and most comprehensive genius.

"All that is not of God can possess only a limited perfection, and that which possesses only such a limited perfection remains always incomplete at the point where the limit reveals itself, and proves to us that much is still wanting. The creature would become the Creator himself if nothing were wanting in him; for he would possess the fullness of perfection, which comprises actual Divinity. Since, then, we can not become infinite, we must remain limited in perfection—that is to say, imperfect in some particular point. We may possess more or less imperfection, but, after all, must be ever imperfect. It is desirable that we should always mark the precise point in which we are wanting, that penetration may declare, This is what we might still have, and what we do not possess.

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"Let us study creation in any way we may select—whether we descend to the minutest detail; whether we examine the anatomy of the most insignificant animal; whether we closely inspect the smallest grain of corn sown in the ground, and the process by which this germ multiplies itself; whether we observe with attention the arrangement by which a rose-bud expands under the rays of the sun, and closes toward the approach of night—we shall discover a more perfect plan of arrangement and industry than in all the works of art. That which we even call the art of man is nothing more than a feeble imitation of the great art which we denominate the laws of nature, and which the impious have not blushed to call blind chance.

"Must we, then, wonder if poets have annihilated the whole universe; if they have given wings to the wind and arrows to the sun; if they have painted the great

rivers which rush to precipitate themselves into the sea, and the trees, which, mounting toward heaven, conquer the rays of the sun by the depth of their shade? So natural is it to man to feel that art with which all nature is replete, that these figurative expressions have become colloquial. Poetry merely attributes to inanimate things the intents of that Providence which guides and sets in motion all their operations. From the figurative language of poets, these ideas have been transfused into the theology of pagans, whose ministers of religion were their poets. These have imagined the existence of an art—a power and a wisdom which they designated *the Divine Will*—even in creatures the most devoid of intelligence. With them the rivers were gods, and the fountains naiads; the woods, the mountains, each possessed their peculiar divinities; the flowers had Flora, and the fruits Pomona. The more we study nature with an unprejudiced mind, the more do we discover in all things a deep and inexhaustible wisdom, which resembles the soul of the universe.

"What follows from all this? The conclusion comes of itself. 'If so much thought and penetration is required,' says Minutius Felix, 'only to examine the order and wonderful design of the structure of the world, how much mightier must that wisdom have been which formed all? If we admire philosophers to such an extent for having merely discovered a small portion of the secrets of that power which created, must we not indeed be blind if we do not admire the Creator himself?'

"This is the grand object of the entire world, in which God reflects himself, as it were, in a mirror before the human race. But these (I speak of philosophers) are lost in their own ideas, and all things for them are turned into vanity. From the effect of subtle reasoning, mostly among themselves, they lose sight of a truth which simply and naturally, and unaided by philosophy, they would have discovered.

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"A traveler penetrating into the Saïs, the country of the ancient Thebes of a hundred gates, would find it now deserted, but would discover columns, pyramids, obelisks, and inscriptions in unknown characters. Is it likely that he would say this place has never been inhabited by man; human hands have never labored here; it is chance which has formed these columns, which has placed them upon their pedestals, and which has crowned them with their capitals, all in such just proportion; it is chance which has so firmly united the different pieces that form the Pyramids; it is chance which has hewn the obelisks from a single stone, and engraved upon them all these characters? No; would he not rather say with the most certain conviction of which the mind of man is capable, 'These magnificent ruins are the remains of the majestic architecture which flourished in ancient Egypt?'

"This is what simple reason would utter at first sight, and without feeling the necessity of any argument on the question. The same applies to the first glance thrown upon the universe: we can only confuse ourselves with vain reasonings, and render obscure that which was as clear as possible before; the first simple impression is the true one. Such a work as the world can not have formed itself; the bones, the tendons, the veins, the arteries, the nerves, and the muscles which compose the frame of man, display more art and nicety of proportion than all the architecture of ancient Greece or Egypt The eye of the smallest animal surpasses in its structure the most perfect human mechanism. If we found a watch amid the sable children of Africa, we should not venture to declare seriously that chance had formed it in these deserts; and yet men have felt no shame in saying that the bodies of animals, the mechanical art of which no watch can ever equal, are merely the results of chance!

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"O my God! If so many do not behold you in the sublime spectacle of creation which you bestow upon them,

it is not because you are far removed. Each of us can touch you, as it were, with our hands, but the senses and passions dwelling within us prevent all recognition of your Spirit. Thus, Lord, thy light shineth in darkness, and the darkness is so profound that it comprehendeth it not: thou displayest thyself in all things, and in all things heedless man neglects to perceive thee; all nature speaks of thee, and resounds thy holy name, but she speaks to those who do not hear, and who are deaf because they confound themselves in their own mazes; thou art about and within them, but they are as fugitives who fly from their own nature: they would find thee, O shining light! O eternal beauty! always old and always new; O fountain of pure delight! O pure and blessed life for all those who truly live, if they would but seek thee within their own hearts. Yet the impious lose thee only by losing themselves. Alas! they are so absorbed in thy gifts, that that which ought to display, prevents their seeing the hand of the giver; they live through thee, and yet exist without thinking of thee; they die within reach of life, from imbibing false nourishment; for is it not death to be ignorant of thee!

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"I am convinced that there is of necessity in nature a Being who exists by himself, and is consequently perfect. I know that I am not this being, because I am infinitely below infinite perfection. I feel that he is distinct from me, and that I live through him. Nevertheless, I discover that he has given me the true idea of himself in making me comprehend the existence of an infinite perfection, in which I can not be mistaken, for I hesitate at no bounded perfection that presents itself to me. Its limit compels me to reject it, and I say to it in my heart, Thou art not my God; thou art not infinitely perfect; thou art not created by thyself. Such perfection as thou hast is measured; there is a point beyond which thou hast nothing, and thou art but nothing. The same applies not to God; he is all; he is, and can never cease to be; he is, and for

him there is neither degree nor measure; he is, and nothing is but through him. Such is my belief. Since, then, I know that he is, there is nothing marvelous to me in the existence of such a being. All things around me are but through him; but that which is wonderful and inconceivable is that I should be able to comprehend him. It must be that he is not alone the immediate subject of my thoughts, but as much their creator as he is the author of my entire being; let him raise that which is finite to the contemplation of the infinite.

"This is the prodigy that I bear continually within me. I myself am a prodigy. Being nothing, at least possessing only a dependent, lowly, and transient existence, I hold by the infinite and immutable which I have conceived. This is where I am incapable of comprehending myself; I embrace all, and yet am nothing, a nothing which knows the infinite. Words fail me to express how much I at once admire and despise myself. O God! O Being beyond all beings! O Being before whom I am as if I were not! Thou showest thyself unto me, and nothing which is not of thee can resemble thee. I behold thee; it is thyself, and the light of thy countenance reaches me and supports my heart while waiting for the great day of truth. * * * * *

"I demand wherefore has the Almighty given us this capacity of knowing and loving him. It is manifestly the most precious of all his gifts. Has he accorded it to us blindly, without reason, purely by chance, not desiring that we should use it? He has bestowed upon us corporeal eyes to behold the light of day. Can we believe that he has given us spiritual eyes, capable of seeing his eternal truth, and yet desire that we should remain in ignorance? I confess we can not infinitely know or love infinite perfection. Our loftiest recognition will ever remain infinitely imperfect compared with a Being of infinite perfection.

"In a word, intimately as we may be acquainted with

God, we can never comprehend him; but we know him sufficiently to recognize all things in which he is not, and to attribute to him those sublime properties which are his without any fear of error. The universe holds no being that we can confound with God, and we know how to depict his infinite character as one and incommunicable. We must seek to know him perfectly, since the clearness of our knowledge must force us to prefer him to ourselves. An idea which compels us to dethrone ourselves must indeed be a powerful one—with blind mankind, so prone to self-idolatry. Never has any thing been so combated, never has any thing proved so victorious. Let us judge of its strength by the confession of weakness it tears from us.

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"We have preserved the book, which bears all the marks of divinity, since it is this volume which inculcates upon us the supreme love and knowledge of the true God. It is here that the Almighty speaks as God when he says '*I am.*' No other book has painted God in a manner worthy of him: the deities of Homer are the opprobrium and derision of divinity. The volume which we hold in our hands, after having demonstrated God to us such as he really is, inculcates the only faith worthy of him. It speaks not of appeasing him by the blood of victims; it tells us to love him better than ourselves; we must love him for himself alone, and for his love; we must renounce ourselves for him, and prefer his will to our own: his love will then create in us every virtue, and exclude each inclination to vice. This is such a renewal of the heart of man as man himself can never have imagined. He could not have invented a religion which would lead him to abandon his own thoughts and his own will to follow implicity that of another. Even when this religion is offered to him by the most supreme authority, his mind can not conceive it; his inclination revolts, and his deepest feelings are agitated. We need not be surprised at such a

consequence, since it is a faith which teaches man to debase and crush the idol, self; to become a new creature, and to place God in the shrine which self has hitherto occupied, in order to make him the source and centre of our love. * * * * *

"God has united mankind in a society where it becomes a general duty to love and succor each other as the children of one family, owning a common father. Every nation is merely a branch of this numerous family, which is spread over the whole surface of the globe. The love of this universal parent ought to reign sensibly, manifestly, and inviolably throughout the entire community of his beloved children. None of these should ever fail to say to those who proceed from them, 'Know the Lord, who is thy Father.'

* * * "These children of God are only placed in the world to acknowledge his perfection, to fulfill his will, and to communicate to one another the recognition of his power and divine love.

"There ought, then, to be amid us a body devoted to the worship of God. This is true religion; that all men should instruct, edify, and love one another, in order to love and serve the common Father. The essence of religion consists in no external ceremony, but in perfect knowledge of truth and surpassing love.

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"But merely to know God is not sufficient; we must also demonstrate our knowledge, and in such a fashion that none of our brethren can be so unfortunate as to continue in ignorance or forgetfulness. These visible signs of faith are merely the tokens by which men show their desire for mutual edification, and their wish of reawakening in each other the remembrance of the faith they bear within. Man, weak and inconsiderate as he is, requires the constant renewal of such outward signs, to reveal to him the presence of the invisible God whom he ought to love. * * * * *

"This, then, is what is denominated religion. Sacred ceremonies, the public worship of God our Creator, are the means by which man, who can not recognize and love the Almighty without making his love evident, seeks to display his adoration to an extent proportioned to the greatness of its object. He literally seeks to excite love by the signs of love itself."

The question of the book of "The Maxims" was long debated at Rome. Fénelon sent one of his most fervent disciples, the Abbé de Chantérac, thither, to defend him against the accusations of Paris. While the pontifical court deliberated with the slowness and prudence by which it was characterized, an excited controversy between Fénelon and Bossuet proceeded in France.

"What can be thought of your intentions?" said Fénelon to Bossuet. "I am that beloved disciple whom you cherish in your inmost heart. You go every where lamenting over me; and while you compassionate, you destroy. What can be thought of these tears, which tend only to give greater force to your accusations?

"Who was the originator of this scandal? Who has written with such a bitter zeal? You—you, who no longer deserve that I should keep silence, while you bring against me the most atrocious accusations!"

——"Yes, I say it with grief," responded Bossuet, "you seek to refine upon holiness; you hold nothing of value but the beauty of God by itself. You complain of the force of my expressions! and they relate to new doctrines which you seek to introduce into the Church.

"The world calls my language exaggerated, bitter, severe, and bigoted, because I will not allow a dogma to establish itself quietly without unveiling its error! Ought I to let it flow concealed, and, by such weakness, to relax the holy rigor of theological language? If I have done aught beyond this, show it to me! If I have done only this, God will be my protector against the weakness of the world and its hypocritical complaisance.

——"Compose as many letters as you please; amuse the court, the town; excite their admiration for your talents, your eloquence; re-create the period of the 'Letters from the Provinces'—I desire no longer to participate in the drama that you exhibit to the public!"

——"You and I are both," replied Fénelon, "the objects of derision to the irreligious, and the cause of mourning to good men! That all other men should act as fallible beings is not surprising; but that the ministers of Jesus Christ, the angels of the Church, should offer such a spectacle to a profane and unbelieving world, calls for tears of blood! Too happy should we be if, instead of this war of doctrines, we had taught our catechism to the poor villagers of our dioceses, to lead them to the love and knowledge of God!"

Bossuet having sent to Rome, upon his part, one of his nephews, the Abbé Bossuet, to solicit the thunders of the Vatican against Fénelon, this young priest, possessed of none of his uncle's qualifications, save his violence and love of rule, incessantly spread abroad in Rome the shadows of calumny against Fénelon and his doctrines. "Press matters forward," he wrote to his uncle; "what do you wait for in order to deprive Fénelon of the title of preceptor to the prince? Make no delay in sending hither any one who can bear testimony to the attachment of M. de Cambray for Madame Guyon, for the Father Lacombe, for their doctrines and their mode of life: this is of the greatest importance!

"I am enchanted with the little book" (a horrible calumny printed in Holland); "he has been named there, and well named; it has produced here a terrible effect to his disadvantage."

This future Jansenist was carried by zeal of sect and family so far as to call Fénelon, in his correspondence, "*This ferocious beast!*"

During these negotiations, the calumnies circulated at Rome and Paris excited great animosity, and tended not

only to cast a stain upon the conduct of Madame Guyon and the doctrines of the Archbishop of Cambray, but also upon his virtue.

The mind of the monk Lacombe, inclosed in the dungeons of the Chateau de Lourdes, in the Pyrenees, became weakened and confused by the torture of solitude. He had latterly written several letters to the Bishop of Tarbes, in which he appeared to acknowledge a guilty connection with Madame Guyon. As soon as these confessions of delirium were known at Paris, the monk was transferred to the chateau of Vincennes. From thence he wrote a letter to Madame Guyon, either under suggestion or compulsion, in which he exhorted her, as his accomplice, to confess their mutual errors, and to repent.

The Cardinal de Noailles, archbishop of Paris, read this letter to Madame Guyon, and also the sum of the confused avowals made by the monk. She suspected him of insanity, and said that the ravings of a prisoner were used against her and Fénelon. She at once defended herself from such horrible imputations. Her denial and indignation were looked upon as crimes. Transferred to the Bastile to undergo a stricter captivity, she persisted in declaring her innocence, and continued to endure her punishment. In the mean time, her accusers hastened to forward these infamous letters to Rome, in order to tarnish the fame of Fénelon, on whose ruin they were determined.

The Cardinal de Noailles, Bossuet, Madame de Maintenon herself, upon the evidence of these maniacal ravings, doubted no longer the guilt of the monk and Madame Guyon. "These letters," wrote the Abbé Bossuet to his uncle, "make more impression than twenty theological demonstrations; these are the arguments that we required." The monk's insanity soon transpired; he was thrown into a lunatic asylum, where he died without recovering his senses. They were forced to acknowledge that Fénelon had never seen the monk, nor entered into any correspondence with him.

They revenged this disappointment to their animosity by banishing all Fénelon's friends from the court of the Duke of Burgundy. Bossuet published a discourse on "Quietism," in which all his anger and his condemnation of their doctrines assumed a grave tone toward the sectarians themselves. Fénelon sought to keep silence, fearful of drawing the Duke de Beauvilliers into his own ruin, who was now his only friend attached to the person of his pupil. The arguments of his representative at Rome at length induced him to reply, and his answer changed and melted all hearts.

The contrast of the stern severity of Bossuet to the patient forbearance of the accused became evident to the eyes of all. "Can you compare," exclaimed Fénelon, at the close of his reply, "your proceedings to mine? You publish my letters only to defame me. I publish yours to show that you were my *consecrator*. You violate the secrets of my most private correspondence only to cause my destruction! I make use of yours (but only after you have shown mine), and then not to accuse you, but to vindicate my oppressed innocence!

"These letters of mine which you have brought forward contain, next to confession, the greatest secrets of my life, and render me, according to your definition, the *Montanus* of a new *Priscilla*.

"Ah! why does such glory as yours descend to defame me? Who can refrain from being astonished that genius and eloquence are so far misled as to compare an innocent, legitimate, and necessary defense to such an odious revelation of the secrets of a friend?"

"We find with grief," says the contemporary D'Aguesseau, "that one of these two great opponents has spoken falsely; and it is certain that Fénelon knew, at least, how to gain in the public estimation the advantage of consistency."

"Who will deny his ability?" exclaimed Bossuet, while reading this defense; "he has enough to alarm any one!

his misfortune is being implicated in a cause calling for so much!"

Fénelon soon showed in this crisis of his life that his soul was superior to his genius.

But the condemnation of the "Book of Maxims" did not arrive; Rome hesitated. Pope Innocent the Twelfth faintly concealed his secret conviction of the innocence of Fénelon, of the purity of his manners, and the charm of his virtue. The cardinals who were appointed to examine his book were half in favor and half against it. Bossuet and Louis the Fourteenth interfered, and dictated the order of suppression in an imperative letter to the sovereign pontiff.

"I can not learn, without grief," said the king to the Pope, "that this necessary judgment should be retarded by the machinations of those whose interest it is to suspend it. Quiet can only be obtained by a clear, plain decision, which admits of no ambiguous interpretation, and which will strike at the root of the evil. I demand this judgment for your own credit, added to those great motives which ought to induce you to show that consideration which I beseech you to accord to my request," &c., &c.

While this objurgation was dispatched to the Pope, accompanied by a severe reprimand to the king's embassador for his weakness, Louis the Fourteenth forestalled the condemnation by ordering the list of the officers of the household of the Duke of Burgundy to be brought to him, and with his own hand struck off the name of Fénelon from the office of preceptor, deprived him of his salary, and shut up his apartments at Versailles.

Thus prevented from exercising his office as teacher, and from entering the palace, Fénelon was not long before he discovered that the sentence of the Church would strike him even in his pontifical character.

"Lord, save us, or we perish!" wrote his faithful friend, the Abbé of Chantérac, from Rome, "though our sufferings will be blessed if they serve to defend the true love of

God. And I rejoice to think that it will preserve our union throughout time and eternity. Ah! how often have I exclaimed, in these troubled and gloomy days, 'Let us go and die with him!'"

"Yes, let us die in our innocence," replied Fénelon. "If God desires my services no longer in my ministry, I shall think of nothing for the rest of my life but my own love for him, as I can no longer impress it on the minds of others."

At the same time the death of Madame Guyon in the Bastile was announced to him. It was a false report, but Fénelon believed it to be true. "They have just told me," wrote he, "that Madame Guyon has died in her captivity. I must say now, after her death, what I have often repeated during her life, that I knew nothing of her but what was in the highest degree edifying. Were she an incarnate angel of darkness, I can only speak of her as I found her on earth. It would be an act of horrible cowardice to do otherwise, for the sake of delivering myself from personal apprehension. I have nothing to conceal for her sake; truth alone restrains me."

At length, the condemnation obtained with so much trouble from the mild justice of Innocent the Twelfth arrived in Paris, accompanied by a shout of joy from the enemies of Fénelon at Rome. "We send you the skin of the lion we have had much trouble in catching," wrote they, "and who has for many months astonished the world by his roaring."

At the moment when Fénelon received at Cambray the first news of his condemnation, he was about to ascend his pulpit and address the people on a sacred subject, upon which for some days he had been meditating. He had not time to exchange a syllable with his brother, who had been the bearer of the information, that he might soften this heavy blow. Those who were present could not observe that he either colored or grew pale at the fatal intelligence. He knelt for a moment with his face buried in

his hands, that he might change the subject of his discourse, and rising, with his usual calm inspiration, he spoke with impressive fervor upon the unreserved submission due under all conditions of life to the legitimate authority of superiors. The report of his condemnation spreading from mouth to mouth in whispers throughout the Cathedral, caused all to fix their eyes upon him, and his resignation drew tears from many. The whole flock appeared to suffer with their pastor. He alone felt himself sustained by the hand that had just struck him, for his grief was not caused by pride, but by the uncertainty of his conscience. The authority which he recognized in freeing him from this doubt, at the same time released him from his mental agony. He had submitted his conscience to the Church; she had pronounced her sentence; he believed it to be the voice of Heaven, and submitted to the decision.

"The supreme authority has eased my conscience," wrote he on the evening of the same day. "There remains nothing for me now but to submit in silence, and to bear my humiliation without a murmur. Dare I tell you that it is a state which carries with it consolation to a man who cares not for the world? The humiliation is without doubt most painful, but the least resistance would cost my heart much more."

The next day he published a declaration to his diocesans, in which he accused himself of error in his book of "Saintly Maxims." "We shall console ourselves," said he in this avowal, the most Christian act of his life, "for our mortification, provided that the minister of the word sent by God for your edification be not weakened, and that the humiliation of the pastor may increase the grace and fidelity of his flock."

This great action and these expressive words were interpreted by the enemies of the living Fénelon as a sacrifice of his pride as a bishop to the still greater vanity of the courtier. They saw in it an artful desire to raise a

pretext by which his rivals might lose favor, an advance toward reconciliation at the expense of his conscience, with Louis the Fourteenth, a base and pretended disavowal of those religious opinions which he still held intact in his soul, and which he only condemned from policy.

Impartial judgment must free his memory from these calumnies. If Fénelon had possessed sufficient worldly ambition and dissimulation to disavow an opinion displeasing to the king and court, he would also have had enough of the same qualities to prevent his expressing his views openly before them, and thus risking a disgrace voluntarily incurred. He had been out of favor for several years, therefore it is not likely that at the end of his martyrdom he would have renounced his faith. The truth is, that he suffered for his transcendental philosophy and ethereal piety as long as it was only reprobated by the king and the world, but the instant that religious authority had pronounced its opinion, he sacrificed to duty that which he had refused to immolate to ambition. Undoubtedly the official sentence of Rome did not change in his inmost heart his sublime convictions of the disinterested and absolute love of God. He did not believe he was mistaken in what he had felt, but thought he might have gone too far in expressing it; above all, he imagined that the Church wished to impose silence with regard to those subtleties which might trouble the minds of the people, and interfere with ecclesiastical government; and he submitted in good faith, humility, and silence.

This humility and silence, which instructed the world, increased the irritation of his enemies. They wished to overthrow the author of a heresy, but in Fénelon they found only a victim to admire.

"It is astonishing," exclaimed Bossuet himself, "that Fénelon, who is so keenly alive to his humiliation, should be insensible to his error. He wishes every thing to be forgotten except that which redounds to his honor. All

this is like a man who seeks to place himself under the shelter of Rome, without perceiving the advantage."

The genius of this great but bitter theologian only served to illustrate his hatred, which he carried with him to the grave. His death speedily succeeded his triumph. "I have wept before God, and prayed for this old instructor of my youth," said Fénelon to a friend, when he heard of this event, "but it is not true that I celebrated his obsequies in my Cathedral, and preached his funeral sermon. You know that such affectation is foreign to my nature."

Bossuet's persecution of this most gentle of disciples has stained his memory. Nothing goes unpunished in this world, not even the weaknesses of genius.

The zealous ardor of the pontiff for the unity of faith can not excuse the cruelty of the polemical controversialist. Bossuet was a prophet of the Old Testament, Fénelon an evangelical apostle; the one an embodiment of terror, the other an emblem of charity. All the world admires Bossuet as a writer, but few would wish to resemble him as a man. It becomes the expiation of those who know not how to love, that their memory is not regarded with affection.

Madame Guyon, the cause of all these troubles, was liberated from Vincennes after the death of Bossuet, and resided in exile in Lorraine with one of her daughters. She died there after many years, still celebrated for that unchanging piety and virtue which justified the esteem of Fénelon.

All now appeared tranquil, and promised to Fénelon a speedy return to the charge of his pupil, the Duke of Burgundy, whom the lapse of years had brought nearer to the throne, when the treachery of a copyist, who gave to the printers in Holland a manuscript of Telemachus, plunged the author once more and forever into disgrace at court, and excited anew the anger of the king. Telemachus, thus pirated, burst forth like a revelation, and spread with the rapidity of fire. The times called for it; the

vicissitudes of glory and tyranny, the servitude and misfortunes of the nation at the end of the wars of Louis the Fourteenth, had impressed the whole mind of Europe with a sort of presentiment of this book. It contained the vengeance of the people, a lesson to kings, with the introduction of philosophy and religion into politics. A brilliant and harmonious poetry served as the organ of truth as well as fiction.

All responded to the gentle voice of a legislative and poetical pontiff, who presented himself to instruct, console, and charm the world. The presses of Holland, Belgium, Germany, France, and England could not issue sufficient copies of Telemachus to satisfy the avidity of its readers. It became in a few months the gospel of modern imagination—a classic in its birth.

The reputation of this great work reached Louis the Fourteenth. His courtiers, in pointing out to him his likeness in the feeble and hard-hearted Idomeneus, the scourge of his people, said, "He who has thus painted your majesty's portrait must be your enemy." They saw in the recitals and theories of paganism an injurious satire upon monarchs and government. Public malignity delighted to find in all the personages of which Fenelon's pictures were composed, resemblances to the king, the princes, the ministers, and favorites of both sexes. These portraits, conceived and executed in the palace of Versailles, at a time when Fénelon enjoyed all the confidence that the king placed in the preceptor of his heir, appeared as a flagrant instance of domestic treason.

The refined dreams of Fénelon, contrasted with the sombre realities of the court, and the sadness of a reign in its decline, rose like so many accusations against the representative of royalty. Temerity and black ingratitude were attributed to the mind of a poet, whose only fault amounted to his having indulged in creations of the fancy more surpassingly beautiful than those of Nature herself. The instinctive antipathy of Louis the Four-

teenth to Fénelon originated in indignation and resentment. When we compare the reign and the poem, we can scarcely feel surprised, or accuse the king of injustice. Such a book, composed under the shadow of the palace, and published without the knowledge of the prince, appeared, in truth, a most outrageous satire, as well as a cruel violation of the intimate confidence and majesty of the sovereign. The mind of Fénelon had never conceived the sinister allusions and ungrateful accusations which were attributed to him. He had innocently surrendered himself to his pure imagination, which colored every thing up to the level of his own moral perfection, his candor and love of human nature. He wished to prepare in silence, for the instruction of his royal charge, a model of a monarch and of legislative government. It was neither his intention nor his fault that the resplendent virtue which shone forth in his speakers and personages should throw a deeper shadow upon the arbitrary, haughty, and persecuting reign of Louis the Fourteenth. The dread even of these remarks had made him conceal his poem, as a mysterious secret between himself and his pupil. He had no desire to make it the vehicle of personal fame; he reserved it for the instruction and glory of a future sovereign. He never sought literary publicity for his writings; they were intended for the contracted privacy of friendship or religion, and their own brilliancy was the cause of their more extensive circulation.

It was in this view that he had composed Telemachus. This poem, which he destined not to see the light until after the death of Louis the Fourteenth, he had written with his own hand in his private apartments, and afterward had it copied by a person on whose fidelity he thought he could rely. He intended it as a legacy to his family, that they might make such use of it after his death as the times admitted. In his own private feeling, the publication of Telemachus caused him as much trouble as grief. He saw in it his certain condemnation to a per-

petual exile, and beheld himself in the situation of a public enemy in a court which would never forgive him.

He was not mistaken. The universal resentment against him was immediate. The court had an intuitive feeling of the harm which this book would do them in the eyes of posterity, and unskillfully disguised their terrors under the semblance of disdain.

"Fénelon's book," said Bossuet, who was still alive at the time of its first reputation, "is a romance. Opinions are divided on the subject; the cabal admire it, but the rest of the world consider it scarcely serious enough to be worthy of a clergyman."

"I have not the least curiosity to read Telemachus," writes Madame de Maintenon. The king, who seldom read any thing, disdained to peruse it. The court thought to smother it in silence. It was agreed at Versailles that they should not even mention the name before the king, and they believed the book forgotten by the world, because they chose to forget it themselves.

Sixteen years later, when Telemachus, printed in every form, and translated into every language, inundated all Europe, the orators of the French Academy, in speaking of the literary works of their time, were silent upon this, which held possession of the age, and will descend to all posterity.

The anger of the court deeply grieved the Duke of Burgundy, whom separation, injustice, and adversity had more strongly than ever attached to his preceptor. To escape the jealous tyranny of his grandfather, he was obliged to make a secret of his attachment to Fénelon, and to conceal as a state crime his correspondence with his friend.

"At last," wrote the young prince, "I find an opportunity of breaking the silence which I have been forced to maintain for four years. I have suffered many evils, but one of the greatest was the not being able to tell you what I felt for you during this long interval, and how much my love has increased, instead of being diminished, by your

misfortunes. I reflect with delight upon the time when I shall see you again, but I fear that period is still far distant. I continue to study alone, and I am fonder of reading than ever. Nothing interests me more than philosophy and ethics, and I am continually practicing myself in those exercises. I have written several little essays, which I should like to send to you to correct. I will not tell you in this how angry I am at all that they have done to you, but we must submit for the present. Do not show this letter to any person whatever, except only to the Abbé de Langeron, for I can depend upon his secresy; and do not answer it."

Fénelon replied from time to time by letters written at long intervals, containing the advice of a man of piety and a statesman, and filled with expressions of paternal tenderness.

"I speak to you only of God and yourself," wrote he; "you must not think of me. Heaven be praised, my mind is at peace; my most severe cross is not beholding you; but I bear you with me before God in a more intimate form than that of the senses. I would give a thousand lives as a drop of water to see you all that Heaven intended you to be. Amen! Amen!"

The Duke of Burgundy, in going to take command of the army in Flanders during the campaign of 1708, passed by Cambray:

"The king was less concerned," says St. Simon, "with the equipment of his grandson than with the necessity of his passing near Cambray, which place he could not avoid without an appearance of studied intention. He was strictly forbidden not only to sleep there, but even to stop and dine, and, to avoid the chance of a private interview with the archbishop, the king further commanded him not to leave his carriage. Saumery was instructed to see this order strictly complied with; he acquitted himself like an Argus, with an air of authority that scandalized every body. The archbishop was waiting to receive them at the post-

house, and approached his pupil's carriage as soon as it arrived; but Saumery, who had just alighted, and informed him of the king's orders, stationed himself at his elbow. The crowd surrounding the young prince were moved at the transports of joy which escaped him, in spite of all restraint, when he beheld his preceptor. He embraced him repeatedly, and the warmth of the glances which he darted into the eyes of the archbishop conveyed all that the king had interdicted, and expressed an eloquence which none could behold without emotion. The prince only stopped to change horses, but without hurry; then followed fresh embraces, and they parted. The scene had been too public, and had excited too much curiosity not to be reported on all sides.

"As the king had been strictly obeyed, he could not find fault with what had been so little concealed from those who pressed around, or with the looks that were exchanged between the prince and the archbishop. The court thought much of this, and the army still more. The influence which, notwithstanding his disgrace, the archbishop exercised in his own diocese, and even in the Low Countries, communicated itself to the troops, and those who thought of the future from that time forth passed more willingly by Cambray, in their journeys to and fro from Flanders, than by any other route."

It was at Cambray, during those sad years in which confederated Europe made Louis the Fourteenth atone for the splendor of his government, the long prosperity, and exalted glory of his entire reign, that we must chiefly admire Fénelon. In recurring to the past, posterity meets with nothing more beautiful, more simple, more devoted, more wise, more respectable, or more respected, than this supremely amiable being, devoting himself to the duties of his mission. As priest, bishop, administrator for the poor, friend, citizen, and man, all the noble sentiments which adorn human nature shone forth, collected with remarkable brilliancy in this single individual. Above all, through-

out the vicissitudes of a complicated and unfortunate war, of which his diocese was the theatre and the victim, he appeared as the most touching personification of charity. The true qualities of Christian love, called forth each day by the miseries which increased them as they themselves augmented, caused the name, and, above all, the presence of Fénelon to be blessed by many voices. In his example, they found a resource which assisted them to brave the common calamity with patience and resignation. Imagination became excited, and added a thousand particulars to the truths which were so naturally combined with it, that they only appeared to embellish facts to paint them with more fidelity. A kind of legend thus grew beneath the steps of the "*good archbishop*," and followed him like the sweet odor of his virtues. These true or exaggerated recitals of charity are commemorated in all the records of the time.

During the winter and scarcity of 1709, this charity was exercised with the most active zeal, and under the greatest variety of forms, in order to ameliorate the triple trials of war, cold, and famine. Disasters accumulated. The strong places which had been fortified with so much care by the prudence of the king, fell into the enemy's power. The troops, badly paid, forgot their discipline and obedience, as they had also forgotten the way to victory. The treasury was empty. The inexhaustible imagination of the Exchequer was thoroughly worn out, and knew not upon what pretext or by what mercenary bait to extract another crown from the country. The severity of the weather had every where rendered the grain which had been sown unproductive. During the winter, men expired of cold; and when the summer came, they might be seen lying dead of starvation, with a bunch of withered herbs in their mouths. In numerous towns and provinces, seditions unexpectedly burst upon the government, which found its resources every where exhausted. Executions followed on the mad extravagances of misery. Peace, which he

had never known how to preserve, now fled from the humble solicitations of Louis the Fourteenth. The ambition of Prince Eugene and the avarice of Marlborough prolonged the war, which was profitable to them and to their glory. After Hochstedt and Ramillies, Oudenarde, Lille, and Malplaquet appeared to toll the funeral knell of France.

She retained for a long time the cruel impression, and shudders still at the remembrance of that year when God appeared to punish men for their internal discord, in accumulating with a severe hand the full measure of those evils which they had commenced by heaping on themselves.

But above this sad recollection, and inseparably connected with it, there still rises the remembrance of one of those great men, accorded as an example and consolation under the heaviest blows which it pleases the Divine Providence to dispense—an immutable law established by historical evidence. To alleviate anarchy spring up virtuous patriots; to soothe calamities, heroes of charity; to temper the massacre of the Indians there was Las Casas; to assuage the fury of the religious wars, L'Hôpital; amid the vices of his times, St. Vincent de Paul; at Milan, Charles Borromeus; at Marseilles, Belzunce; and to balance against the executioners during the Reign of Terror, there were the victims. Flanders and the year 1709 possessed Fénelon. In these redeeming signs may be recognized the hand which only chastises to instruct.

The episcopal palace of Cambray was transformed into the common asylum of the unfortunate. When it became too small to contain them, Fénelon opened his seminary, and hired several houses in the town. The inhabitants of entire villages, which had been ravaged by the soldiers, took refuge under his protection. These poor people were received like children, and those who had suffered most were treated with the first and greatest care.

On the other hand, generals, officers, and soldiers, sick

or wounded, were brought to this untiring charity, which never paused to count the numbers to be relieved. Let us give attention to what St. Simon says upon this subject. He praises rarely, and then against his will; but when he writes of Fénelon, he is forced to wipe away the gall from his pen:

"His open house and table had the appearance of those of a governor of Flanders and of an episcopal palace combined. There were constantly many renowned officers and distinguished soldiers, sick, wounded, or in good health, living with him. All expenses were defrayed by him, and they were served equally, as if there was only one honored guest to attend upon. He himself was usually present at all the medical and surgical consultations. He also exercised toward the sick and wounded the functions of the most charitable pastor, and often went to the houses and hospitals in which the soldiers were lodged to fulfill the same office. All these duties were performed without neglecting any thing, without any interested motive, and always with an open hand. A liberality well understood, a magnificence which never insulted, was showered alike on officers and men; and although he exercised this unbounded hospitality, his table, furniture, and equipages were within the limits of his station. He gave in secret, with equal eagerness and modesty, all the assistance that could be concealed, and which was incalculable. He used such consideration toward others as to make those on whom he conferred favors believe that he was the obliged party; and he showed a common politeness to all, so carefully modified that it appeared to each like a mark of personal consideration. In all things he acted with that nice delicacy in which he so singularly excelled. He was beloved by every one. Admiration and devotion filled the hearts of all the inhabitants of the Low Countries, throughout every district, who looked up to him as an object of universal love and veneration."

Behold, then, Fénelon in his true vocation. He devoted

himself to the unfortunate. He did better than merely succor and nurse them—he lived with them entirely. In his own house, in the hospitals, in the town, he was to be seen wherever his presence was necessary. No miseries disgusted him, no infectious diseases deterred him from the motive which inspired him with the most earnest desire to soothe those who suffered; he bestowed what was better than alms or medicine—a look, a gentle word, a sigh, a tear. He thought of all, he foresaw all, he descended to the most minor details. Nothing appeared to him beneath his care, and nothing was beyond his ability to accomplish. This was only the natural exercise of his heart. He kept his mind at liberty—he prayed, he meditated like a monk in the cloister. As a man who sought to occupy his leisure hours, he continued an extensive correspondence, kind, useful, serious, and full of information, with the most distinguished men, and often upon the most intricate and arduous questions. Theologian and bishop, he composed several works, instructions, and essays upon difficult subjects which at the moment occupied the Church of France. His powers and resources appeared exhaustless, as if he had only to draw them from the depths of his own soul. Rigid and sparing in his habits, he was accustomed to eat alone, and live entirely upon vegetables. He did not even partake of the repast which he provided for his guests, and allowed himself nothing that he could spare for the benefit of others.

The veneration which his name inspired enabled him to cross the enemies' lines, through which our arms had been unable to force a passage. Alone and unprotected, he could traverse his entire diocese. The most disorderly of all the troops, the Imperial hussars, might be seen attending him as a voluntary escort in his pastoral journeys. The estates which belonged to him, respected by the orders of Eugene and Marlborough, became a refuge for the peasants of the neighborhood, who, at the approach of the soldiers, ran there with their families, and all that

they could carry. Often, the better to protect their grain, woods, and fields from marauders, the generous enemy would place a guard over them.

On one occasion, carts laden with corn arrived in the square at Cambray, under the escort of some of Marlborough's soldiers. Fearing that the scarcity of provisions would not permit this supply to remain long in security in the little town of Chateau Cambrésis, where Fénelon had placed it, the English general caused it to be brought into the French city, within view of his own camp.

It is the privilege of great minds to elevate others to their own standard, and to inspire as well as perform noble actions. The sanctity of the archbishop conferred reflected honor even on the enemies of his country, from the respect with which it inspired them for his character.

The devotion of Fénelon was not simply confined to private actions. He even assumed the noble part of a public deliverer, and brought succor to his country. The consequences of the admiration which he inspired were useful to France. At the moment when our army, without food, was nearly annihilated by hunger, he had the glory (and never was there a purer or more personal renown) of saving it. He opened his store-houses to the ministers of war and finance; and when the comptroller general asked him to name the price of the corn which necessity had rendered so valuable, he replied, "I have given it up to you: order as much as you please; it is all yours."

At the same time, he wrote thus to the Duke de Chevreuse: "If money is wanting for pressing emergencies, I offer my service of plate and any thing else that I possess, and also the small quantity of corn which still remains. I wish to serve my country with my money and my blood, and not simply to make myself popular at court."

And when no sacrifice or effort could any longer supply the most urgent necessities of the army and inhabitants of Flanders, he addressed the following letter to the com-

missioner general, in which he paints to the life the miseries against which he was struggling:

"I can no longer delay that which our desolated city and country compel me to communicate. It is to beg you instantly to have the kindness to procure us the succor which you have long promised in the king's name. This district and town have had no other resource for the entire year than the produce of the oat crops, the corn having entirely failed. Consider then, sir, that the armies, which are almost at our doors, and who can only subsist upon what is left, will consume a great portion of the oats still in the fields, and much more will be destroyed by waste and plunder than from regular foraging. Wheat is no longer to be procured; it has risen to such an enormous price, that even the most industrious families can not afford to buy it, and it is, moreover, extremely scarce. We have no barley; and the little oats we have left will not suffice for the men and horses alone. The people must perish; and a contagion is to be dreaded, which may extend from hence to Paris.

"Further, you understand, sir, better than any body, that if the people can neither plant nor live, your troops will not be able to exist upon a frontier whose inhabitants are unable to furnish them with the commonest necessaries. You see also that it will be impossible to carry on the war next year in a ruined country. That in which we now are has almost fallen into this last extremity; we can no longer assist our poor, for the rich are themselves reduced to poverty. You have done me the honor to tell me that the king will have the goodness to send into this district a large supply of grain, that is to say, barley and oats. There are no other means of preserving a frontier so close to Paris and so important to France. I should consider that I failed in my duty to God and the king did I not represent our condition to you without disguise. We expect every thing from the compassion of his majesty toward these people, who will not show him less affection and fidelity than his subjects of the ancient kingdom."

Meanwhile the king was growing old, and a sudden illness carried off the father of the Duke of Burgundy, the son of Louis the Fourteenth, who would have succeeded to the throne before the pupil of Fénelon. The courtiers, who now saw no step between the monarchy and the young duke, began to turn their eyes toward the rising sun, and once more to perceive Fénelon in the background. The picture that the courtly lynx, St. Simon, has drawn of the death of the great Dauphin, father of the Duke of Burgundy, imparts the light of truth to the darkest understanding. Never has the veil of interest, egotism, simulated grief, secret joy, fluctuating hope, hourly changing from the throne to the tomb, been so pitilessly drawn aside by the pen of the universal satirist.

"While Meudon was overwhelmed with despair, Versailles remained tranquil and unsuspecting. Supper was over; some hours after, the company had separated, and I was conversing with Madame de St. Simon, who was preparing to retire to rest, when the valet de chambre of the Duchess de Berri entered in consternation, and told us that bad news had arrived from Meudon. I then immediately ran to the Duchess de Berri's apartments. Nobody was there. They were all gone to the house of the Duchess of Burgundy, whither I followed immediately.

"I there found all Versailles either already assembled or arriving. The ladies in dishabille, the greater number as they had been preparing for bed, the doors all open, and every thing in confusion. I learned that Monseigneur the Dauphin had received extreme unction, that he knew nobody, and that his condition was hopeless. The king had sent to inform the Duchess of Burgundy that he was going to Marly, and that she was to meet him in the avenue between the two stables, that she might see him as he passed.

"This assembly attracted all the attention that was not occupied by the various emotions of my soul, and by what at the instant presented itself to my imagination. The

two princes and princesses were in a small cabinet in the space between the bed and the wall. The night toilet was usually held in the chamber of the Duchess of Burgundy, which was now filled by the whole court in a state of utter bewilderment. She went backward and forward from the closet to the bed-room, waiting for the moment when she was to meet the king. She maintained her usual graceful demeanor, but filled with a sorrow and compassion that each individual present thought was caused by their own trouble. She spoke a few words to every one in passing to and fro. All had most expressive countenances, for even eyes that had never before beheld the court could easily distinguish the eager expectations depicted on some features, from the inanition of those who looked for nothing. These latter remained tranquil, but the former were obliged to hide, under the appearance of excessive grief, the overflowing of their joy.

"My first impulse was to make many inquiries, and not to believe readily what I either saw or heard; my next, to think that there was not much cause for such great alarm; and, finally, to consider within myself that misfortune is the common lot of all mankind, and that I too should some day find myself at the gates of death.

"A feeling of joy, however, crossed these momentary impressions of religion and humanity, by which I was trying to recall myself. My own personal deliverance appeared to me so great and unexpected, that I considered it even a more perfect evidence than truth itself that the state would be the gainer by this great loss. In the midst of these reflections, I could not help entertaining, in spite of myself, a fear that the sick man might yet recover, and I felt greatly ashamed of the feeling. Although thus apparently plunged in thought, I did not fail to remark to Madame St. Simon that it was fortunate she had come, and to cast peering but furtive glances upon every face, demeanor, and movement, to satisfy my curiosity—to feed the opinion that I had formed of each individual, which

had never yet deceived me, and to draw just conjectures of the truth from those first impulses which people can so seldom master, and which, to those who know the machinery and the puppets, are sure indications of sentiments and feelings which are almost imperceptible in moments of greater self-possession.

"I saw the Duchess of Orleans arrive, but her composed and majestic countenance told nothing. Some moments after, the Duke of Burgundy passed with a troubled countenance, full of care, but the glance which I quickly threw toward him showed me nothing tender in his expression. I only beheld the preoccupation of an absorbed mind.

"The valets and waiting-women were already weeping with indiscreet violence, and their grief showed fully the loss which their class were about to sustain. It was nearly half past twelve when news arrived of the king, and I immediately saw the Duchess of Burgundy leave the little cabinet with the duke, whose countenance appeared more moved than when I saw him at first, and who quickly re-entered the closet. The princess, taking from the toilet-table her scarf and head-dress, deliberately crossed the apartment, her eyes scarcely moistened, but her real feelings betrayed by stealthy looks cast here and there as she passed along. Followed by her ladies alone, she reached her carriage by the grand staircase.

"I took advantage of her leaving the chamber to seek the Duchess of Orleans, whom I was anxious to see. I ascertained that she was in the apartments of Madame; and, proceeding through the other rooms, I found the duchess surrounded by five or six of her familiar ladies. I felt impatient at the presence of so large a company. The duchess, who was not less annoyed at it, took a light and went to the back of her room. I then proceeded to say a word or two privately to the Duchess de Villeroy. She and I held the same opinions on the present event. She pushed me away, and whispered to me in a low voice to restrain myself. I was forced to be silent, amid the com-

plaints and surprise of the ladies, when the Duke of Orleans appeared at the door of the cabinet and called me.

"I followed him into an interior apartment, situated below upon the gallery, he ready to faint, and I with my legs trembling under me at all that was passing before my eyes and in my mind. We seated ourselves accidentally opposite to each other; but what was my astonishment when, soon after, I beheld tears stream from his eyes! 'Monsieur!' cried I, rising in the excess of my surprise. He understood me instantly, and replied in a broken and truly lamentable tone of voice, 'You have a right to be surprised, and I am so myself; but this event touches me deeply. He is a good man, with whom I have passed my life; he has treated me kindly, and has ever shown me as much friendship as they would permit. I know perfectly well that this grief can not last long: in a few days I shall find motives for consolation from the state in which I was placed with him; but at present, relationship, proximity, humanity, all touch me, and my heart is grieved." I applauded this sentiment, and the prince rose, leaned his head in a corner, his face turned to the wall, and wept, sobbing bitterly—a circumstance which, if I had not seen, I should never have believed. I besought him to calm himself: he tried to do so, and just then it was announced that the Duchess of Burgundy had arrived: he was obliged to join her, and I followed.

"The Duchess of Burgundy stopped at the avenue between the two stables, and had not to wait long for the king's arrival. As soon as he approached, she alighted and ran to the door of his carriage. Madame de Maintenon, who was on that side, cried out, 'What are you about, madame? Do not come near us; we are infected!' I do not know what the king did, who could not embrace her on this account. The princess instantly re-entered her carriage and returned.

"On her arrival she found the two princes and the Duchess de Berri, with the Duke de Beauvilliers, whom

she had sent to summon. The princes, each with his princess at his side, were seated on the same couch, near the windows, with their backs to the gallery; the rest of the assembly were scattered about, some seated, some alone, and all in confusion throughout the apartment. The most confidential ladies were standing or sitting on the ground near the sofa.

"Throughout the whole room every countenance might be clearly read. Monseigneur was no more; they knew it; they said it; there was no longer any restraint on his account, and these first moments were those in which the emotions could be viewed in their natural colors; for the instant, divested of all studied policy by the unexpected trouble and confusion of the night. Above all might be heard the continual howling of valets; then followed the lamentations of the courtiers of every degree. The greater number, that is to say, the fools, drew sighs up from their very heels, and with wild and dry eyes praised Monseigneur, but always in the same words, lauding him for his goodness, and pitying the king for having lost so virtuous a son. The most cunning or most considerate became already alarmed for the king's health. They had wit enough to retain so much sagacity amid all this trouble, and did not leave room to doubt it by the frequency of their repetitions. Others, truly afflicted, and of the fallen party, cried bitterly, or tried to calm themselves by an effort as palpable as their sobs.

"Amid these various evidences of affliction, little or not at all appropriate, there was no conversation. A casual exclamation might now and then be heard to proceed from some unhappy individual, who received an answer from his sorrowful neighbor. A word in a quarter of an hour; haggard and sorrowful eyes; occasionally an involuntary movement of the hand, while all the rest of their persons remained motionless. Those who were only curious and little uneasy were few; not counting the fools, who had nearly all the talk to themselves, asking questions and ex-

hibiting despair enough for all the rest. Those who already looked upon this event as favorable had great difficulty in carrying their demeanor to the necessary point of austere grief; but all was merely a transparent veil, which could not prevent quick eyes from ascertaining real feelings. These last were as careful as those who were really affected, but their looks betrayed how in reality their minds were agitated. Constant changes of position, like people who were not at ease either sitting or standing; a careful avoidance of each other, from fear of a mutual encounter of eyes; the momentary embarrassment which occurred when they did meet; the appearance of a sort of indescribable freedom in their whole air, in spite of their efforts to restrain and compose themselves; a quick and sparkling glance around, betrayed them, notwithstanding their utmost endeavors at concealment.

"The two princes, and the two princesses seated at their sides, taking care of them, were the most exposed to view. Monseigneur the Duke of Burgundy shed, from real emotion and good feeling, with a gentle mien, natural, religious, and patient tears. The Duke de Berri also wept abundantly and bitterly, and uttered not only sobs, but cries and groans. These were carried to such an extent that they were obliged to undress him on the spot, and to have recourse to doctors and remedies. The Duchess de Berri was beside herself. The most agonizing despair, mingled with horror, was depicted on her countenance, on which might be seen, as if written in palpable characters, a perfect phrensy of grief—not caused by feelings of friendship, but by those of interest. Often roused by the cries of her husband, prompt in assisting and supporting him, she showed a lively anxiety for his sufferings, but soon after appeared again totally absorbed in her own thoughts. The Duchess of Burgundy also tried to console her spouse, and found it a less difficult task than that of appearing as if she herself wanted consolation. A few tears drawn forth by the spectacle, and often with difficulty kept up,

sufficed, with the aid of a handkerchief, to make her eyes red and swollen, and to disfigure her face, although frequent stolen glances fell upon all the assembly, and scrutinized separately the countenance of each.

"The Duke de Beauvilliers stood near them, and with a cold and tranquil air issued orders for the consolation of the other princes.

"Madame, reattired in full dress, entered crying loudly, not really recognizing any body, but inundating all with tears as she embraced them alternately, causing the whole chateau to resound with renewed lamentations. She presented the grotesque spectacle of a princess arrayed in full costume in the middle of the night, coming to mingle her tears and groans with a crowd of women half undressed and entirely in masquerade.

"The Duchess of Orleans, and some of her ladies who regarded the event in the same light with herself, had retired into the little cabinet, and were shut in there when I arrived.

"I wished still to doubt, though all revealed itself in its true colors; but I could not make up my mind to abandon the belief that I might hear a confirmation of the truth from some one that I could trust. By chance I stumbled on M. D'O., to whom I put the question, and he replied distinctly. I then endeavored to appear as if I were not glad. I can not tell if I succeeded; but it is at least certain that neither joy nor grief blunted my curiosity, and that in taking care to preserve every appearance of decorum, I committed myself to none of the unhappy assembly. I no longer dreaded a return of fire from the citadel of Meudon, nor the cruel conduct of its implacable garrison; and I restrained myself less than I did before the king's departure for Marly, to observe at freedom this numerous company; to cast my eyes upon the most grieved or on those who were not grieved at all; to follow both with my looks, and to scrutinize them with my stolen glances. It must be confessed that, to those who are quite

au fait to the internal machinery of a court, the first aspect of rare events of this kind, so interesting in their different characteristics, affords extreme satisfaction. Every countenance speaks of the cares, the intrigues, the labor employed to advance fortune; of the formation and progress of cabals; of the address necessary to maintain some and overthrow others; of the various means employed to carry on all these schemes; of combinations more or less advanced; of mutual repulses, coldness, hatred, and underhand baseness; of the manœuverings, advances, management, littleness, meanness of some; of the overthrow of others in the midst of their career, or when on the point of realizing their hopes. I saw the utter consternation of those who were in full possession of their wishes, and the blow sustained by their opponents who were yet in expectation. I beheld the power of that elasticity which even in such a moment could profit by unlooked-for circumstances; I noted the extreme satisfaction of some (and I was one of the foremost), the rage of others, and their spiteful embarrassment in the endeavor to hide their real feelings. I saw eyes darted round in every direction to fathom souls under the first emotions of surprise and under an unlooked-for overthrow. Astonishment, disappointment, suspicion, anxious inquiry, all were mingled and exhibited with characteristic variety. From this living mass of contradiction, a keen observer might extract intense enjoyment, which, however shadowy and fleeting, is nevertheless one of the most profitable as well as useful lessons which can be acquired in a court.

"But he," continues St. Simon, "on whom this event produced the greatest impression, was Fénelon. How long he had prepared his mind for this catastrophe! How near was now his approach to a certain and complete triumph, which burst at once, like a powerful ray of light, into the abode of darkness! Confined for twelve years to his diocese, this prelate had grown old under the weight of hopes deferred, and saw time roll on in unvarying uni-

formity, which reduced him to despair. Always obnoxious to the king, before whom nobody dared to pronounce his name, even on indifferent matters, and more hateful still to Madame de Maintenon, because she had caused his ruin; more exposed than others to the terrible cabal which had disposed of the deceased Dauphin, he had no other resource than in the unalterable attachment of his pupil, who had also been marked as a victim by this party, and who, according to the ordinary course of nature, was likely to continue so longer than his preceptor could hope to survive. In the twinkling of an eye this pupil became Dauphin; in another, he attained to a kind of regency."

The whole court, on this event, internally thought of Fénelon; his name presented itself as a subject of remorse or hope for all. They believed that they saw him reign in the background, which this unexpected and sudden death had brought closer to their imaginations. The conduct of the king toward his grandson, who until then had been kept in obscurity by his grandfather, redoubled the anxiety of some and the expectations of others.

Louis the Fourteenth one morning retained the young prince in his cabinet at the hour of council, and commanded all the ministers to consult with the Duke of Burgundy whenever he summoned them, and when he did not, they were to go of their own accord and render him an account of state affairs, as if they were communicating with the king himself. "This order came like a thunderbolt upon the ministers, who were almost all Fénelon's enemies," says the author of the "Mysteries of the Palace." "What a fall for such men," he adds, "to have to deal with a prince who had now no obstacle between him and the throne, and who was clever, enlightened, just, and of a superior understanding; who weighed every thing conscientiously, and who, in addition to all this, was in the strictest confidential intercourse, both mind and heart, with Fénelon."

This change was the work of Madame de Maintenon, toward whom the young prince, by Fénelon's advice, had ever shown a scrupulous deference, flattering to her pride, and promising well for the future. Mingled with the death of the Dauphin, she had felt a shudder at the prospect of the future reign. To secure eventually a prolongation of her influence, she wished to purchase the gratitude of the successor. On the day after the funeral, she passed over to the party which until then she had held estranged from favor. The king, who only thought as she did, appeared himself even to prepare for the transition from his own tomb to the throne of his grandson.

Fénelon, relieved from his hopeless state by the hand of death, which he took for the hand of Providence, uttered a cry of deliverance and restrained joy to his pupil. "God," he wrote to him, "has just struck a great blow! but his hand is often merciful even in its severest chastisement. This unexpected affliction is given to the world, to show to blinded men that princes, however great they may appear, are in reality but of trifling importance. Happy are those who have never looked upon authority in other light than that of a trust confided to them for the benefit of their people. Now is the time to render yourself beloved, feared, esteemed. You must endeavor more and more to please the king, to insinuate yourself into his heart, that he may feel a boundless affection for you. Watch over him, and console him with all suitable assiduity and obliging attentions. You must become the king's adviser, the father of the people, the consoler of the oppressed, the resource of the unfortunate, the support of the nation. Discard flatterers, distinguish merit, seek it out, forestall it, learn to bring it into action; make yourself superior to all, as you are placed above all. You must endeavor to act as a father, not as a master. All can not belong to one, but one must belong to all, to promote the general happiness of the people."

This direct advice of Fénelon was enforced every day

by the most intimate counselors that he could attach to the prince, in the persons of his two friends, the Dukes de Beauvilliers and Chevreuse.

"Let him undeceive the public," wrote Fénelon to them, "respecting the little matters of scrupulous piety which they impute to him; he may be strict as far as concerns his private feelings, but do not let him cause them to dread a severe reform, of which society is incapable. He ought only to talk of that which he can carry through; no puerilities or trifling in religion. He can better learn to govern men by studying them than by studying books."

The palace of Fénelon, hitherto deserted, now became the vestibule of royal favor. The courtiers and place-hunters, who for twelve years had kept aloof as from a contagion during his disgrace, crowded to Cambray upon every possible pretext. Each wished to receive the guarantee of future consideration. He received every body with that natural grace which caused him to reign by anticipation in every heart, as he already in effect occupied every thought. The notes upon government which he addressed through the Duke de Chevreuse to the Dauphin contain an entire monarchical constitution. His political reforms had passed from poetry into reality, but they were divested of the chimeras which brought them into disrepute in Telemachus, and bore the impress of maturity, reflection, and experience. The saint had become a minister, the poet a statesman. In his maxims were found all that has since been accomplished, attempted, or prepared for ameliorating the condition of the people.

The term of military service was to be reduced to a period of five years.

The pensions to discharged soldiers were to be distributed among their families, to be spent in their villages instead of being wasted in idleness and debauchery at the Palace of the Invalides in the capital.

France was never again to be engaged in a general war against the whole of Europe.

There was to be a system of alliances varying with the legitimate interests of the country.

A regular and public account of the receipts and expenses of the state.

A fixed and registered assessment of taxes; the votes for, and division of these subsidies, to be decided by the representatives of the provinces.

There were to be provincial assemblies.

The suppression of the reversion and right of inheritance of public offices.

The States-General of the kingdom were to be converted into National Assemblies.

The nobility were to be deprived of every feudal authority and privilege, and to be reduced to an importance derived only from their family title.

The office of judge was to be gratuitous, and not hereditary.

The right of commerce was to be regulated; manufacturers were to be encouraged.

Public pawnbrokers and savings' banks were to be established.

All strangers who wished to become naturalized in France were to have full liberty to do so.

Church property was to be rated for the benefit of the state.

Bishops and ministers were to be elected by their peers or by their people.

There was to be perfect liberty of conscience.

Such were the plans of Fénelon, already prepared against the moment when he should be called upon to become a minister. If the Duke of Burgundy had lived, and if Fénelon had retained the same ascendency over him which for so many years he had maintained, 1789 would have commenced in 1716, and the reformed monarchy would only have been a Christian republic with a supreme head.

But it is never permitted to one man to step in advance

of a nation. Providence was about to overturn, in the premature grave of the prince, all the ideas, plans, virtues, dreams, ambition, hopes, and existence of the philosopher.

The blast of death was upon the royal family; all fell under it before Louis the Fourteenth, who was ready to fall with the last. The Duchess of Burgundy, the delight of the court and the joy of her husband, unexpectedly struck, brought him with her to the grave. The blow was as sudden as it was terrible. Fénelon had no time to prepare his heart; he learned almost at the same moment the illness and death of his pupil. This pupil had become the hope of France; his reign was looked forward to as the revival of virtue and public happiness. Fénelon had corrected and brought to perfection in this soul the work roughly hewn by nature of an unaccomplished prince.

"What a love of the truly good!" exclaims the least adulatory of historians. "What forgetfulness of self, what purity of intention, what proofs of divinity in this candid, simple, and powerful mind, which, as much as is permitted to man below, bore the impress of its sacred derivation! What sudden bursts of thankfulness during his last agony for his preservation from the sceptre, and the account which he should have had to render of its use! What ardent love of God! what a lowly opinion of his own insignificance! what a magnificent idea of the infinity of mercy! what a modified confidence! what profound peace! what invincible patience! what sweetness! what pure charity, which made him desire to be with his Creator! France at last sinks under this heavy chastisement. God showed her a prince that she did not deserve: the earth 'was unworthy of him!'"

This prince, his virtues, his holiness, the hopes revealed and then withdrawn, all were the work of Fénelon. The master had expired with the disciple; Fénelon died with the Duke of Burgundy.

He only allowed a few words to escape him. "All my

ties are broken: there is no longer any thing to bind me to the earth!" His life from that moment was rendered desolate; he had lost its aim; this reign, of which he had dreamed as a boon to the human race, was buried with the Germanicus of France. "He has shown him to the world, and he has taken him away," wrote he, several weeks after, to the Duke de Chevreuse, the confidant of his grief. "I am struck with horror, and ill without a malady, from the shock. In weeping for the dead prince I mourn for the survivors. The king must make peace. What will be our fate if we should fall into the troubles of a minority? Without a mother! without a regent! an unfortunate war abroad, and all resources exhausted at home! I would give my life not only for the state, but for the children of our dear prince, who is dearer to me now than when he was spared to us." He urgently entreated the Duke de Beauvilliers to impress on Madame de Maintenon the urgent necessity that the king should form a council of government, at the head of which his most virtuous friends should preside. "I expect but little," said he, "from his superannuated favorite, full of the anger, jealousy, littleness, dislikes, spite, and artfulness common to women; but God makes use of many implements."

He conjured the Duke de Chevreuse not to refuse, from ill-timed modesty, to become one of the council of regency. This government, composed of those whom he had for so many years inspired, would still have been that of the Duke of Burgundy.

Fénelon pursued the dream of his life for the happiness of the nation even to the sepulchre of the prince for whom he had conceived it, and wished him to reign even after his death. In the midst of this idea, which actuated him to the end, he trembled lest the king should discover among the papers of the Duke of Burgundy a writing which would appear to him a more unpardonable crime than "Telemachus." This was entitled, "A Guide for

the Conscience of a King"—a code of piety, toleration, and of duty toward the people, every line of which was an accusation against the egotism, persecutions, and unprofitable personal glory of Louis the Fourteenth. But the friends of Fénelon had removed this manuscript from the papers of the king's grandson.

The death of Fénelon's two intimates, the Duke de Chevreuse and the Duke de Beauvilliers, caused this last chimæra of the public good to fade into nothing; the holy ambition of their friend died with them. Fénelon turned his thoughts from the decline and misfortunes of the reign about to end, and fixed them solely on things immortal. His writings and correspondence at this time bear the impress of that melancholy which, in wordly men, shows the disappointment of a mistaken life, and in religious minds the transfer of their hopes from earth to heaven. He wrote, as Socrates in his last hour discoursed, upon the immortality of the soul. Friendship still remained, but he lost much by the death of the Abbé de Langeron, the pupil, confidant, and support of his heart through all his varying fortunes. The Abbé de Langeron expired in the arms of his master. "Alas! I have not the strength you suppose," wrote Fénelon to a mutual friend who congratulated him upon not allowing his pious feelings to be disturbed by the grief of human separations; "I confess that I have wept for myself while weeping for my friend. I feel a sort of internal languor, and can only derive consolation by giving way to the lassitude of my sorrow. Our dear departed friend died with an enlightened and consoling view of his end, that would have affected you deeply. Even when his ideas became a little clouded, his sentiments expressed hope, patience, and entire submission to the will of God. I tell you all this that I may not trouble you with my distress, without, at the same time, showing you the comfort which faith affords in grief, of which St. Augustin speaks, and which God has upon this occasion permitted me to feel. God has done as he

thinks best; he has preferred the happiness of my friend to my earthly consolation. I offered up him whom I trembled to lose!

"I live no longer but for friendship," exclaimed he afterward, in reverting to this loss, "and friendship will cause my death. But we shall soon regain what we appear to have lost; in a little time there will be no longer cause to weep."

A fever, caused by his distress of mind, seized him on New Year's day, 1715, and in six days after consumed the small portion of vitality which years, labor, and grief had spared in that heart which had been devoted to the cause of humanity. He died as a saint and a poet, causing to be read aloud to him from the sacred canticles the most sublime and soothing hymns, which carried, at the same time, his soul and imagination to heaven.

"Repeat that passage again," said he to his reader, delighted with these songs of hope. "Again, again! I can never hear enough of these divine words," cried he when they were silent, thinking that he slept. His desire for this foretaste of immortality was insatiable. "Lord," he once exclaimed, "if I am still necessary to your people, I refuse not to labor for the rest of my days. Thy will be done!" These words afflicted those present, and the Abbé de Chantérac, his first and last friend, said to him, "But why do you leave us? In this desolation, to whom will you confide us? Perhaps ferocious beasts may come and devour your little flock."

He replied only by a tender look and a sigh. He expired gently on the following morning, with a resignation which appeared like joy, surrounded by the prayers and affectionate offices of his weeping attendants.

The Abbé de Chantérac, as if he had nothing more to do on earth after the death of him for whom he had solely lived, expired of grief after the funeral of his friend. All France mourned in her soul for the loss of her saint and poet. Louis the Fourteenth himself appeared to dis-

cover at last, but when it was too late, that a mighty mind was wanting to his empire, and a great sustaining force to his old age. "Here was a man," exclaimed he, "who would have served us well under the disasters by which my kingdom is about to be assailed!" Vain posthumous regret, which appreciates not genius until it is extinct, nor virtue until buried in the tomb!

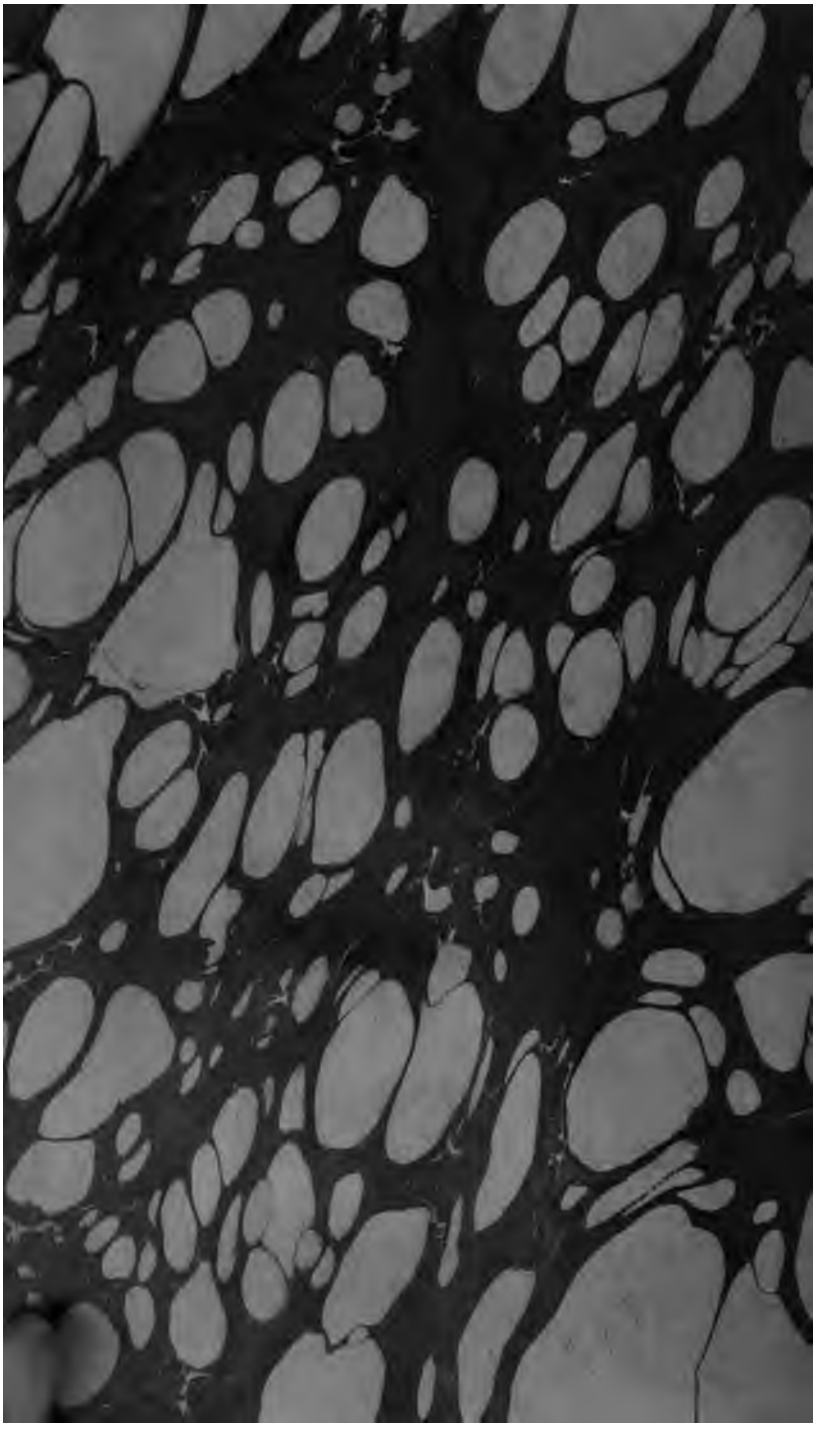
Such was the life and death of Fénelon. His name has become even more popular and immortal than his works, because the perfections of his soul exceeded those of his genius; adored for himself alone, his name is his immortality. Men are more just in their retribution than is generally believed. It was the nature of Fénelon to love; it was his glory to be beloved. Of all the great men of this grand age of Louis the Fourteenth, not one has left the recollection of so gentle a ministry. There is a tenderness in the accent of all, when speaking of him, which describes the individual man. His poetry enchants our infancy, his religion breathes the gentleness of the lamb, the emblem of our Savior; even his political doctrines show only the errors and illusions of mistaken love. His whole life is the history of a good man struggling with the impossibilities of the times.

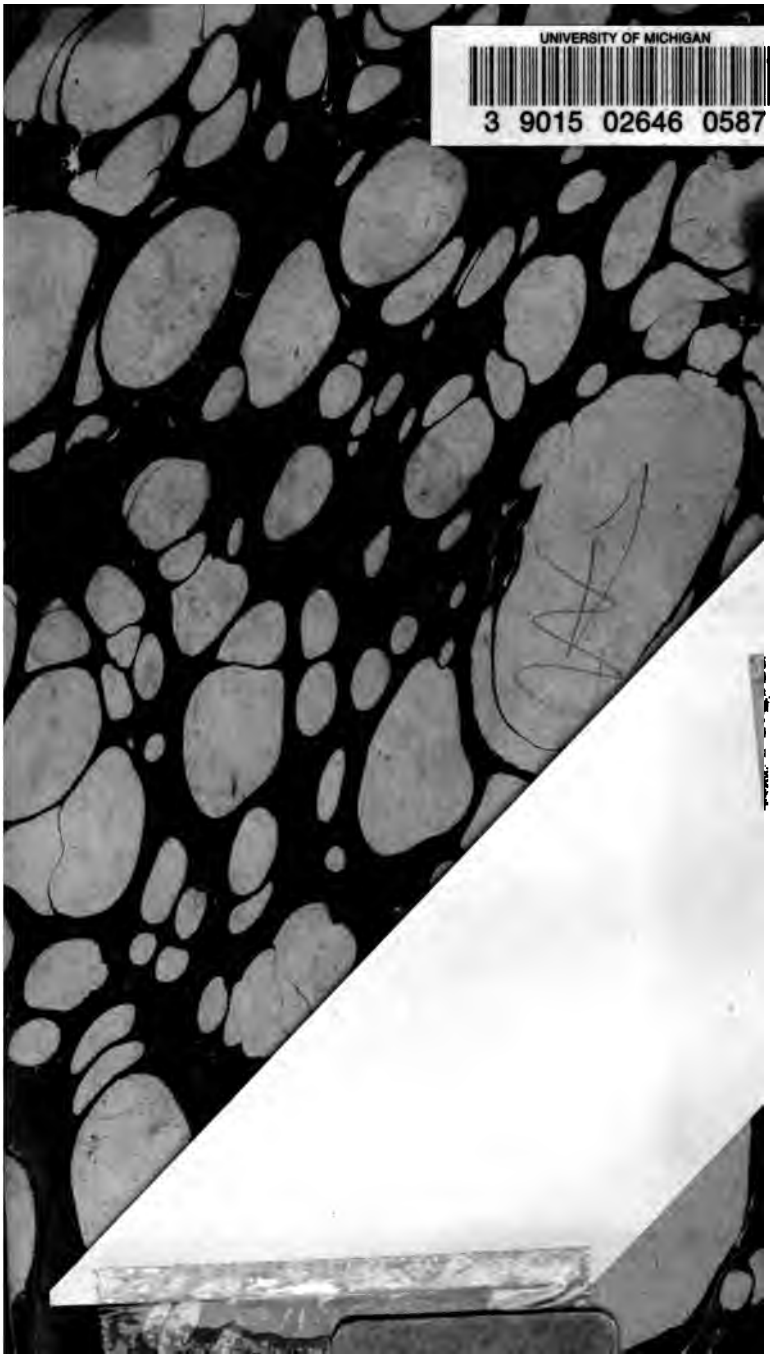
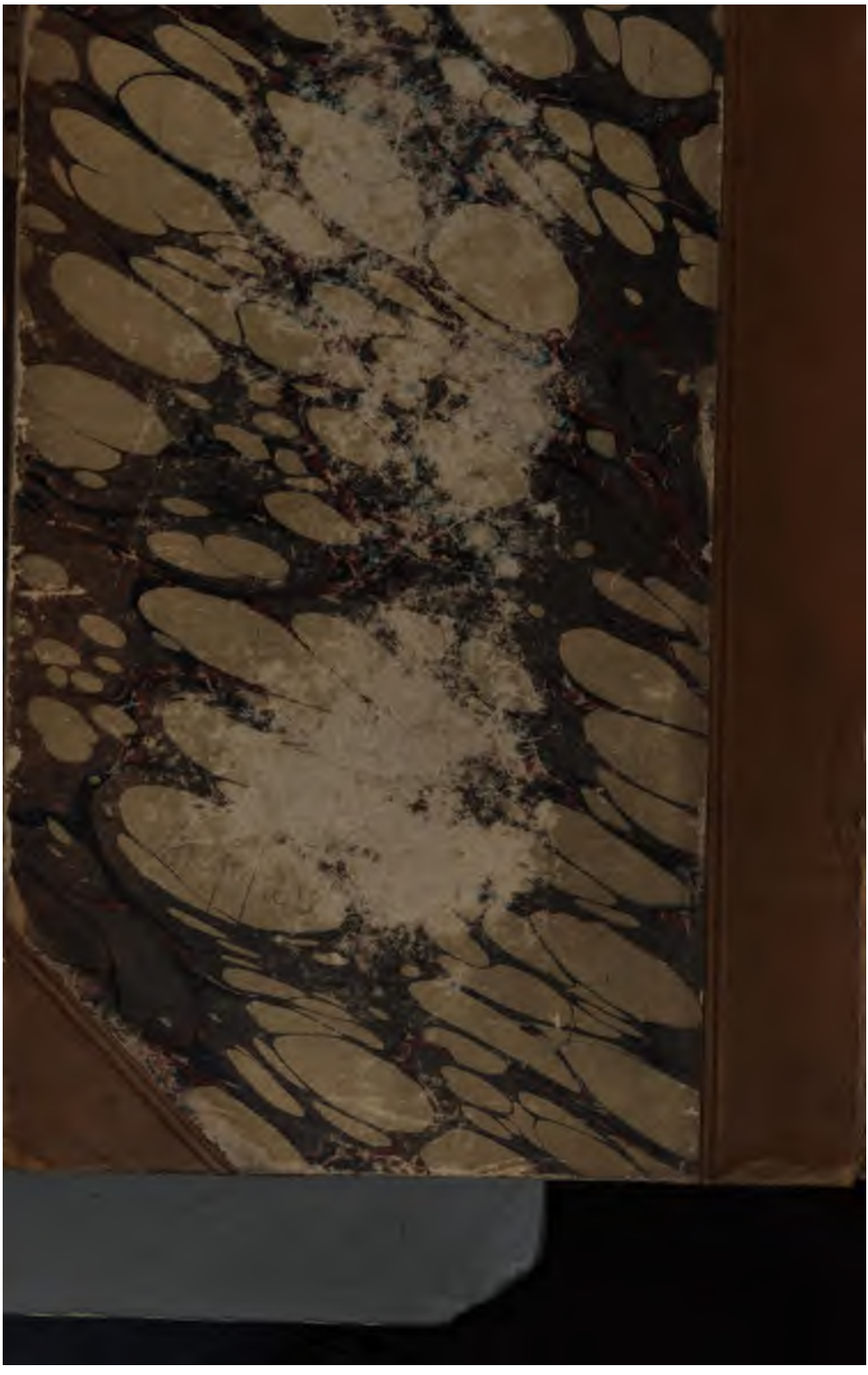
It has been said that he has not worked out the good which he intended; but he has done better; he has originated the idea; he has in thought applied the Gospel to society; he desired to see the reign of heaven upon earth; he taught kings the sacred rights of man, while he showed the people the duties of subjects; he thirsted for Christian equality; he established liberty, justice, morality, and charity, in the dealings of the government with the people, and of the people with the government. He was the tribune of virtue, the prophet of social improvement. How has he demonstrated this? it has been asked again. He has expanded his own soul over the souls of two centuries; he has softened and Christianized the genius of France. Often he was the poet of imagination, but al-

ways of charity. Conscience owes him an additional virtue—toleration; thrones another duty—the love of the people; republics, an added glory—humanity. France has possessed bolder natures, but she has given us none so full of tenderness. If genius acknowledged a sex, it might be said that Fénelon had the imagination of a woman to dream of heaven, and her soul to love the earth. When we pronounce his name or open his book, we fancy that we look on his face, and persuade ourselves that we hear the voice of a friend. What quality of fame can surpass this love in veneration and solid value? The epitaph of Fénelon may be written in these words:

"There are men who have made France more feared or renowned, but none have rendered her more beloved by other nations."

THE END.

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